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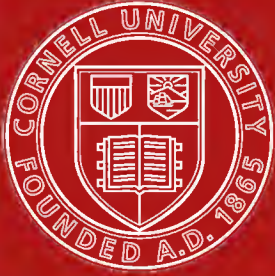
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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF MOLIÈRE.



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L. Ballois

THE DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
M O L I È R E

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH
By HENRI VAN LAUN

*WITH A PREFATORY MEMOIR, INTRODUCTORY NOTICES,
APPENDICES AND NOTES*



VOLUME SIXTH

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LES FOURBERIES DE SCAPIN.

COMÉDIE.

THE ROGUERIES OF SCAPIN.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL IN PROSE.)

MAY 24TH, 1671.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

WHILST the King and the whole Court were in Flanders in 1671, Molière wished to produce a new play for the theatre of the Palais Royal, then freshly decorated, and he wrote *The Rogueries of Scapin*, which was performed on the 24th of May of the same year, and met with great success. It has been said that Molière wrote his farces to please the people: but with the exception of this comedy and *The Physician in Spite of Himself*, all his farces were written for, and first performed before the Court.

This comedy, in three acts, is partly classical, partly Italian, and partly French, and the character of Scapin enlivens the whole. Scapin is a master rogue, who robs, steals, and perjures himself; but all this in the most good-natured way imaginable. He cheats, not to benefit himself, but to be of advantage to Leander and Octave; he makes a fool of Géronte and Argante, merely to keep his hand in, and thrashes the first in revenge for having told a falsehood of him. Such a love for truth is wonderful in a man like Scapin, whose intense roguery, fertile imagination, and gigantic impudence can exist only on the stage, but would soon reap in real life their well-deserved reward.

The greater part of this play is taken from Terence's *Phormio*; or, *the Scheming Parasite*, of which the following is the subject.

Antipho, the son of Demipho, an Athenian, sees by accident Phanium, the unknown daughter of his uncle Chremes, and by the advice of Phormio, a parasite, marries her by trickery. Shortly after, his father and uncle return upon the same day, and are much vexed on hearing of this marriage. Phaedria, the son of Chremes, wishes to raise some money to purchase a music-girl with whom he is in love; and Geta, a servant of Demipho, and Phormio arrange that the former shall pretend to the old man that Phormio has consented to take back the woman whom Antipho has married, if Demipho will give her a portion of thirty minæ. The latter gives the money to Phaedria, who buys the girl. At this conjuncture, it becomes known that the wife of Antipho is really the daughter of Chremes; and they wish to get back the money from Phormio, who refuses, and finally betrays to Nausistrata, the Athenian wife of Chremes, the intrigue which the latter had carried on at Lemnos with the mother of Phanium.

The details of Molière's comedy are either from French or Italian origin.

It is said that the idea of Scapin's confession (Act ii., Scene 5) is taken from an Italian farce, *Pantaloön, the Father of a Family*, where Harlequin, accused of having stolen something, falls on his knees and confesses to have committed many robberies of which he was never suspected. The scene of the sack (Act iii., Scene 2), which offended Boileau so much, was probably suggested to Molière by a farce which Tabarin acted in the open air, where an old miser, Lucas, takes the place of Captain Rodomont in a sack, and gets well beaten for his trouble by his own servant Tabarin, and by his daughter Isabella. The famous eleventh scene of the second act of *The Rogueries of Scapin* is borrowed chiefly from the fourth scene of the second act of *The Deceived Pedant*, written by Cyrano de Bergerac, which was published about 1654, and certainly acted long before Molière's play. The rogue in *The Deceived Pedant* is called Corbineli, the old miser, Granger—a parody of Jean Grangier, professor of rhetoric, and principal of the College of Beauvais—and Sylvester is called Paquier. The famous exclamation, "What the devil did he want in that galley?" is to be found there. There is also a similarity between the second scene of the third act of Bergerac's piece and the third scene of the third act of Molière's play. Molière, who probably knew Bergerac, when accused of having borrowed these scenes from the latter, is said to have replied, "These scenes were pretty good ; I have taken them. People get hold again of their property where they find it."

There is also in *The Rogueries of Scapin* a reminiscence from a play of Plautus, called *Bacchides ; or, the Twin Sisters*.

Ravenscroft (See Introductory Notice to *The Love-Tiff*, Vol. I., p. 108; and Introductory Notice, to *The Forced Marriage*, Vol. II., p. 329) has imitated part of Molière's comedy in his *Scaramouch, a Philosopher, Harlequin, a School-boy, Bravo, Merchant and Magician*, acted at the Theatre-Royal 1677. Argante is called in this play Pancrace ; Scapin, Plantino, and sometimes Harlequin ; Octave is called Cynthio, and Leander Octavio.

Thomas Otway has also translated Molière's play under the title *The Cheats of Scapin*, acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1677, and dedicated to John, Earl of Rochester. Sylvester is called Shift ; Argante, Thrifty ; Géronte, Gripe ; Carlos, Sly ; Hyacinthe, Clara, and Zerbinette, Lucia. This appears to me the sole change which Otway has made, except that he has abbreviated, but not improved, some of the speeches.

Extracts of these plays will be given in the Appendix.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ARGANTE, *father to Octave and Zerbinette.*

GÉRONTE, *father to Leander and Hyacinthe.*

OCTAVE, *son of Argante, and betrothed to Hyacinthe.*

LEANDER, *son of Géronte, and in love with Zerbinette.*

ZERBINETTE, *supposed a gipsy, afterwards found to be the daughter of Argante.*

HYACINTHE, *daughter of Géronte.*

SCAPIN,¹ *valet to Leander.*

SYLVESTER, *valet to Octave.*

NÉRINE, *nurse to Hyacinthe.*

CARLOS, *Scapin's friend.*

THE SCENE IS AT NAPLES.²

¹ This part was played by Molière himself. Scapin is one of the traditional servants of the *commedia dell' arte*. The name Scapin is from the Italian *scappare*, to run away, to escape, either on account of the poltroonery which he displays in the Italian farces, or on account of the dexterity with which he manages to commit all kinds of rogueries.

² As the scene is laid in Naples, it shows at once that the poet will give free scope to his imagination.

THE ROGUERIES OF SCAPIN.

(*LES FOURBERIES DE SCAPIN.*)

ACT I. SCENE I.

OCTAVE, SYLVESTER.

Oct. Ah! this is dire news to a heart in love! a cruel strait to which I find myself reduced! You have just heard at the port, Sylvester, that my father is about to return?

Syl. Yes.

Oct. That he will arrive this very morning?

Syl. This very morning?

Oct. And that he comes back resolved to marry me?

Syl. Yes.

Oct. To a daughter of Mr G ron te?

Syl. Of Mr G ron te.

Oct. And that this young lady has been sent for from Tarente for that purpose?

Syl. Yes.

Oct. And you have got this news from my uncle?

Syl. From your uncle.

Oct. To whom my father has communicated this by letter?

Syl. By letter.

Oct. And this uncle, you say, knows all about our affairs?

Syl. All about our affairs.

Oct. Do speak, if it be all the same to you, instead of having the words dragged out of your mouth in that manner.³

Syl. What more would you have me say? You do not forget a single particular, and you state things just as they are.

Oct. Give me some advice, at least, and tell me what I am to do in this cruel plight.

Syl. In truth, I find myself as much at a loss as you are, and I have great need of advice myself.

Oct. I am bored to death by this confounded return.

Syl. I am not the less so.

Oct. When my father hears how matters stand, I shall find myself overwhelmed with a sudden storm of vehement scolding.

Syl. Scolding counts for nothing; and would to Heaven that I were quit at that rate! but, for my part, I am more likely to pay dearer for your follies; and I see already, gathering from afar, a cloud of cudgel-blows that will burst on my shoulders.

Oct. Oh Heavens! how am I to get out of this scrape?

Syl. You ought to have thought of that before getting into it.

Oct. Ah! you will be the death of me with your ill-timed lectures.

Syl. You will be much more the death of me with your thoughtless actions.

Oct. What am I to do? What resolution can I take? What remedy can I apply?

³ In *Mélicerte*, Act ii., Scene 1 (See Vol. IV.), a nearly similar scene takes place.

SCENE II.

OCTAVE, SCAPIN, SYLVESTER.

Sca. What now, Mr Octave ? What ails you ? What is the matter ? What is amiss ? You are very much upset, I see.

Oct. Ah my good Scapin, I am lost ; I am desperate ; I am the most unfortunate of men.

Sca. Why so ?

Oct. Have you learned nothing about what concerns me ?

Sca. No.

Oct. My father is coming back with Mr G ronte, and they wish me to marry.

Sca. Well, what is there so terrible in that ?

Oct. Alas ! do you not know the cause of my uneasiness ?

Sca. No ; but it lies entirely with you for me to know it shortly ; I am of a consoling nature,⁴ and ready to interest myself in young people's affairs.

Oct. Ah ! Scapin, if you could invent something, concoct some plot to get me out of the difficulty in which I am, I should think that I owed you more than my life.

Sca. Truth to tell, there are few things impossible to me, when it pleases me to meddle with them. There is no doubt that I have received from Heaven a genius, sufficiently fine to contrive all those pretty tricks of wit, those ingenious intrigues, to which the ignorant vulgar give the name of rogueries ; and I can say, without boasting, that there never was a man who was a cleverer manipulator of springs and traps, and who has won more glory at that noble craft than I. But, upon my word, merit is too badly treated

⁴ The original has *je suis homme consolatif*. This last adjective is no longer in use.

now-a-days ; and I have given up all these things since a certain vexatious affair happened to me.

Oct. How ! what affair, Scapin ?

Sca. An adventure through which I became embroiled with the law.

Oct. The law ?

Sca. Yes, we had a little quarrel together.

Syl. You and the law ?

Sca. Yes. It treated me very badly ; and I felt so nettled at the ingratitude of the age, that I made up my mind to have nothing more to do with it. Basta ! Do not let that interrupt the story of your adventure.

Oct. You are aware, Scapin, that two months ago Mr G ron te and my father went together on a voyage about a certain business in which their interests are connected.⁵

Sca. I know that.

Oct. And that Leander and I were left by our fathers, I under the care of Sylvester, and Leander under yours.

Sca. Yes. I have very well discharged that duty.

Oct. Some time after, Leander happened to meet with a young gipsy, with whom he fell in love.

Sca. This also I know.

Oct. Being fast friends, he immediately made me the confidant of his love, and took me to see this girl, whom I thought handsome, certainly, but not so much so as he would have had me think her. He did nothing else but entertain me about her each day, exalting every moment her beauty and her grace, lauding her wit, dilating rapturously upon the charm of her conversation, the most minute details of which he reported to me, and which he always endeavoured to make me find the most witty in the world. Often he

⁵ All that follows is taken from Terence's *Phormio* ; but there it is a slave who tells the story.

quarrelled with me for my not being sensible enough to what he was telling me, and incessantly blamed me for my indifference to the flames of love.

Sca. As yet I fail to see where all this is leading to.

Oct. One day when I accompanied him to go to the people who were taking care of the object of his love, we heard, issuing from a small house, in an out-of-the-way street, some wailing intermixed with many sobs. We enquire the cause; a woman answers us, sighing, that there we could witness a most pitiful sight of some foreign people, and that, unless we were most insensible, we could not fail to be touched by it.

Sca. Where does this lead us to?

Oct. Curiosity made me induce Leander to go and see what it was. We entered a large room, where we saw a dying old woman, nursed by a servant uttering lamentations, and a young girl, the most handsome and the most interesting that ever was seen, melting into tears.

Sca. Ah! ah!

Oct. Any one else would have appeared frightful in the state she was in; for she had nothing to cover her but a miserable scanty petticoat, with a night boddice of common fustian; and her head-dress was a yellow mob-cap, turned up on the crown, from which her hair fell in disorder on her shoulders; and, notwithstanding, as she stood there, she shone with a thousand attractions, and there was nothing but grace and charm about her.

Sca. I can see the thing coming.

Oct. Had you seen her, Scapin, in the state in which I have described her, you would have thought her lovely.

Sca. Oh! I do not doubt it; and, without having seen her, I can fancy her altogether charming.

Oct. Her tears were none of those disagreeable tears that

disfigure a face ; even in weeping, she had a winning grace, and her sorrow was the loveliest in the world.

Sca. I can perceive all this.

Oct. She moved everyone to tears, throwing herself affectionately on the body of the dying woman, whom she called her dear mother ; and there was not a soul which was not touched to the quick at seeing such a good character.

Sca. In fact, this is touching ; and I can easily imagine that this good character made you fall in love with her.

Oct. A barbarian would have done the same, Scapin.

Sca. Of course. One could not help it !

Oct. After a few words, with which I tried to assuage the sorrow of this charming afflicted girl, we went out ; and asking Leander what he thought of her, he answered me coldly that she was tolerably pretty. I felt nettled at the coldness with which he spoke of her, and I did not wish to reveal to him the effect which her beauty had produced on my heart.⁶

Syl. [*To Octave*] If you do not cut this story short, we shall be in for it till to-morrow. Let me sum it up in two words. [*To Scapin*] His heart is all ablaze from that moment ; life becomes unendurable to him unless he goes to console his amiable bereaved. His frequent visits are declined by the servant, whom the death of the mother has raised to the post of governess. Behold my master in despair ; he importunes, begs, implores ; all of no use. He is told that the girl, though without means and without support, is of good family, and that his addresses will not be tolerated, unless he marries her. Behold his love increased by obstacles. He racks his brain, debates, reasons, hesitates,

⁶ Auger, one of the commentators of Molière, observes that Octave does not find Leander's gipsy sufficiently pretty, but is nettled because Leander is not smitten by the charms of Hyacinthe.

takes a resolution : the upshot of which is that he has been married to her these three days.

Sea. I understand.

Syl. Now, add to this the unforeseen return of his father, who was not expected these two months ; the discovery by the uncle of the secret of our marriage, and the other projected union with the daughter of Mr G ron te, by a second wife, to whom, they say, he was married at Tarente.

Oct. And, in addition to all this, put the poverty in which this amiable creature finds herself, and my inability to get the means wherewith to relieve her.

Sea. And is this all ? You are both very much upset by a trifle ! There is certainly much to be alarmed at ! Are you not ashamed to be thus at your wits' end, for so small a matter ? What the devil ! there you are as tall and big as father and mother, and you cannot find in your head, nor your wit invent some lover's ruse, some honest little stratagem, to put your affairs straight ! Fie ! a plague upon the booby ! I wish they had given me those grey-beards of bygone days to lead by the nose ; I would have had no difficulty in getting the better of them all ; and I was not bigger than this, when I had already distinguished myself by a hundred pretty tricks.

Syl. I confess that Heaven has not given me those talents, and that I have not the wit to entangle myself with the law, as you have.

Oct. But here comes my dear Hyacinthe.

SCENE III.

HYACINTHE, OCTAVE, SCAPIN, SYLVESTER.

Hya. Ah ! Octave, is it true what Sylvester has just told N rine, that your father is coming back, and that he wishes you to marry ?

Oct. Yes, fair Hyacinthe ; and those tidings have struck me a cruel blow. But what do I see ? you weep ! Why these tears ? Do you suspect, tell me, any inconstancy on my part ? and are you not convinced of my love for you ?

Hya. Yes, Octave, I am certain that you love me, but I am not so sure that you will always do so.

Oct. As if one could love you, and not love you for life ?

Hya. I have heard it said, Octave, that your sex loves not so long as ours, and that the passions which men betray are fires which are as easily quenched as kindled.

Oct. Ah ! my dear Hyacinthe, my heart in that case is not like that of other men ; and, as regards myself, I feel that I shall love you till death.

Hya. I believe that you feel as you say, and I doubt not that your words are sincere ; but I dread a power which will combat, in your heart, the tender sentiments which you may have for me. You are dependent on a father, who wishes to marry you to another ; and I am sure that I should die should this misfortune come to pass.

Oct. No, fair Hyacinthe, there is no father who can compel me to break my faith with you ; and, rather than leave you, I am determined to quit my country, and life itself if necessary. Without having even seen her, I have already taken an unconquerable dislike to the lady whom they intend for me, and, without being cruel, I wish that the sea would drive her far away from here for evermore. Do not cry, then, I beg of you, sweet Hyacinthe, for your tears kill me, and I cannot look at them without being grieved to the heart.

Hya. Since you wish it, I shall dry them, and I shall steadfastly await what it shall please Heaven to do with me.

Oct. Heaven will favour us.

Hya. As long as you are true, Heaven cannot be adverse.

Oct. I assuredly shall be so.

Hya. In that case I shall be happy.

Sca. [*Aside*] Upon my word, she is not such a fool ; and I find her pretty tolerable.

Oct. [*Pointing to Scapin*] Here is a man who, if he liked, could be of wonderful assistance to us in all our needs.

Sca. I have made a solemn vow not to meddle any more with the world ; but, if both of you urge me very strongly, I might perhaps . . .

Oct. Ah ! if it wants nothing but strong urging to obtain your aid, I implore you with all my heart to undertake the guidance of our bark.

Sca. [*To Hyacinthe*] And you, have you nothing to say to me ?

Hya. I entreat of you, likewise, by all that is most dear to you in this world, to assist us in our love.

Sca. One must give way sometimes, and show some human feelings. You may be at rest, I shall interest myself for you.

Oct. Be assured that . . .

Sca. [*To Octave*] Hush ! [*To Hyacinthe*] And now go, and make yourself easy.

SCENE IV.

OCTAVE, SCAPIN, SYLVESTER.

Sca. [*To Octave*] And you, prepare yourself with firmness to meet your father.

Oct. I confess that this meeting makes me tremble beforehand ; and I feel a natural timidity which I cannot overcome.

Sca. You must, however, appear firm at the first shock, for fear, that, seeing your weakness, he will lead you like a

child. There, try to study calmness. A little boldness ; and take care to answer firmly everything which he may tell you.

Oct. I shall do my very best.

Sca. Come, let us rehearse a little, just to get your hand in. Let us repeat your part somewhat, and let us see if you will do well. Come ! a firm countenance, head erect, looks steady.

Oct. Like this ?

Sca. A little more still.

Oct. In this way ?

Sca. That is it. Imagine me to be your father, who has just arrived, and answer me unflinchingly, as if I were he. How ! you scoundrel, you good for nothing wretch, you son unworthy of a father like me, do you dare to appear before me after your nice behaviour, after the vile trick which you have played me during my absence ? Is this the fruit of all my cares, you rogue ? Is this the fruit of all my cares ? the respect which is due to me, the esteem which you have for me ? (That is it). And you have the insolence, you knave, to engage yourself without the consent of your father, to contract a clandestine marriage ! Answer me, you rogue, answer me. Let us hear a few of your specious arguments. . . . Ah ! what the devil ! you have not a word to say.

Oct. It is because I fancy that it is my father whom I hear.

Sca. Eh. He of course. For this very reason you ought not to look like a simpleton.

Oct. I shall pluck up a little more resolution, and I shall answer with firmness.

Sca. Are you sure ?

Oct. I am sure.

Syl. There comes your father.

Oct. Oh Heaven ! I am lost.⁷

⁷ This scene is taken from Terence, but is much shorter in the Latin dramatist.

SCENE V.

SCAPIN, SYLVESTER.

Sca. Hullo, Octave ! stop, Octave. He has fled !
What a poor specimen of a man ! Let us wait for the old
man.

Syl. What shall I say to him ?

Sca. Leave it to me, and do as I do.

SCENE VI.

ARGANTE, SCAPIN, and SYLVESTER, *at the further end of
the stage.*⁸

Arg. [*Believing himself alone*] Has ever the like been
heard of ?

Sca. [*To Sylvester*] He has already heard of the affair ;
and it so runs into his head, that he speaks aloud of it,
when alone.

Arg. [*Believing himself alone*] This is a very great
piece of audacity !

Sca. [*To Sylvester*] Let us listen a while.

Arg. [*Believing himself alone*] I should much like to
know what they can tell me about this lovely marriage.

Sca. [*Aside*] We have already thought about that.⁹

Arg. [*Believing himself alone*] Will they try to deny
the affair ?

Sca. [*Aside*] No, we do not dream of such a thing.

Arg. [*Believing himself alone*] Or will they endeavour
to exonerate themselves ?

Sca. [*Aside*] Such a thing might be done.

Arg. [*Believing himself alone*] Will they pretend to
entertain me with some unlikely stories ?

⁸ See Appendix, Note A.

⁹ This is borrowed chiefly from Terence's *Phormio*.

Sca. [*Aside*] Perhaps so.

Arg. [*Believing himself alone*] All their speeches will be useless.

Sca. [*Aside*] We shall see about that.

Arg. [*Believing himself alone*] They shall not impose upon me.

Sca. [*Aside*] We ought not to swear to anything.

Arg. [*Believing himself alone*] I shall know how to put my rascal of a son under lock and key.

Sca. [*Aside*] We shall provide for that.

Arg. [*Believing himself alone*] And as for this scoundrel Sylvester, I shall give him a sound thrashing.

Syl. [*To Scapin*] I should have been much surprised if he had forgotten me.

Arg. [*Perceiving Sylvester*] Ah! Ah! you are there, trustworthy family guardian, conscientious guide of young men!

Sca. I am delighted to see you back again, sir.

Arg. Good day, Scapin. [*To Sylvester*] You have really carried out my orders in a nice manner! and my son has behaved very properly in my absence!

Sca. You are in good health, from what I see?

Arg. Pretty well. [*To Sylvester*] You have nothing to say, you rascal, nothing at all.

Sca. Has your journey been a pleasant one?

Arg. Pleasant enough, good Heaven! Let me have my quarrel in peace.

Sca. You wish to quarrel?

Arg. Yes, I wish to quarrel.

Sca. And with whom, Sir!

Arg. [*Pointing to Sylvester*] With this scoundrel.

Sca. And why?

Arg. Have you not heard what has happened in my absence?

Sca. I have heard some little trifle spoken of.

Arg. What! some little trifle! An affair of that kind!

Sca. You are somewhat in the right.

Arg. A daring like this!

Sca. That is true.

Arg. A son who marries without the consent of his father?

Sca. Yes, there is something to be said in that respect. But I would advise not to make a noise about it.

Arg. I am not at all of this opinion; and I will make as much noise as I like. What! do not you think that I have every possible reason to be in a rage?

Sca. Yes, indeed. I was so myself at first, when I came to know of it, and I have taken your part so far as to quarrel with your son. Ask him, how thoroughly I have upbraided him, and the lesson which I have read him on the little respect he showed to a father whose footsteps he ought to kiss. I could not have spoken better to him, had I been yourself. But after all! I have come back to reason, and I have reflected, that at the bottom, he is not so much to blame as one would think.

Arg. What pretty tale is this? He is not so much to blame to go and get married point blank to a strange girl?

Sca. What could he do? He was led to it by his fate.

Arg. Ah! Ah! That is certainly the prettiest reason in the world. One has only to commit every imaginable crime, to cheat, to steal, to murder, and to say in excuse that one was led to it by one's fate.

Sca. Good Heavens! you take my words in too philosophical a sense. I mean to say, that he has found himself fatally entangled in this affair.

Arg. And why did he entangle himself in it?

Sca. Do you expect him to be as wise as you? Young men will be young men, and have not all the prudence

necessary to keep at all times out of mischief: witness our Leander, who, notwithstanding all my lessons, all my remonstrances, has gone, and done very much worse than your son. I should very much like to know whether you yourself have not been young, and have not, in your time, committed follies like others. I have heard it said that, in by-gone days, you were a regular follower of the ladies; that you held your own with the most gallant of that time, and that you did not come near them without trying your utmost.

Arg. That is true, I agree to that; but I always confined myself to gallantry, and I never went so far as to do what he has done.

Sca. What would you have had him do? He sees a young girl who looks favourably on him (for he takes after you in that, and is well looked upon by every woman); he finds her charming, pays her visits, whispers sweet nonsense to her, sighs gallantly, tries to pass for a passionate lover. She yields to his ardour; he takes advantage of his good luck. Behold him caught with her by her parents, who, by compulsion, oblige him to marry her.

Syl. [*Aside*] What a clever rogue this!

Sca. Would you have preferred him to allow himself to be killed? It is better to be married than to be dead.

Arg. They did not tell me that the affair happened thus.

Sca. [*Pointing to Sylvester*] Ask him if you like. He will tell you nothing to the contrary.

Arg. [*To Sylvester*] Is it by compulsion that he was married?

Syl. Yes, Sir.

Sca. Would I tell you a lie?

Arg. He ought to have gone then to a notary to protest against this violence.

Sca. That is what he would not do.

Arg. It would have made it easier for me to annul this marriage.

Sca. To annul this marriage ?

Arg. Yes.

Sca. You will not annul it.

Arg. I shall not annul it, say you ?

Sca. No.

Arg. What ! have I not a father's rights in my favour, and the plea of the violence which has been done to my son ?

Sca. Upon this point, he will not be at one with you.

Arg. He will not be at one with me ?

Sca. No.

Arg. My own son ?

Sca. Your own son. Would you have him confess that he could be frightened, and that it was by force that they have made him do those things. He will know better than to admit that ; it would be wrong to himself, and proclaim him unworthy of a father like you.

Arg. I do not care for that.

Sca. It is necessary, for his honour and for yours, that he say in society that he has married her of his own free will.

Arg. And I desire, I, for my honour and for his, that he shall say the reverse.

Sca. No, I am sure he will not do so.

Arg. I shall force him to it.

Sca. He will not do it, I tell you.

Arg. He shall do it, or I shall disinherit him.

Sca. You ?

Arg. I.

Sca. Good !

Arg. What do you mean by good !

Sca. You will not disinherit him.

Arg. I shall not disinherit him ?

Sca. No.

Arg. No ?

Sca. No.

Arg. Aha ! that is a good joke ! I shall not disinherit my son ?

Sca. No, I tell you.

Arg. Who shall prevent me ?

Sca. You, yourself.

Arg. I ?

Sca. Yes, you will not have the heart to do it.

Arg. I shall.

Sca. You are joking.

Arg. I am not joking at all.

Sca. A father's feelings will perform their functions.

Arg. They shall do nothing of the kind.

Sca. Yes, yes.

Arg. I tell you that it shall be.

Sca. Nonsense.

Arg. Do not say that it is nonsense.

Sca. Good Heavens ! I know you ; you are naturally good-hearted.

Arg. I am not at all good-natured, and I can be very spiteful when I like.¹⁰ Let us drop this subject which provokes my temper. [*To Sylvester*] Go you rascal, go and fetch my scamp, while I look in upon Mr G ronte, to tell him of my disgrace ?

Sca. Sir, if I can be of use in anything, you have but to command.

¹⁰ This dialogue from "I shall disinherit him" until "when I like" is found also in *The Imaginary Invalid*, when Argan speaks of placing his daughter in a convent. Hence, La Grange, and Vinot, the first editors of the collected works of Moli re, have left out this passage in *The Rogueries of Scapin*.

Arg. I thank you. [*Aside*] Ah ! why should he be an only son ! and why have I not at this hour the daughter of whom Heaven has deprived me, to make her my heiress.

SCENE VII.

SCAPIN, SYLVESTER.

Syl. I confess that you are a great man, and that the business is in a fair way ; but, on the other hand, we are urgently pressed for money for our wants ; and on all sides there is a lot of people barking after us.

Sca. Let me manage it, the trick is found. I am only seeking in my own mind a man upon whom we can depend to impersonate one of whom I am in want. Wait. Hold yourself up a little. Slouch your cap like a naughty boy. Put one leg forward. Put your hand on your hip. Just look ferocious. Swagger up and down like a king on the stage. That is right. Follow me. I know a secret to disguise your face and voice.

Syl. Let me beg of you, at least, not to get me into a scrape with the law.

Sca. Be not afraid. We will share the danger like brothers ; and three years at the galleys more or less will not deter a noble heart.

ACT II. SCENE I.

GÉRONTE, ARGANTE.

Gér. Yes, I doubt not, if this weather last, we shall have our people here to-day ; and a sailor who came from Tarente assures me that he has seen my man ready to embark. But the arrival of my daughter will find things

in an unfavourable state for what we proposed ; and what you have just told me about your son strangely puts an end to the measures we had agreed upon.

Arg. Do not trouble yourself about it ; I assure you that I shall overthrow this obstacle, and I shall see about it immediately.

Gér. Upon my word, Mr Argante, shall I tell you ? the bringing up of children is a thing which must be managed with a firm hand.

Arg. Without a doubt. What do you mean, though ?

Gér. What I mean is this, that the bad conduct of young people is most frequently caused by the bad education which their fathers have given them.

Arg. This happens sometimes. But what would you convey by this ?

Gér. What would I convey by this ?

Arg. Yes.

Gér. That had you, as a strict father, kept your son well in hand, he would not have played you the trick which he has.

Arg. Very good. Thus you have kept yours better in hand ?

Gér. There is no doubt of it ; and I should be very sorry if he had done anything like this.

Arg. And if this son, which, as a strict father, you have kept so well in hand, had done worse still than mine ? Eh !

Gér. How ?

Arg. How ?

Gér. What does that mean ?

Arg. It means, Mr G ron te, that one must not be too quick to censure the conduct of others ; and that those who are fond of finding fault ought to look first at home to see if there be nothing wrong.

Gér. I do not understand this riddle.

Arg. It shall be explained to you.

Gér. Have you perchance heard something about my son ?

Arg. May be.

Gér. And what, then ?

Arg. When I was angry, your Scapin told me the affair only in a summary way, and you can get the details from him, or from some one else. As for me, I am going quickly to consult a lawyer, to take advice about the means which I have to use. Till by and by.

SCENE II.

GÉRONTE, *alone.*

Gér. What can this affair be ? Worse still than his ? As for me, I cannot see that one could do worse ; and I think that to marry without the consent of one's father is a deed that excels everything imaginable.

SCENE III.

GÉRONTE, LEANDER.

Gér. Ah ! here you are !

Lea. [*Running to Géronte to embrace him*] Ah ! father, how glad I am to see you back again !

Gér. [*Refusing to embrace Leander*] Gently. A little business first.

Lea. Allow me to embrace you, and to . . .

Gér. [*Still pushing him back*] Gently, I tell you.

Lea. What, father ! you refuse me to show you my joy by embracing you ?

Gér. Yes. We have something to unravel together.

Lea. What is that ?

Gér. Stand straight, that I may look you in the face.

Lea. What is the matter ?

Gér. Look me full in the face.

Lea. Well ?

Gér. What has happened here ?

Lea. Happened here ?

Gér. Yes. What have you done in my absence ?

Lea. What should I have done, father ?

Gér. It is not I who wish you to have done something, but who ask what you have been doing ?

Lea. I ? I have not done anything of which you have cause to complain.

Gér. Not anything ?

Lea. No.

Gér. You are very firm.

Lea. Because I am perfectly sure of my innocence.

Gér. Scapin has, however, told me some news about you.

Lea. Scapin ?

Gér. Ah ! ah ! that word makes you blush.

Lea. He has told you something about me ?

Gér. This is not at all the proper place to get at the bottom of this business, and we shall sift it elsewhere. Go home ; I shall be back there presently. Ah ! wretch, if you have disgraced me, I renounce you as my son, and you can make your mind up to leave my presence for ever.

SCENE IV.

LEANDER, *alone.*

To betray me in this manner. A scoundrel who, for a hundred reasons, ought to be the first to keep secret the things which I confide to him, is the first to disclose them to my father. Ah ! I swear to Heaven that this treachery shall not remain unpunished.

SCENE V.

OCTAVE, LEANDER, SCAPIN.¹¹

Oct. My dear Scapin, how much I owe to your cares !
What an admirable fellow you are ! and how good has
Heaven been to send you to my aid !

Lea. Ah ! ah ! you are here ! I am delighted to have
found you, Mr Rascal.

Sca. Your servant, Sir. You do me too much honour.

Lea. [*Drawing his sword*] You play the saucy fool.
Ah ! I shall teach you. . . .

Sca. [*Falling on his knees*] Sir !

Oct. [*Coming between them to prevent Leander striking
Scapin*] Ah ! Leander !

Lea. No, Octave, do not hold me back, pray.

Sca. [*To Leander*] Eh ! Sir !

Oct. [*Holding Leander back*] For mercy's sake !

Lea. [*Wishing to strike Scapin*] Let me satisfy my
resentment.

Oct. For friendship's sake, Leander, do not ill-treat him.

Sca. What have I done to you, Sir ?

Lea. [*Wishing to strike Scapin*] What have you done to
me, you wretch !

Oct. [*Holding Leander again back*] Eh ! Gently.

Lea. No, Octave, I wish to make him confess the treachery
which he has practised on me just now. Yes, you scoundrel, I
know the trick which you have played me ; I have just been
told of it, and you did not think perhaps that this secret
would be revealed to me ; but I shall have the confession from
your own mouth, or I shall pass this sword through your body.

Sca. Ah, Sir, would you have the heart to do this ?

Lea. Speak then.

¹¹ See Appendix, Note B.

Sca. Have I done anything to you, Sir ?

Lea. Yes, you scoundrel, and your conscience tells you but too plainly what it is.

Sca. I assure you that I am ignorant of it.

Lea. [*Advancing to strike Scapin*] You are ignorant of it ?

Oct. [*Holding Leander back*] Leander

Sca. Well ! Sir, since you will have it so, I will confess that I and my friends have drunk that small quarter cask of Spanish wine which you had as a present a few days ago ; and that I made a slit in the barrel, and spilt some water around to make you believe that the wine had run out.

Lea. It is you, you gallows-bird who have drunk my Spanish wine, and who have been the cause of my scolding the servant, thinking it was she who had played me that trick ?

Sca. Yes, Sir. I ask your pardon for it.

Lea. I am very glad to hear this. But that is not the affair in question at present.

Sca. It is not that, Sir.

Lea. No : it is something else which concerns me much more, and I will have you tell me.

Sca. I do not remember having done aught else, Sir.

Lea. [*Wishing to strike Scapin*] You will not tell me ?

Sca. Tell what !

Oct. [*Holding Leander*] Gently !

Sca. Well, Sir, it is true that three weeks ago you sent me one evening to take a little watch to the young gipsy whom you love. I came back to the house, my clothes covered with mud, and my face bleeding, and I told you that I had been attacked by thieves who had beaten me well, and stolen the watch. It was myself who kept it, Sir.

Lea. It is you who have kept my watch ?

Sca. Yes, Sir, to see what o'clock it is.

Lea. Ah ! Ah ! these are pretty things to find out, and I have a very trusty servant, certainly ! But it is not even about that that I am enquiring.

Sca. It is not that ?

Lea. No, you infamous wretch ; there is something else that I wish you to confess to me.

Sca. [*Aside*] The plague take it !

Lea. Out with it, quick, I am in a hurry.

Sca. This is all that I have done, Sir.

Lea. [*Wishing to strike Scapin*] Is that all ?

Oct. [*Getting in front of Leander*] Ah !

Sca. Well ! yes, Sir. You remember that ghost, six months ago, who dealt you such a lot of cudgel-blows in the night, and nearly made you break your neck in a cellar in which you fell, running away.

Lea. Well ?

Sca. It was I, Sir, who played the ghost.

Lea. It was you who played the ghost, you wretch ?

Sca. Yes, Sir, I did it only to frighten you, and to prevent you from letting us gad about every night as you did.

Lea. I shall remember, at fit time and place, all that I have just learned. But I wish to come to the fact, and have you to confess what you have been saying to my father.

Sca. To your father ?

Lea. Yes, you rascal, to my father.

Sca. I have not even seen him since his return.

Lea. You have not seen him ?

Sca. No, Sir.

Lea. Are you sure ?

Sca. Quite sure. I can make him tell you so himself.

Lea. It is from himself that I have got it.

Sca. By your leave, he has not spoken the truth.

SCENE VI.

LEANDER, OCTAVE, CARLOS, SCAPIN.

Car. I am the bearer of some news, Sir, which is ill-fated to your love.

Lea. How so ?

Car. The gipsies are on the point of carrying away Zerbinette ; and she herself, with tears in her eyes, has charged me to come and tell you quickly, that if within two hours, you do not bring them the money which they claim for her, you will lose her for ever.

Lea. In two hours ?

Car. In two hours.

SCENE VII.

LEANDER, OCTAVE, SCAPIN.

Lea. Ah ! my good Scapin, I implore you to help me.

Sca. [*Passing haughtily before Leander*] Ah, my good Scapin ! I am my good Scapin now that you need me.

Lea. Come, I forgive you for all you have said to me, and for worse still, if you have done it to me.

Sca. Not at all, not at all, do not forgive me anything ; run your sword through my body ; I shall be delighted to be killed by you.

Lea. No. I rather beg of you to give me my life, by helping me with my love.

Sca. Not so, not so ; you had better kill me.

Lea. You are too precious to me ; and I beseech you to be willing to employ for me that admirable talent of yours that overcomes all things.

Sca. No, kill me, I tell you.

Lea. Ah ! for mercy's sake, think no more about it, and set your wits to work to give me the help which I ask from you.

Oct. Scapin, you must do something for him.

Sca. How can I, after such an outrage ?

Lea. I beg of you to forget my passion, and to use your skill for me.

Oct. I add my prayers to his.

Sca. I have that insult still on my mind.

Oct. You must forego your resentment.

Lea. Would you leave me, Scapin, in this cruel plight in which my love finds itself ?

Sca. To come and insult me unawares in that way ?

Lea. I am in the wrong, I admit.

Sca. To call me a scoundrel, a rascal, a gallows-bird, an infamous wretch !

Lea. I regret it with all my heart.

Sca. To wish to run his sword through my body !

Lea. I beg your pardon for it from the bottom of my heart ; and if nothing will satisfy you but to see me on my knees beseeching you once more not to abandon me, I will do so.

Oct. Ah ! upon my word, Scapin, you ought to give way now.

Sca. Rise. The next time do not be so hasty.

Lea. Will you promise me to set to work for me ?

Sca. We will think about it.

Lea. But time presses, as you know.

Sca. Do not trouble yourself about it. How much do you want ?

Lea. Five hundred crowns.

Sca. And you ?

Oct. Two hundred pistoles.

Sca. I shall draw this money from your parents. [*To Octave*] As for yours, the train is already laid. [*To Leander*] And, as regards yours, though miserly to the last degree, it will cost far less trouble still ; for, as to wit,

you know, Heaven be praised, that he has not got a very great stock ; and I think him a sort of man who will believe anything which you tell him. This without offence to you ; for there is not the slightest similarity between him and you ; and you know full well the opinion of every one, that he is your father only for form's sake.

Lea. Gently, Scapin !

Sca. All right, one does not mind that ! Are you jesting ? But I see Octave's father coming. Let us begin with him, since he comes to us. Get you both away. [*To Octave*] And you, tell your Sylvester to come quickly to play his part.

SCENE VIII.

ARGANTE, SCAPIN.¹²

Sca. [*Aside*] He is chewing the cud.

Arg. [*Believing himself alone*] To have so little decency and consideration. To rush headlong into an engagement like this ! Ah ! Ah ! impertinent youth.

Sca. Your servant, Sir.

Arg. Good day, Scapin.

Sca. You are thinking about this affair of your son ?

Arg. I tell you candidly that it puts me out greatly.

Sca. Life is bestrewed with crosses, Sir ; it is as well to be always prepared for them ; and I always bear in mind the saying of an ancient, which I heard a long time ago.

Arg. What is it ?

Sca. That when a father of a family has been away from home for some time, he ought to let his mind run on all the sad accidents which he may meet on his return ; ought to fancy his house burned down, his money stolen, his wife dead, his son maimed, his daughter corrupted ; and when-

¹² See Appendix, Note C.

ever one of these things has not happened, impute it to his good luck. As for me, I have always practised this lesson in my little philosophy ; and I have never returned home without holding myself ready for the anger of my masters, their abuse, their insults, their kicks, their whacks, their thrashings ; and whenever I have had less, I have thanked my stars for it.¹³

Arg. This is all very well ; but this impertinent marriage, which interferes with the one which we wish to contract, is a thing which I cannot bear, and I have just consulted lawyers to undo it.

Sca. In truth, Sir, if you take my advice, you will try, by some other means, to arrange this affair. You know what law-suits are in this country, and you will get yourself into some strange difficulties.

Arg. You are right, I see that well enough. But what other way is there ?

Sca. I think that I have found one. The sympathy evoked by your sorrow just now, has made me consider about some means of quieting your uneasiness ; for I do not like to see honest fathers vexed by their children, without feeling for them ; and I have at all times been particularly fond of you.

Arg. I am very much obliged to you.

Sca. I have therefore been to see the brother of this girl who has been married. He is one of those fire-eaters by profession, those people who are all cut and thrust, who talk of nothing else than slashing, and who make no more ado about killing a man than about swallowing a glass of wine. I have got him to speak about this marriage, have shown him the facility, offered by his own violence, to undo it, your prerogatives as a father, and the support you would

¹³ This speech of Scapin is again borrowed from Terence.

receive from the law by reason of your right, your money, and your friends. In short, I have so turned him about on all sides, that he has listened to the proposals which I have made to him to settle the matter for a certain sum ; and he will give his consent to annul the marriage, provided you give him the money.

Arg. And what did he require ?

Sca. Oh ! everything preposterous, at first.

Arg. And what ?

Sca. Extravagant things.

Arg. But what, pray ?

Sca. He talked of no less than five or six hundred pistoles.

Arg. Five or six hundred quartan fevers to make an end of him ! Is he jesting ?

Sca. That is what I told him. I utterly rejected all such proposals, and I plainly gave him to understand that you were not a dupe, to ask you for five or six hundred pistoles. At last, after a great deal of talk, this is the result of our conference. The time draws near, said he to me, that I must set out for the army ; I am busy about my outfit, and the need which I have of some money makes me consent, in spite of myself, to what is proposed to me. I want a troop-horse, and I cannot have one, ever so middling, for less than sixty pistoles.

Arg. Very well ! for sixty pistoles, I will give them.

Sca. Then the accoutrements and the pistols ; and that will amount at least to twenty pistoles more.

Arg. Twenty pistoles and sixty make fourscore.

Sca. Exactly.

Arg. It is a good deal : but be it so. I consent to this.

Sca. He must also have a horse for his servant, which will cost at least thirty pistoles.

Arg. What the deuce ! Let him go on foot ; he shall have nothing at all.

Sca. Sir !

Arg. No : he is an impertinent fellow.

Sca. Would you have his servant go on foot ?

Arg. Let him go as he likes, and the master also.

Sca. Good Heaven, Sir, do not stop short at such a trifle. Do not go to law, Sir, I beg of you ; and sooner give it all, to keep clear from its hands.

Arg. Very well then ; I am ready to give also the thirty pistoles.

Sca. He wants, besides, so he says, a mule to carry . . .

Arg. Let him go to the devil with his mule ! It is too much ; and we shall go before the judges.

Sca. For mercy's sake, Sir . . .

Arg. No, I shall do nothing at all.

Sca. A tiny mule, Sir.

Arg. I shall not give him as much as an ass.

Sca. Consider . . .

Arg. No, I prefer going to law.

Sca. Oh, Sir, what are you talking about, and what a resolution to take ? Just cast your eyes upon the ins and outs of the laws. Just think how many appeals and degrees of jurisdiction ; how many vexatious proceedings ; how many delightful animals, through whose claws you will have to pass : sergeants, attorneys, counsels, registrars, substitutes, reporters, judges, and their clerks. Not one of those folks but who will oppose the most straightforward case in the world for the merest trifle. A bailiff¹⁴ will serve you with forged deeds, upon which you shall be condemned without your knowing it. Your attorney will come to terms with the other side, and sell you for ready cash. Your counsel, won over in the same manner, will be wanting when your cause has to be pleaded, or adduce reasons

¹⁴ The original has *sergeant*.

that shall only beat about the bush, but not go home to the facts. The registrar will deliver sentence and judgment against you in your absence. The clerk of the reporter will make away with documents, or the reporter himself will deny what he has seen ; and when, with the utmost precautions, you shall have parried all this, you will be astonished to find that your judges have been prejudiced against you, either by some pious people, or by the ladies with whom they are in love. Oh ! Sir, if it be in your power, keep out of this hell. It is to be damned already in this world, to have to plead ; and the mere notion of a law-suit would be enough to make me fly as far as the Indies.¹⁵

Arg. And at how much does he reckon this mule ?

Sca. For the mule, Sir, for the horse, and that of his man, for the accoutrements and pistols, and to pay a little bill which he owes his landlady, he asks in all two hundred pistoles.

Arg. Two hundred pistoles ?

Sca. Yes.

Arg. [*Walking about in a passion*] Never, never ; we shall go to law.

Sca. Reflect . . .

Arg. I shall go to law.

Sca. Do not throw yourself . . .

Arg. I shall go to law.

Sca. But to go to law, you want money. You must have money for the summons ; money for the registration ; money for the letter of attorney ; money for appearance, counsel, evidence, and solicitors' fees. Some will go for the consultations and the pleadings of the barristers ; for the right of redemption, and for engrossing copies of the case. You will want money for the reports of substitutes, for the

¹⁵ This picture of the vexations of a lawsuit in Molière's time is not much exaggerated.

sweetmeats at the end of the trial,¹⁶ for the registration of the verdict, the form of decree, sentence, arrests, revision, the signing and countersigning of their clerks, without reckoning the presents which you will have to make. Give this money to that man, and the affair is at an end.

Arg. What ! two hundred pistoles !

Sca. Yes. You will be a gainer by it. I have made a little calculation, mentally, of all the law charges ; and I have found that by giving two hundred pistoles to your man, you will be the gainer by at least a hundred and fifty, without counting the anxiety, the going hither and thither, and the bother you shall save yourself. Were it for nothing else than to have to put up with the insults which those sorry waggish barristers say to one in public, I would sooner give three hundred pistoles than go to law.

Arg. I do not care for that, and I defy the lawyers to say anything against me.

Sca. You shall do as you please ; but if I were you, I should fight shy of law-suits.

Arg. I shall not give two hundred pistoles.

Sca. Here comes the very man we are speaking of.¹⁷

SCENE IX.

ARGANTE, SCAPIN, SYLVESTER, *disguised as a
swash-buckler.*

Syl. I say, Scapin, just show me this Argante, the father of Octave.

Sca. Why, Sir ?

¹⁶ The original has *épices*, spices, because formerly those who had a lawsuit gave sweetmeats to the judges, to thank them for having gained their suit, and because spices were employed instead of sugar before India was discovered. These *épices*, which were at first voluntary, became afterwards a compulsory tax, which was paid in money.

¹⁷ This is again partly borrowed from Terence.

Syl. I have just been told that he wishes to go to law with me, and by the law annul my sister's marriage.

Sca. I do not know if he intends to do so; but he certainly does not consent to give the two hundred pistoles which you desire; he says it is too much.

Syl. 'Sdeath, blood and wounds,¹⁸ if I find him, I shall thrash him unmercifully, were I to be racked on the wheel for it afterwards. [*Argante, for fear of being seen, stands trembling behind Scapin.*]

Sca. Let me tell you, Sir, that this father of Octave has some courage, and will perhaps not be at all afraid of you.

Syl. What, he? he? blood and thunder!¹⁹ if he were here, I would give him at once a taste of my sword in his belly. [*Perceiving Argante*] Who is this man?

Sca. It is not he, Sir; it is not he.

Syl. But perhaps it is one of his friends?

Sca. No, Sir; on the contrary, it is his greatest enemy.

Syl. His greatest enemy?

Sca. Yes.

Syl. Ah! forsooth! I am glad of it. [*To Argante*] Are you an enemy of this mean rascal of an Argante, Sir? Eh?

Sca. Yes, yes; I can answer for that.

Syl. [*Shaking Argante's hand violently*] Grasp it, shake hands. I give you my word and pledge you my honour, by the sword which I wear, by all the oaths which I could swear, that before the day is out I shall rid you of this arrant knave, this mean scoundrel of an Argante. Trust to me.

¹⁸ The original has *par la tête! par la ventre!*

¹⁹ The original has *par la sang, par la tête.* *Ventre* and *sang* are masculine, but here is understood *par la vertu de*, and the whole oath was *par la vertu du sang or du ventre de Dieu.* I have thought it needless to give a literal translation of these blasphemies.

Sca. Violence is not tolerated in this country, Sir.

Syl. I do not care a rap, and I have nothing to lose.

Sca. He will be on his guard, you may depend ; and he has got relatives, friends and servants, who will guard him against your resentment.

Syl. Zounds ! that is all I ask, that is all I ask for. [*Drawing his sword*] Death and blood ! Why is he not here with all his guard ! Why does he not appear before me surrounded by thirty persons ! Why does he not rush down upon me, arms in hand ! [*Standing upon his guard*] Ah ! you knaves, you have the audacity to attack me. Ah ! Zounds ! kill. [*Parrying on every side, as if he had several people to deal with*] No quarter ! Advance. Stand firm. Push on ! A sure foot, a quick eye. Ah ! you scoundrels, you scum ! that is what you want ! You shall have plenty of it. Stand firm, you knaves, stand firm. Come on. Parry this thrust, and that one ! [*Turning towards Scapin and Argante*] And this one. And that one. What, you draw back ! Stand firm, zounds, stand firm !²⁰

Sca. Eh ! eh ! eh ! Sir, we do not belong to them.

Syl. That will teach you to dare to meddle with me.

SCENE X.

ARGANTE, SCAPIN.

Sca. Well now ! you see how many persons would be killed for two hundred pistoles. After this, I wish you good luck.

Arg. [*Trembling all over*] Scapin !

Sca. If you please ?

²⁰ A similar scene has been employed by the actor and dramatist Rosimond, in his *Dupe in Love*, performed in 1670.

Arg. I have made up my mind to give the two hundred pistoles.

Sca. I am glad of it for your sake.

Arg. Let us go and find him ; I have got them with me.

Sca. You have only to hand them to me. You cannot, for you own honour, show yourself to him, after having passed in this place for some other person than you really are ; and besides, I should fear that, revealing yourself to him, he may take it into his head to ask for more.

Arg. Yes ; but I should be glad to see how I part with my money.

Sca. Do you mistrust me ?

Arg. It is not that, but . . .

Sca. Forsooth, Sir, I am a rogue, I am, or an honest man ; one of the two. Do you think I would deceive you, and that, in all this, I have aught else at heart than your interest and that of my master, to whom you wish to be allied ? If you suspect me, I meddle no more with anything, and, from this moment, you may look for some one to arrange your affairs.

Arg. Take them.

Sca. No, Sir, do not intrust your money to me. I shall be very glad if you would employ some one else.²¹

Arg. Good Heavens ! take it.

Sca. No, I tell you, do not trust yourself to me. Who knows but what I wish to swindle you out of your money ?

Arg. Take it, I tell you ; do not let me have to squabble any longer. But be sure to take good guarantees from him.

Sca. Let me manage it ; he has not a fool to deal with.

²¹ This is from Plautus' *Bacchis*.

Arg. I shall wait for you at my house.

Sca. I shall not fail to be there [*Alone*] That is one. I have only to look for the other. Ah! upon my word, here he is. It seems that Providence brings them into my net, one after another.

SCENE XI.

GÉRONTE, SCAPIN.

Sca. [*Pretending not to see G ron te*] Oh Heavens! Oh unlooked-for misfortune! Oh wretched father! Poor G ron te, what will you do?

G r. [*Aside*] What is he saying about me, with that sorrowful face?

Sca. Is there no one to tell me where I can find M. G ron te?

G r. What is the matter, Scapin?

Sca. [*Running about the stage, pretending not to see nor hear G ron te*] Where can I find him, to tell him of this misfortune?

G r. [*Stopping Scapin*] What is it?

Sca. In vain do I run everywhere to find him.

G r. Here I am.

Sca. He must be hiding in some place which no one can discover.

G r. [*Stopping Scapin*] Hullo! are you blind, that you cannot see me?

Sca. Oh! Sir, I could not meet you anywhere.

G r. I have been standing in front of you for nearly an hour. What has happened?

Sca. Sir . . .

G r. What?

Sca. Your son, Sir . . .

G r. Well! my son . . .

Sca. Has met with the strangest accident in the world.

Gér. What is it ?

Sca. A short time ago I met him looking so very sad about something that you had told him, and in which you have unreasonably enough mixed up my name ; and trying to raise his low spirits, we went to take a row in the harbour. There, amongst several other things, our eyes were attracted by a Turkish galley, tolerably well equipped. A young Turk with a pleasant face invited us to come on board, and held out his hand to us. We went. He showed us a thousand civilities, offered us a lunch, where we ate the most excellent fruit that can be found, and drank the finest wine in the world.

Gér. What is there so very grievous in all this ?

Sca. Stay a minute, Sir, I am coming to it. While we were eating, he put the galley out to sea ; and, finding himself far enough from the port, he had me put into a boat, and sent me to tell you that, if you do not send him through me, immediately, five hundred crowns, he will carry your son away to Algiers.

Gér. What, the deuce ! five hundred crowns !

Sca. Yes, Sir ; and, what is more, he has only given me two hours to find them.

Gér. Ah ! the gallows-bird of a Turk ! to murder me in this manner !

Sca. It remains with you, Sir, to take prompt measures to save from slavery a son whom you so tenderly love.

Gér. What the devil did he want in that galley ?

Sca. He did not dream of what would happen.

Gér. Go, Scapin, go quickly, and tell this Turk that I shall send the authorities after him.

Sca. The authorities on the open sea ! do you wish to make fools of people ?

Gér. What the devil did he want in that galley ?

Sca. An adverse fate often leads people.

Gér. You must, Scapin, you must show yourself now a faithful servant.

Sca. How 'so, Sir ?

Gér. By going to tell this Turk to send me back my son, and by putting yourself in his place, until I can raise the sum which he asks.

Sca. Eh ! Sir, do you know what you are saying ? and do you imagine that this Turk will have so little sense as to receive a poor wretch like me as a substitute for your son ?

Gér. What the devil did he want in that galley ?

Sca. He did not dream of such a misfortune. Remember, Sir, that he has given me only two hours.

Gér. He wants, you say . . .

Sca. Five hundred crowns.

Gér. Five hundred crowns ! Has he no conscience ?

Sca. That is good ; a Turk a conscience !

Gér. Does he know what five hundred crowns means ?

Sca. Indeed he does, Sir ; he knows that it is fifteen hundred livres.

Gér. Does he think, the villain, that fifteen hundred livres are so easily to be found ?

Sca. They are people who do not understand reason.

Gér. But what the devil did he want in that galley ?

Sca. True. But after all, one cannot foresee these things. Pray, Sir, make haste.

Gér. Look here, there is the key of my cupboard.

Sca. Good.

Gér. You go and open it.

Sca. Very good.

Gér. You will find a large key on the left hand side, which is the one of the garret.

Sca. Yes.

Gér. You will take all the clothes which are in that large basket, and go and sell them to the old clothes-men to redeem my son.

Sca. [*Handing him back the key*] Are you dreaming, Sir? The whole lot of which you speak will not fetch a hundred francs; and, besides, you know the little time he has given me.

Gér. But what the devil did he want in that galley?

Sca. Oh! what a waste of words. Leave that galley alone, and remember that time flies, and that you run the risk of losing your son. Alas! my poor master! perhaps I shall never set eyes on you again while I live, and at this very moment they are carrying you away to Algiers as a slave. But Heaven is my witness that I have done all that I could for you, and that, if you are not bought off, nothing but the want of fatherly affection is to blame.

Gér. Stay, Scapin, I will go and fetch that money.

Sca. Be quick about it then, Sir; I tremble to hear the hour strike.

Gér. Did you not say four hundred crowns?

Sca. No: five hundred crowns.

Gér. Five hundred crowns!

Sca. Yes.

Gér. What the devil did he want in that galley?

Sca. You are right: but make haste.

Gér. Was there no other place to go to?

Sca. That is true: but be quick.

Gér. Ah! that confounded galley!

Sca. [*Aside*] That galley lies heavy upon his heart.

Gér. Stay, Scapin, I did not remember that I have just received the very sum in gold, and I did not think that I would have to part with it so soon. [*Taking his purse from his pocket, and holding it out to Scapin*] There, go and redeem my son.

Sca. [*Holding out his hand*] Yes, Sir.

Gér. [*Still holding the purse, which he pretends to give to Scapin*] But tell this Turk that he is a scoundrel.

Sca. [*Still holding out his hand*] Yes.

Gér. [*Recommencing the same thing*] An infamous wretch.

Sca. [*Still holding out his hand*] Yes.

Gér. A man without honour, a robber.

Sca. Let me manage it.

Gér. That he extorts five hundred crowns from me against all right.

Sca. Yes.

Gér. [*Recommencing the same thing*] That I do not make them a present to him for ever.

Sca. Very good.

Gér. [*Recommencing the same thing*] And that, if ever I catch him, I shall be revenged on him.

Sca. Yes.

Gér. [*Putting the money back in his pocket, and going*] Go, go quickly, and bring back my son.

Sca. [*Running after G ron te*] Hullo, Sir.

G r. What ?

Sca. Where is this money ?

G r. Have I not given it to you ?

Sca. No indeed ; you put it back in your pocket.

G r. Ah ! it is this trouble that upsets my senses.

Sca. I see it does.

G r. What the devil did he want in that galley ? Confounded galley ! Villain of a Turk ; may the devil take you !²²

Sca. [*Alone*] He cannot swallow the five hundred crowns which I have dragged away from him ; but he is not quits

²² See Appendix, Note D.

with me yet; and he shall pay me in different coin for the trick he has played me with his son.²³

SCENE XII.

OCTAVE, LEANDER, SCAPIN.

Oct. Well! Scapin, have you succeeded in your enterprise for me?

Lea. Have you done anything to get my love affair out of the plight it is in?

Sca. [*To Octave*] Here are two hundred pistoles which I have drawn from your father.

Oct. Ah! how glad you make me!

Sca. [*To Leander*] I have not been able to do anything for you.

Lea. [*Going*] I had better go and make an end of myself; for I cannot live if Zerbinette is taken from me.

Sca. Hullo! hullo! gently. What a dreadful hurry you are in!

Lea. [*Turning back*] What is to become of me?

Sca. Never mind, I have got what you want.

Lea. [*Returning*] Ah! you restore life to me.

Sca. But on condition that you shall allow me a little piece of retaliation upon your father for the trick which he has played me.

Lea. Anything you please.

Sca. You promise it before a witness?

Lea. Yes.

Sca. Catch hold, here are the five hundred crowns.

Lea. Let us go quickly to redeem my charmer with them.

²³ In the Introductory Notice I have already stated that this scene is borrowed from Cyrano de Bergerac's play *The Deceived Pedant*, where a Turkish galley is lying at anchor in the Seine. Molière's comedy takes place on a coast which was exposed to the attacks of Turkish rovers; besides, the taking of Candia by the Turks, in 1669, had given a fresh interest to all adventures with which Turks were mixed up.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ZERBINETTE, HYACINTHE, SCAPIN, SYLVESTER.

Syl. Yes, your lovers have decided between them, that you should remain together ; and we are discharging the order which they have given us.

Hya. [*To Zerbinette*] Such an order has nothing but what is very agreeable to me. I gladly welcome such a companion ; and it will not be my fault if the friendship existing between the persons whom we love does not extend to us.

Zer. I accept the proposal, and am not one to draw back when friendship is in question.

Sca. And when love is in question ?

Zer. As for love, that is a different thing ; one runs a little more risk, and I am not so rash about that.

Sca. You are so against my master now, I believe ; and what he has just done for you ought to give you the heart to respond in the right manner to his love.

Zer. I do not as yet trust him unconditionally ; and all that he has done does not entirely reassure me. I am of a lively disposition, and I am always laughing : but for all that, I am serious upon certain subjects ; and your master will make a mistake, if he thinks that to have bought me is sufficient to make me wholly his own. It will cost him something else besides money ; and if he wishes that I should return his passion in the same manner, he will have to give me a pledge of his faith, accompanied by certain ceremonies which are thought indispensable.

Sca. That is what he means to do. His intentions are nought but right and honourable ; and I would not have been the one to meddle with this affair, if he had had different intentions.

Zer. That is what I wish to believe, since you tell me so ; but, on the father's part, I expect some obstacles.

Sca. We shall find the means of arranging matters.

Hya. [*To Zerbinette*] The similarity of our positions ought to contribute to the growth of our friendship ; and we find ourselves both in the same plights, both exposed to the same misfortunes.

Zer. You have this advantage at least that you know who gave you birth, and that the support of your parents, whom you can disclose, is likely to arrange everything, to assure your happiness, and to command a consent to a marriage which is already contracted. But, as for me, I receive no assistance from my position in life ; and I am in a condition which will hardly mollify a father who looks only to wealth.

Hya. You have yet the advantage, that your lover is not tempted by another match.

Zer. The change in a lover's heart is not what is most to be feared. One may naturally believe one's own merits sufficient to retain one's conquests ; and what I dread most in this sort of affairs, is the paternal power, in whose eyes merit counts for nothing.

Hya. Alas ! why must our best affections be thwarted ? How sweet it is to love, when there are no obstacles to those gentle chains with which two hearts are united !

Sca. You are jesting ; a smooth love affair is a disagreeable calm. An uninterrupted happiness becomes tiresome ; there must be ups and downs in life ; and the difficulties about things awaken the desires, and increase the pleasures.

Zer. By the bye, Scapin, tell us the story, which I have been given to understand is so amusing, of the trick which you made use of to draw money from your old miser. You know that it is not labour lost to tell me a tale, and

that I reward it well enough by the pleasure which it gives me.

Sca. There is Sylvester, who will manage it as well as I. I have got a little bit of revenge in my mind, of which I shall relish the pleasure.

Syl. Why will you, out of mere light-heartedness, get yourself into awkward scrapes ?

Sca. I like to attempt hazardous enterprises.

Syl. I have already told you, if you take my advice, to abandon your project.

Sca. Just so ; but I shall take my own advice in this matter.

Syl. What the devil are you going to be up to ?

Sca. What the devil are you bothering yourself about ?

Syl. Because I see that you are running, unnecessarily, the risk of drawing a storm of cudgel-blows upon you.

Sca. Well ! It is at the cost of my back, not of yours.

Syl. It is true that you are master of your own shoulders, and may dispose of them as you please.

Sca. That kind of danger has never stopped me ; and I hate those chicken-hearted fellows, who, because they look too much at the sequel of events, never dare to undertake anything.

Zer. [*To Scapin*] We shall need your help.

Sca. Lead on. I shall be with you presently. It shall never be said, that they have with impunity almost made me betray myself and disclose secrets which it would be as well that nobody knew.

SCENE II.

GÉRONTE, SCAPIN.

Gér. Well, Scapin, how goes the affair of my son ?

Sca. Your son is safe enough, Sir ; but you yourself, Sir, are running the greatest danger in the world, and I would give a good deal that you were in your own house.

Gér. How is that ?

Sca. At this very moment, you are looked for everywhere to be killed.

Gér. I ?

Sca. Yes.

Gér. And by whom ?

Sca. By the brother of this person whom Octave has married. He believes that the design which you have to place your daughter in the position now occupied by his sister, is the reason which induces Argante to leave no stone unturned to annul their marriage ; and, with that idea, he has openly resolved to vent his despair on you, and to take your life to avenge his honour. All his friends, knights of the blade like himself, are looking for you everywhere, and enquiring after you. I myself saw here and there some soldiers of his company, who are guarding in platoons every approach to your house, examining every one whom they meet : so much so that you cannot go home, nor walk a step, right or left, without falling into their hands.

Gér. What am I to do, my good Scapin ?

Sca. I do not know, Sir ; it is a strange affair altogether. I tremble from head to foot for you, and . . . Wait a moment [*Scapin pretends to look at the farther end of the stage whether any one is there.*]

Gér. [*Trembling*] Eh ?

Sca. [*Coming back*] No, no, no, it is nothing.

Gér. Cannot you find some means to get me out of trouble ?

Sca. I have thought about one ; but I run the risk of being knocked down myself.

Gér. Come ! Scapin, show yourself a faithful servant. Do not leave me in the lurch, I beg of you.

Sca. I am willing enough. I have this much regard for you, that I should not like to leave you without assistance.

Gér. You shall be well rewarded for it, I assure you ; and I promise you this coat, when I have worn it a little.

Sca. Stay. Just the very thing I have hit upon to save you. You must get into this sack, and . . .

Gér. [*Fancying he sees somebody*] Ah !

Sca. No, no, no, no, there is no one. You must, I say, get into this, and take care not to stir in the least. I shall hoist you on my back like a bundle of something, and I shall carry you in that way through the midst of your enemies, into your house, where, once we get in, we can barricade ourselves, and send for assistance against this violence.

Gér. The idea is good.

Sca. The best in the world. You shall see. [*Aside*] I shall be even with you for the cheat.

Gér. What do you say ?

Sca. I say that your enemies will be taken in nicely. Get well to the bottom ; and above all take care not to show yourself, and not to move, happen what may.

Ger. Let me manage : I know how to keep myself . . .

Sca. Hide yourself ; here comes a swash-buckler who is looking out for you [*disguising his voice*] “ What ! shall I not have the delight of killing this *Géronte*, and will no one out of charity point me out where he is ? ” [*To Géronte in his natural voice*] Do not stir. “ *Cadédis !* I shall find him if he were hidden in the bowels of the earth.” [*To Géronte*

in his natural voice] Do not show yourself [*The counterfeited language is supposed to be Gascon, the remainder his own*]²⁴ “Ah ! you man with the sack.” Sir. “I will give you a louis if you tell me where I can find this G ron te.” You are looking for M. G ron te ? “Yes. Zounds, I am looking for him.” And what for, Sir ? “What for ?” Yes. “Because I want to cudgel the life out of him, cad dis.” Oh, indeed, Sir ; but folks like him do not ordinarily receive cudgel-blows, and he is not a man to stand that sort of treatment. “Who ? that booby of a G ron te, that scoundrel, that blockhead ?” M. G ron te, Sir, is neither a booby, nor a scoundrel, nor a blockhead ; and you ought to speak in another tone. “How dare you give me any of your insolence ?” I am defending, as I ought to do, a man of honour, who is being insulted. “Are you one of the friends of this G ron te ?” Yes, Sir, I am. “Ah ! cad dis, you are one of his friends. So much the better.” [*Striking several times on the sack with a stick*] “There, take this, and that, in his stead.” [*Shrieking as if he were being struck*] Ah, ah, Sir, that’ll do. Ah, ah, Sir, gently. Ah, gently. Ah, ah, ah. “There, give him this from me. Adiusias.” [*Complaining and moving his back as if he had received some cudgel-blows*] Ah, the devil take the Gascon ! Ah !

G r. [*Thrusting his head out of the sack*] Ah, Scapin, I can endure it no longer.

Sca. Ah ! Sir, I am bruised all over, and my shoulders pain me dreadfully.

G r. How is that ! It is on mine that he has been beating.

Sca. No indeed, Sir, it is my back that he has been pummelling.

* ²⁴ The words printed in italics are in the Gascon dialect, which is untranslatable. Here is a specimen of the first sentence in the original : *Cad dis, j  le trouverai, s  cach t-il au centre d  la terre.*

Gér. What do you mean? I have felt the blows well enough, and feel them yet.

Sca. No, I tell you; it is only the end of his stick that came down upon your shoulders.

Gér. You ought therefore to have gone a little farther away in order to spare me. . . .

Sca. [*Pushing his head back again into the sack*] Be careful; here comes another, who has the look of a stranger. [*This by-play is the same as that of the Gascon, for the change of language and the stage-business*]²⁵ "Gone, I have been running like a Basque, and I cannot find this devil of a *Géronte*." Hide yourself well. "Tell me a little, you mister Gentleman, if you please, do not you know where this *Géronte* is, whom I am looking for?" No, Sir, I do not know where *Géronte* is. "Tell me candidly; I do not want much with him. I only want to treat him to a dozen or so of cudgel-blows on his back, and three or four sword thrusts through his breast." I assure you Sir, that I do not know where he is. "It seems to me that there is something moving in this sack." Not at all, Sir. "I am sure that there is something in there." Not at all, Sir. "I have a good mind to pass my sword through this sack." Oh! Sir, do not do anything of the sort. "Let me look a little what is in there." That will do, Sir. "How, that will do!" You have no business with what I am carrying. "And I will have business with it." You shall not see it. "Ah! what nonsense is all this." They are some clothes belonging to me. "Show me, I tell you." I shall do nothing of the kind. "You shall do nothing of the kind?" No. "Then I shall break this stick on your

²⁵ My foregoing remark as to the difficulty of rendering provincial dialect into English applies also to this scene, which is given in an Alsatian accent. Here is the first sentence in the original, *Parti! moi courir comme une Basque, et moi ne pouver point troufair de tout le jour sti tioble de Gironte.*

shoulders." I do not care for that. "Ah you want to play the fool with me." [*Striking the sack with the stick, and howling as if he were receiving the blows*] Aye, aye, aye. Ah! Sir, ah, ah, ah, ah. "Till we meet again, this will be a little lesson to teach you not to be insolent." Ah! plague on the jabbering thief! Ah!

Gér. [*Thrusting his head out of the sack*] Ah! I feel as broken on the wheel.

Sca. Ah! I am dead.

Gér. Why the deuce must they pummel my back?

Sca. [*Putting his head back into the sack*] Take care; here is half a dozen soldiers together. [*Imitating the voices of several persons*] "Come let us try to find G ronte, let us look everywhere. Do not let us stand still over it. Let us rummage the whole town. Do not let us miss a single spot. Let us go everywhere. Let us peep into every nook and corner. Which way shall we go? This way. No, through here. To the left. To the right. Not at all. Yes, yes." [*To G ronte, in his natural voice*] Hide yourself well. "Ah, mates, here is his servant. Come, you rascal, you must tell us where your master is." Ah! gentlemen, do not ill-use me. "Come, tell us where he is. Speak. Make haste, look sharp, be quick, speak up." Oh, gentlemen, gently. [*G ronte thrusts his head softly out of the sack, and becomes aware of Scapin's trick*] "If you do not help us to find your master directly, we shall overwhelm you with cudgel-blows." I prefer suffering everything rather than show you my master. "We shall beat the life out of you." Do as you please. "You wish to be cudgelled?" I will not betray my master. "Ah, you wish to be beaten? There then . . ." Ah! [*As he is about to strike, G ronte gets out of the sack, and Scapin runs off.*]

G r. [*Alone*] Ah! infamous wretch! Ah! traitor! Ah! scoundrel! Is it thus that you assault me?

SCENE III.

ZERBINETTE, GÉRONTE.

Zer. [*Laughing, without perceiving Geronte*] Ha, ha !
I must have a breath of air.

Gér. [*Aside, without seeing Zerbinette*] You shall pay
for this, I swear.

Zer. [*Without seeing Géronte*] Ha, ha, ha, ha ! What
an amusing story ! and what a dupe they have made of the
old man !

Gér. There is nothing amusing in it ; and you have no
business to laugh at it.

Zer. What is the matter ! what do you mean, Sir ?

Gér. I mean that you have no business to make a jest
of me.

Zer. Of you ?

Gér. Yes.

Zer. How ? Who intends to make a jest of you ?

Gér. Why do you come here to laugh in my very face ?

Zer. This does not concern you at all, and I was only
laughing at a story that I have just been told, the funniest
I ever heard. I do not know whether it is because I am
interested in the matter ; but I have never heard anything
more laughable than the trick that has just been played by
a son on his father to get hold of some money.

Gér. By a son on his father to get hold of some money ?

Zer. Yes. If you are at all curious, you shall find me
ready enough to tell you the tale ; for I am always itching
to retail the stories I know.

Gér. Pray tell me this one.

Zer. I do not mind. I shall not risk much by telling it
to you, and it is an adventure that will not long remain a
secret. Fate would have it that I should fall among a gang
of people whom they call gipsies, and who, wandering from

one country to another, make it their business to tell people's fortunes, and to do many things besides. On reaching this town, a young man happened to see me, and conceived an attachment to me. From that moment, he dogged my footsteps ; and at first he was like all other young men, who think that they have only to speak, and that at the least word which they say to us, their business is done ; but he found a resistance which made him somewhat alter his first opinions. He confided his passion to the people in whose hands I was ; and he found them willing to leave me to him, in consideration of a certain sum of money. But the worst of the thing was, that my lover was in the same position in which we so often find the majority of young men of good birth, that is, he was a little short of money. His father, though rich, is a downright skinflint, the nastiest wretch on earth. Wait a little. Can I not remember his name ? Stop. Perhaps you can help me. Can not you name some one in this town, who is noted for being miserly to the last degree ?

Gér. No.

Zer. There is a ron in his name . . . ronte . . . Or . . . Oronte. No. Gé . . . Géronte. Yes, Géronte, that is it ; that is my shabby individual ; I have got it ; that is the stingy churl of whom I am talking. To come to our story, our people wished to get away from this town to-day ; and my lover was going to lose me, for lack of money, had he not luckily been assisted by the cleverness of his servant to get some out of his father. As for the name of the servant, I know it perfectly well. It is Scapin ; he is a wonderful fellow, and he deserves all the praise in the world.

Gér. [*Aside*] Ah ! scoundrel that you are !

Zer. This is the trick of which he made use to get the money out of his dupe. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! I cannot help

laughing heartily when I think of it. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! He goes to this stingy cur . . . ha, ha, ha ; and tells him that while walking with his son near the port, hi, hi, they saw a Turkish galley, on board of which they were invited ; that a young Turk offered them a lunch. Ha ; that while they were at table, the galley was put off to sea, and that the Turk had sent him back ashore by himself in a skiff, with the order to tell his master's father that he was going to carry his son away to Algiers with him, unless he sent him five hundred crowns immediately. Ha, ha, ha ! Behold my churl, my miser, in the most furious agonies ; and the tenderness for his son struggling curiously with his avarice. The five hundred crowns required of him are just so many dagger thrusts levelled at his heart. Ha, ha, ha. He cannot make up his mind to tear that sum from his very bowels ; and the pain which he suffers makes him devise a hundred ridiculous ways of getting his son back again. Ha, ha, ha. He wants to send the authorities after the Turk's galley on the open sea. Ha, ha, ha. He induces his servant to go and offer himself to take the son's place, until he has scraped together the money which he does not intend to part with. Ha, ha, ha. In order to make up the five hundred crowns, he is going to sell four or five old suits which are not worth thirty. Ha, ha, ha. The servant tries at every turn to show him the preposterousness of his proposal ; and every reflection is dolefully accompanied by a What the devil did he want in that galley ? Oh ! confounded galley ! scoundrel of a Turk ! At last, after many twistings and turnings, after having wailed and sighed ever so long . . . But it seems to me that my story does not amuse you ; what do you think of it ?

Gér. I think that the young man is a hangdog, an insolent scoundrel, who shall be punished by his father for the trick he has played him ; that the gipsy is a jade, an imper-

tinient girl, to insult a man of honour who will teach her to come here and corrupt young men of quality ; and that the servant is a rascal who will be sent to the gallows by G ron te before to-morrow.²⁶

SCENE IV.

ZERBINETTE, SYLVESTER.

Syl. Where did you get to ? Are you aware that you have been talking to the father of your lover ?

Zer. I just thought so ; and, inadvertently, I have been telling him his own story.

Syl. How, his own story ?

Zer. Yes. I was full of the tale, and bursting to tell it again. But what does it matter ? So much the worse for him. I do not see that things, so far as we are concerned, can be mended or marred by it.

Syl. You had a great mind to chatter ; and I call it talking with a vengeance not to be able to keep one's own secrets.

Zer. Would he not have found it out from some one else ?

SCENE V.

ARGANTE, ZERBINETTE, SYLVESTER.

Arg. [*Behind the scenes*] Hullo ! Sylvester.

Syl. Go indoors. Here is my master calling me.

²⁶ This scene is also partly imitated from *The Deceived Pedant* of Cyrano de Bergerac ; but in the latter play, the lady, Genev te, in relating the story to the pedant Granger, knows that he was the hero of it ; whilst Zerbinette does not know G ron te.

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SCENE VI.

ARGANTE, SYLVESTER.

Arg. So you have put your heads together, you rascals ; you have arranged between you, Scapin, you and my son, to cheat me ; and you think that I shall bear it ?

Syl. Look here, Sir, if Scapin cheats you, I wash my hands of it, and assure you that I have no part nor parcel in it.

Arg. We shall see about this business, you rogue ; we shall see about this, and I do not wish to be treated like a goose.²⁷

SCENE VII.

GÉRONTE, ARGANTE, SYLVESTER.

Gér. Ah ! M. Argante, you behold me overwhelmed with disgrace.

Arg. You behold me also in a terrible affliction.

Gér. That hangdog Scapin, by one of his roguish tricks, has swindled me out of five hundred crowns.

Arg. That same hangdog Scapin, by a similar roguish trick, has swindled me out of two hundred pistoles.

Gér. Not content with doing me out of five hundred crowns, he has treated me in a manner which I am ashamed to tell you. But he shall pay me for it.

Arg. He shall have to give me satisfaction for the trick he has played me.

Gér. And I mean to be signally revenged upon him.

Syl. [*Aside*] Would to Heaven that I had not had a share in all this !

²⁷ The original has *je ne prétends pas qu' on me fasse passer la plume par le bec* ; because, in order to prevent geese from going through the hedges, a feather is stuck through the upper part of their beaks.

Gér. But this is not all, M. Argante ; and one misfortune is generally the fore-runner of another. I was rejoicing to-day in the prospect of having my daughter, who is my only consolation, with me, and now I have just heard from my man that she set out a good while ago from Tarente, and that it is thought that she went down with the vessel in which she embarked.

Arg. But why, pray, did you keep her at Tarente, and not give yourself the pleasure of having her always with you ?

Gér. I had my reasons for this ; and family interests have obliged me until now to keep my second marriage a great secret. But whom do I see ?

SCENE VIII.

ARGANTE, GÉRONTE, NÉRINE, SYLVESTER.

Gér. What, you here, nurse ?

Nér. [*Throwing herself at the feet of Géronte*] Ah, M. Pandolphe . . .

Gér. Call me Géronte, and do not use this name any longer. The reasons no longer exist which obliged me to take it among you at Tarente.

Nér. Alas ! what troubles and uneasiness this change of name has caused us in the pains which we took to find you out here !

Gér. Where is my daughter and her mother ?

Nér. Your daughter, Sir, is not far from this ; but before I let you see her, I must beg your pardon for having married her, in the destitute condition in which I was with her, through not finding you.

Gér. My daughter married ?

Nér. Yes, Sir.

Gér. And to whom ?

Nér. To a young gentleman named Octave, son of a certain M. Argante.

Gér. Oh, Heavens !

Arg. What a coincidence !

Gér. Take us, take us quickly to her.

Nér. You have only to enter this house.

Gér. Lead the way. Follow me, follow me, M. Argante.

Syl. [*Alone*] This is an adventure which is altogether surprising.²⁸

SCENE IX.

SCAPIN, SYLVESTER.

Sca. Well, Sylvester, what are our folks doing ?

Syl. I have two pieces of news to tell you. The one is, that the affair of Octave is arranged. Our Hyacinthe is found to be the daughter of M. G ron te ; and chance has accomplished what the prudence of the fathers had planned. The other piece of news is, that the two old men are threatening Heaven and earth against you ; and above all M. G ron te.

Sca. That is nothing. Threats have never done me any harm ; and they are clouds that pass very high over our heads.

Syl. Take care of yourself. The sons may make it up with the fathers, and you be left in the lurch.

Sca. Let me manage. I shall find the means of appeasing their anger, and . . .

Syl. Get away, they are coming out.

²⁸ This ending again is partly followed from the last scene of Terence's *Phormio*.

SCENE X.

GÉRONTE, ARGANTE, HYACINTHE, ZERBINETTE, NÉRINE,
SYLVESTER.

Gér. Come, daughter, come home to me. My joy would have been complete, if I could have seen your mother with you.

Arg. Here comes Octave, just in time.

SCENE XI.

ARGANTE, GÉRONTE, OCTAVE, HYACINTHE, ZERBINETTE,
NÉRINE, SYLVESTER.

Arg. Come, my son ; come and rejoice with us in the happy accident of your marriage. Heaven . . .

Oct. No, father, all your proposals of marriage will be useless. I must take off the mask with you, and you have been told of my engagement.

Arg. Yes, but you do not know . . .

Oct. I know all which I ought to know.

Arg. I wish to tell you that the daughter of M. G ron te . . .

Oct. The daughter of M. G ron te will never be anything to me.

G r. It is she . . .

Oct. [*To G ron te*] No, Sir ; I ask your pardon ; my resolutions are taken.

Syl. [*To Octave*] Listen . . .

Oct. No. Hold your tongue. I shall listen to nothing.

Arg. [*To Octave*] Your wife . . .

Oct. No, I tell you, father ; I shall sooner die than leave my gentle Hyacinthe. [*Crossing the stage to place himself at the side of Hyacinthe*] Yes, you may do what you like ; here she is, to whom my troth is plighted. I shall love her all my life, and do not want another wife.

Arg. Very well ! it is she whom we give to you. What a devil of a madcap who always goes ahead !

Hya. [*Pointing to Géronte*] Yes, Octave, here is my father, whom I have found ; and all our troubles are ended.

Gér. Let us go home ; we shall be more comfortable than here to discuss matters.

Hya. [*Pointing to Zerbinette*] Ah ! father ; I ask you as a favour that I may not be parted from this amiable girl whom you see. Her merits will make you like her, when you come to know her.

Gér. Would you have me harbour a person with whom your brother is in love, and who just now has insulted me to my very face.

Zer. I beg of you to excuse me, Sir. I should not have spoken so, had I known that it was you ; and I only knew you by hearsay.

Gér. How ! only by hearsay ?

Hya. Father, the passion which my brother has for her has nothing guilty in it, and I answer for her virtue.

Gér. That is very good. Would you not have me marry my son to her ? A strange girl, whose profession is to run about the country.

SCENE XII.

ARGANTE, GÉRONTE, LEANDER, OCTAVE, HYACINTHE,
ZERBINETTE, NÉRINE, SYLVESTER.

Lea. Father, do not complain any longer that I love a stranger, without birth or riches. Those of whom I have bought her have just disclosed to me that she belongs to this town, and comes of an honourable family, from whom they kidnapped her at the age of four : and here is a bracelet which they have given me, and which may help us to find her parents.

Arg. Alas ! to see this bracelet, it must be my daughter, whom I lost at the age you mention.

Gér. Your daughter ?

Arg. Yes, it is she ; and I see in every one of her features the certainty of it. My dear daughter ! . . .

Hyä. Good Heavens ! what extraordinary adventures !

SCENE XIII.

ARGANTE, GÉRONTE, LEANDER, OCTAVE, HYACINTHE,
ZERBINETTE, NÉRINA, SYLVESTER, CARLOS.

Car. Alas ! gentlemen, a strange accident has just now happened.

Gér. What is it ?

Car. Poor Scapin . . .

Gér. Is a scoundrel, whom I shall have hanged.

Car. Alas, Sir ! you will not have the trouble. In passing by a house they were building, there fell on his head a stone-mason's hammer, which has broken the bone and laid bare the whole of his brain. He is dying, and he has begged to be brought here, to be able to speak to you before he dies.

Arg. Where is he ?

Car. Here he comes.

SCENE XIV.

ARGANTE, GÉRONTE, LEANDER, OCTAVE, HYACINTHE,
ZERBINETTE, NÉRINE, SCAPIN, SYLVESTER, CARLOS.

Scä. [*Carried by two men, his head wrapt round with bandages, as if he had been wounded*] Aye, aye, gentlemen, behold me. . . . Aye, you see me in a sad condition. Aye. I did not wish to die before having asked forgiveness of every one whom I may have offended. Aye. Yes, gentlemen, before breathing my last sigh, I beseech you with all

my heart to forgive me for all I may have done to you ; but particularly M. Argante, and M. G ron te. Aye.

Arg. As for me, I forgive you ; go, die in peace.

Sca. [*To G ron te*] It is you, Sir, whom I have offended most by the cudgel-blows, which . . .

G r. Speak no longer of it, I forgive you also.

Sca. It was a great audacity on my part, those cudgel-blows, which . . .

G r. Let us drop that.

Sca. Now that I am dying, it gives me inconceivable pain to think about those cudgel-blows which . . .

G r. Good Heaven ! hold your tongue.

Sca. Those unlucky cudgel-blows which I . . .

G r. Hold your tongue, I tell you ; I forget everything.

Sca. Alas ! what goodness ! but is it heartily, Sir, that you forgive me those cudgel-blows which I . . .

G r. Ah ! yes. Let us speak no more about them : I forgive you everything : there is an end of it.

Sca. Oh Sir, I feel altogether relieved by that word.

G r. Yes ; but I forgive you only on condition that you shall die.

Sca. How ! Sir ?

G r. I retract my word, if you recover.

Sca. Aye, aye. There is my faintness coming on again.

Arg. M. G ron te, in return for our joy, you must forgive him unconditionally.

G r. Be it so.

Arg. Let us all go and sup together, the better to relish our pleasure.

Sca. And let them carry me to the foot of the table, while I am waiting for my death.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 17.

Ravenscroft, in the first Scene of the first Act of *Scaramouch a Philosopher*, &c., has imitated the sixth Scene of the first Act of Molière's *Rogueries of Scapin*. Argante is called Pancrace and Scapin Plautino.

Pancrace. Was ever the like Action in a Son?

Plautino. He has heard the business already, and can't forbear talking on't to himself.

Pan. So villainous a piece of Insolence.

Pla. Let's hearken a little nearer.

Pan. I'd fain know what he can say for himself.

Pla. We have our Story already.

Pan. Does he think to deny his Marriage?

Pla. No, that's the last of our thoughts.

Pan. Or hopes he to excuse it?

Pla. As well as we can.

Pan. Or will he tell me some fine Story?

Pla. It may be we may.

Pan. It shall be to no purpose.

Pla. We'll try that.

Pan. I'll harken to nothing.

Pla. Reason or not Reason.

Pan. I'll lay him up in Lavender.

Pla. His fears make him require sweetening. Sir, I am glad to see you safe return'd.

Pan. Good-morrow, *Plautino*, I'll go find him out.

Pla. I believe, Sir, your voyage agreed with you very well, you are grown fat upon it, and look mighty well.

Pan. I am very well,—marry without my knowledge?

Pla. Had you not a very pleasant voyage?

Pan. A very pleasant one, pray let me alone to be angry.

Pla. How Sir, wou'd you be angry?

Pan. Yes Sir, I have reason to be angry I think.

Pla. With whom?

Pan. With my Son.

Pla. For what I beseech you?

Pan. You have not heard what has been done in my absence.

Pla. I heard of some small matter.

Pan. How ! an action of this nature, a small matter ?

Pla. 'Tis true you have some reason to.

Pan. 'Twas such a Prank.

Pla. Yes truly but——

Pan. A Son to marry without the consent of his Father.

Pla. Something may be said as to that indeed, but I know you are a man of that Wisdom not to be too much concern'd at what can't be help'd.

Pan. Not to be concern'd, yes I will be concern'd, don't you think that I have all reason imaginable to be angry ?

Pla. Yes, truly you have so, I was angry myself when I first heard on't, I was so much concern'd for your sake, that I school'd your Son soundly, ask him there what a Lecture I read him for his want of respect to a Father, to whose least commands he ought to show obedience, no man cou'd have said more, not your self. But I have since considered things according to Reason, and find (now my Passion is gone) that they are not so bad as may be imagin'd.

Pan. How ? What can be worse, then for a Son to run headlong, and Marry nobody knows who ?

Pla. O, I grant it was not well done, but what ? our Actions depend not altogether on us, the Stars have a powerful influence. In fine, it was his Fate.

Pan. That's a fine Reason indeed, by that means a man may Cheat, Rob, Murder, and say for excuse, 'Twas his Fate so to do.

Pla. But Sir, you take my words in too strict Philosophical a sense ; yet Fate is hard to be resisted, and the influence of the Stars, concur so much to the Operations of our Minds.

Pan. But does not Wisdom controul the Stars, and the Fate you talk of ? *Sapiens Dominabitur Astris.*

Pla. 'Tis true, Wisdom corrects but cannot quite alter the course of the Stars. But what, you don't expect to see your Son at these years as wise as your self ?

Har. As for example, young Mr Octavio, notwithstanding all my good Counsels, daily Advice, Remonstrances, Cautions, and Caveats, has yet play'd a more foolish trick then Signior *Cynthia*.

Pla. I wou'd fain know if you were not young once your self, and had not your Devices and Vagaries like others ? I have heard say that you were heretofore very brisk upon the Ladies, a great Gallant, and kept Company with all the Ladies of the times.

Pan. 'Tis confest, but I had still a regard to my self, I never did what he has done.

Pla. And what has he done ? He saw a young Lady whom he loved, he had that from you to have a kindness for all pretty Women. He found her very charming, made her visits, look'd languishingly on her,

sigh'd and talk'd passionately, and declared his love in all the gallantries of Courtship. She makes a return, he is weak, the temptation strong, his Stars conspire, Fate helps, Opportunity presents, he makes use of the Critical minute, the Parents surprise him, force him to marry her, he gives her his Hand, and makes the best of a bad Market, and yet you'l be angry.

Har. Ha ! Ha, Ha, Rogue !

Pla. What wou'd you have had him been kill'd ? it is yet better to be Marry'd then Murther'd.

Pan. I ne're heard that matters went so far.

Pla. Ask him, see if he don't say the same thing ?

Pan. Was he forc'd to marry ?

Har. Oh Signior fi, with a great Battoon.

Pla. Nay, I'de not lie for the matter.

Pan. Then he shall presently go to Notary, and depose upon Oath, that he was forc'd to't.

Pla. But that's a thing he'l never do.

Pan. I'le have it done to annul the Marriage.

Pla. To annul the Marriage ?

Pan. Yes.

Pla. Ah, you won't annul it Signior *Panrace*.

Pan. Won't I annul it ?

Pla. No.

Pan. Why have not I the Authority of a Father ? Is it not Reason and Justice for the violence offer'd my Son ?

Pla. He will never agree to't.

Pan. Not agree to't ?

Pla. No.

Pan. Not my Son ?

Pla. No, not your Son, wou'd you have him declare himself a Coward ? and say that he did it for fear ? Oh, he never will, that were to disgrace himself and his Family, and make him unworthy to be the Son of such a Father as you ?

Pan. I care not for that.

Pla. He must for his own reputation and your honour, say that his Marriage was his own choice.

Pan. But I'le have him for my honour and his own reputation, say just the contrary.

Pla. I'me sure he never will.

Pan. I'le make him.

Pla. Indeed he will not.

Pan. He shall, or I'le disinherit him.

Pla. You ?

Pan. I.

Pla. Good !

Pan. I'le do't.

Pla. No, you'l not disinherit him ?

Pan. Won't I disinherit him ?

Pla. No.

Pan. But I will.

Pla. No.

Pan. No ?

Pla. No.

Pan. That's fine, I won't disinherit my Son.

Pla. Signior, No.

Pan. Who shall hinder me ?

Pla. Your self.

Pan. My self, good !

Pla. Yes, you can't have the heart.

Pan. But you'l find I shall.

Pla. Nature and the compassion of a Father will take his part.

Pan. They'l signifie nothing.

Pla. Yes, Yes.

Pan. No.

Pla. I know you are naturally of a good disposition.

Pan. No, I am not, I can be angry if I please, but let's end this discourse which provokes me. I'll go and find out Signior *Scaramouch*, and acquaint him with the fine Actions of my Son.

Pla. Signior *Panrace*, if I can be serviceable to you in any thing, you need but Command.

Pan. I thank you Signior *Plautino*, O that I had but my Son alive that is dead, to make him my Heir. [*Exit.*]

Har. You are an able man, our business is now in a good Posture, but Money, Money, Signior *Plautino*, Eh, 'tis a Pretty Gipsie.

Pla. I engage——The design is hatch'd, I am only thinking where to find a man that we may trust to act a part that I have designed. Stay, stand you at a little distance, give your Hat the Cock of an angry Bully, sway your body upon one leg, set one hand by your side, swell, look fierce and killing, now take an angry march round, now turn short back before and behind at once, now quickly draw, ha, advance with a countenance full of fury, as if you had found the man you were to sacrifice. So——'tis well, I shall put fit words into your mouth, and instruct you to disguise your visage, and alter your voice.

Har. Eh, Signior *Plautino*, don't put me to swim out of my depth, I have no good heart for a Lyon.

Pla. O a Lamb in a Lion's skin is as dreadful to the eye as a Lion's whelp.

Har. And let the fear of the Gallies be before your eyes.

Pla. We'l share the danger betwixt us, three years more or less in the Gallies is not sufficient to restrain a noble heart from a brave under-standing. [*Exeunt.*]

B, Page 27.

Ravenscroft, in his *Scaramouch a Philosopher, &c.* (Act ii. Scene 1), has imitated the fifth and sixth Scenes of the second Act of Molière's *The Rogueries of Scapin*. Leander is called Cynthio, and Scapin Harlequin.

Oct. O you're there, Sir? I'm glad to find your Worship.

Har. Eh! your Servant, Sir; your humble Servant, Signior *Octavio*. I am your most Humble Servant.

Oct. You are very Ceremonious, but I shall spoil your Compliment, and let you understand,

Har. Ah! Signior *Octavio*!

[*Octavio draws. Harlequin falls on his knees.*]

Cyn. O! hold.

Oct. Pray don't hinder me.

Har. Eh! Signior!

Cyn. Signior *Octavio*.

Oct. Pray don't interpose.

Cyn. O! pray don't offer to——

Har. Eh!——How have I offended, in what!

Oct. You are ignorant, are you?——I'll give you instructions, I will.

Cyn. Pray be pacify'd.

Oct. Ho; I'll make the Rogue instantly confess his treachery; yes, Sirrah, I will; you thought it should never have been discover'd, but I'll have an open confession from thy own mouth, or run my sword down your throat as deep as ever it was in the scabbard.

Har. Oh! poor *Harlequin*, can you have the heart to——

Oct. Confess then.

Har. Signior, I confess I have offended you.

Oct. O, have you so!

Har. Truly I have done you wrong, I confess it, Signior; but I don't know in what.

Oct. I'll refresh your memory.

Cyn. No, no, Signior *Octavio*.

Har. Well, Sir, since I must, I confess that my Companions and I drank up three of those six Flasks of *Florence*-Wine you sent to your friend for a Present; when I told you that a Tile fell from the top of a House which was mending, and dropt just into my Basket, and broke 'em.

Oct. O! did you drink it, Rascal, did you?

Har. Yes Sir, and ask your pardon.

Oct. I'm glad I know't. But this is not the thing I now question you about.

Har. This not the thing?

Oct. No, 'tis a business that more nearly concerns me.

Har. I have done nothing else.

Oct. Have you not, Sir, have you not ?

Har. Eh !

Cyn. Hold ! hold !

Har. Eh ! Signior, yes, yes : About a fortnight since, when you sent me one night to your Mistress, to Present her with the Gold-Watch, and I return'd cover'd over with dirt, and my face bloody, and told you that I was set upon by Rogues in the dark, as I went cross the square, who knockt me down, and rob'd me both of that and my Money —

Oct. So —

Har. It was all but invention, I went and sold it.

Oct. You sold it, you did —

Har. Yes, but can't imagine how you shou'd come to know't.

Oct. A very good confession.

Har. Signior, I wanted a small sum of Money.

Oct. But this is not the thing neither I was resolv'd to know.

Har. No? oh ! I am very sick, Signior.

Oct. No, Villain, this is not it ; but I'll make you out with it, or—
[*Offers to strike.*]

Cyn. Hold.

Har. Eh!—Well, Signior, you remember one night, as you came home from your Mistresses, that a Rogue came behind you, and knockt you down into the kennel with a great Club, and all spoil'd your new Clothes.—

Oct. Yes.

Har. 'Twas I, Signior, laid you sprawling, and then fell all along my self, as if I had been knockt down too, and cry'd out Thieves ! Thieves !

Oct. It was your Roguery, yes.

Har. Only, Signior, to make you keep better hours, and cause you to come home sooner a nights from your Mistresses, where you used to sit up late, and let me stand waiting for you without in the cold, to the great prejudice of my health.

Oct. A precious servant, when time and place are more convenient, we'll talk more at large of these particulars ; but at present I'm only concern'd to know what thou hast lately done to me, yet worse than all this.

Har. Not this neither.

Oct. No, Sirrah !

Har. This is all.

Oct. This all ?

Har. Signior si.

Oct. No, Sirrah, this is not all, and I'll not leave thee till thou hast confest the very thing.

Har. But will you leave me then ?

Oct. But confess.

[*Offers to strike.*]

Har. Eh! Signior, tell me what 'tis, and I'll confess with all my heart.

Oct. Quick, Sirrah, quick; I'm in haste.

Har. Let it alone till another time, and I'll think on't against I see you next.

Oct. Sirrah, one minute's delay, and thou art dead.

Har. Eh! Signior *Octavio*; Mercy, Signior, I have told you all.

Oct. This all?

Har. Signior si.

Oct. You'll not confess, then, what you told my Father?

Har. Your Father! yes—

Oct. What?

Har. Nothing.

Oct. Nothing?

Har. Signior, no.

Oct. No?

Har. Signior, no.

Oct. Look to 't, I had it from his own mouth.

Har. Signior, with your permission, Heaven won't bless him, if he tells lies.

Oct. If I find you did, I'll cut your throat as sure—

Enter PLAUTINO.

Pla. Sir, I bring you ill news.

Cyn. What, *Plautino*?

Har. Cut my throat! Signior, no; Signior *Octavio*, *Servitore*.

[Exit running.]

Pla. The *Egyptians* are upon going away with your *Zerbinetta*, and she, with tears in her eyes, charg'd me to come with all speed to acquaint you, that if you don't come and bring the Money (within two hours) which the Company demand for her, you will lose her for ever; for they intend for *Germany*.

Cyn. Within two hours?

Pla. At farthest.

Cyn. Without thy aid, *Plautino*, I am wretched. If thou hast no invention to procure the Sum, I'm undone for ever.

Pla. How much is 't?

Cyn. Five hundred Ducats.

Oct. And I am ruin'd too, if thou canst not procure me 200 pistols.

Pla. I have a Mint in my Brain, and I'll coin so much for you both presently.

Cyn. But time presses the performance.

Pla. I'll make both your Fathers' Purses bleed for 't. As for your business, the Engine is already fitted. Well, let's about our design. Where's Harlequin? he must make one.

Cyn. Your threats have made him desert us.

Pla. He 'l be a necessary Implement.

Oct. I'l endeavour to regain him before he's got quite out of our reach.

Cyn. His fear will make him avoid you.

Pla. I'l hunt him out.

[*Exeunt.*]

C, Page 32.

Thomas Otway, in *The Cheats of Scapin* (Act ii., Sc. 2), has imitated as follows the eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth Scenes of the second Act of Molière's *Rogueries of Scapin*. Argante is called Thrifty; Sylvester Shift; and Gêronte Gripe.

Scapin. Here he comes, mumbling and chewing the cud, to prove himself a clean beast.

Thrifty. Oh, audacious boy, to commit so insolent a crime, and plunge himself in such a mischief!

Scapin. Sir, your humble servant.

Thr. How do you, Scapin?

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your son's rash actions?

Thr. Have I not reason to be troubled?

Scap. The life of man is full of troubles, that's the truth on't: But your philosopher is always prepared. I remember an excellent proverb of the ancients, very fit for your case.

Thr. What's that?

Scap. Pray, mind it; 'twill do ye a world of good.

Thr. What is 't, I ask you?

Scap. Why, when the master of a family shall be absent any considerable time from his home or mansion, he ought, rationally, gravely, wisely, and philosophically, to revolve within his mind all the concurrent circumstances, that may, during the interval, conspire to the conjunction of those misfortunes, and troublesome accidents, that may intervene upon the said absence, and the interruption of his economical inspection into the remissness, negligences, frailties, and huge and perilous errors, which his substitutes, servants, or trustees, may be capable of, or liable or obnoxious unto; which may arise from the imperfection and corruptness of ingenerated natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted education, whereby the fountainhead of man's disposition becomes muddy, and all the streams of his manners and conversation run consequently defiled and impure. These things premised, and fore-considered, arm the said prudent philosophical Pater-Familias, to find his house laid waste, his wife murdered, his daughters deflowered, his sons hanged:

“Cum multis aliis, quæ nunc prescribere longum est.”

And to thank Heaven 'tis no worse, too D'ye mark, Sir?

Thr. 'Sdeath ! Is all this a Proverb ?

Sca. Ay, and the best proverb and the wisest, in the world. Good sir, get it by heart :—"T will do you the greatest good imaginable ; and don't trouble yourself ; I'll repeat it to you till you have gotten it by heart.

Thr. No, I thank you, Sir ; I'll have none on't.

Sca. Pray do, you'll like it better next time ; hear it once more, I say—When the master of a—

Thr. Hold, hold ; I have better thoughts of my son ; I am going to my Lawyer ; I'll null the marriage.

Sca. Going to law ! Are you mad, to venture yourself among lawyers ? Do you not see every day how the sponges suck poor clients, and, with a company of foolish nonsensical terms, and knavish tricks, undo the nation ? No, you shall take another way.

Thr. You have reason, if there were any other way.

Sca. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have a great compassion for your grief. I cannot, when I see tender fathers afflicted for their son's miscarriages, but have bowels for them ; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thr. Truly, my case is sad, very sad.

Sca. So it is. Tears will burst out ; I have a great respect for your person. *[Counterfeits weeping.]*

Thr. Thank you with all my heart ; in troth we should have a fellow-feeling.

Sca. Ay, so we should ; I assure you there is not a person in the world whom I respect more than the noble Mr Thrifty.

Thr. Thou art honest, Scapin. Ha' done, ha' done.

Sca. Sir, your most humble servant.

Thr. But what is your way ?

Sca. Why, in brief, I have been with the brother of her, whom your wicked son has married.

Thr. What is he ?

Sca. A most outrageous, roaring fellow, with a down-hanging look, contracted brow, with a swelled red face, enflamed with brandy ; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all mankind ; roars out oaths, and bellows out curses enough in a day to serve a garrison a week ; bred up in blood and rapine ; used to slaughter from his youth upwards ; one that makes no more conscience of killing a man, than cracking of a . . . he has killed sixteen ; four for taking the wall of him ; five for looking too big upon him. In short, he is the most dreadful of all the race of bullies.

Thr. Heaven ! How do I tremble at the description ? But what's this to my business ?

Sca. Why, he (as most bullies are) is in want ; and I have brought him, by threatening him with all the courses of law, all the assistance of your friends, and your great purse, (in which I ventured my life ten

times, for so often he drew and run at me). Yes, I say, at last I have made him hearken to a composition, and to null the marriage for a sum of money.

Thr. Thanks, dear Scapin, but what sum ?

Sca. Faith, he was . . . unreasonable at first ; and gad, I told him so very roundly.

Thr. . . . what did he ask ?

Sca. Ask ! hang him ! why he asked five hundred pounds !

Thr. Ouns and heart, five hundred pounds ! five hundred devils take him—and fry and pickaxe the dog ! does he take me for a madman ?

Sca. Why, so I said ; and after much argument, I brought him to this : “ Damme,” says he, “ I am going to the army, and I must have two good horses for myself, for fear one should die ; and these will cost at least threescore guineas !

Thr. Hang him rogue ! why should he have two horses ? But I care not if I give him threescore guineas to be rid of this affair.

Sca. Then, says he, “ my pistols, saddle, horse cloth, and all, will cost seventy more.”

Thr. Why, that’s four score.

Sca. Well reckoned : ‘ Faith, this arithmetic is a fine art. Then, I must have one for my boy, will cost seventy more.

Thr. Oh, the devil ! confounded dog ! let him go and be damned ! I’ll give him nothing.

Sca. Sir.

Thr. Not a sous, damned rascal ! let him turn foot soldier, and be hang’d !

Sca. He has a man besides ; would you have him go a-foot ?

Thr. Ay, and his master too ; I’ll have nothing to do with him.

Sca. Well, you are resolved to spend twice as much at Doctor’s Commons, you are ; you will stand out for such a sum as this, do.

Thr. O, damned, unconscious rascal, well ! if it must be so, let him have the other twenty.

Sca. Twenty ! why it comes to forty.

Thr. No, I’ll have nothing to do in it. Oh, a covetous rogue ! I wonder he is not ashamed to be so covetous.

Sca. Why, this is nothing to the charge of Doctors’ Commons : and though her brother has no money, she has an uncle able to defend her.

Thr. O, eternal rogue ! well, I must do it ; the devil’s in him, I think !

Sca. Then, says he, I must carry into France money, to buy a mule, to carry——

Thr. Let him go to the devil with his mule ; I’ll appeal to the judges.

Sca. Nay, good sir, think a little.

Thr. No, I’ll do nothing.

Sca. Sir, sir ; but one little mule ?

Thr. No, not so much as an ass !

Sc. Consider.

Thr. I will not consider ; I'll go to law.

Sc. I am sure if you go to law, you do not consider the appeals, degrees of jurisdiction, the intricate proceedings, the knaveries, the craving of so many ravenous animals, that will prey upon you ! villainous harpies, promoters, tipstaves, and the like ; none of which but will puff away the clearest right in the world for a bribe. On the other side, the proctor shall side with your adversary, and sell your cause for ready money. Your advocate shall be gained the same way, and shall not be found when your cause is to be heard. Law is the torment of all torments.

Thr. That's true : why, what does the damned rogue——reckon for his mule ?

Sc. Why, for horses, furniture, mule, and to pay some scores that are due to his landlady, he demands, and will have, two hundred pounds.

Thr. Come, come, let us go to law. [*Thrifty walks up and down in a great heat.*]

Sc. Do but reflect upon——

Thr. I'll go to law.

Sc. Do not plunge yourself——

Thr. To law, I tell you.

Sc. Why, there's for procuration, presentation, councils, productions, proctors, attendance, and scribbling vast volumes of interrogatories, depositions, and articles, consultations, and pleadings of doctors, for the register, substitute, judgments, signings——Expedition fees, besides the vast presents to them and their wives. Hang it the fellow is out of employment ; give him the money, give him it, I say.

Thr. What, two hundred pounds !

Sc. Ay, ay ; why, you'll gain a hundred and fifty pounds by it, I have summed it up ; I say, give it him, i'faith do.

Thr. What, two hundred pounds !

Sc. Ay, besides, you ne'er think how they'll rail at you in pleading . . . in their courts.

Thr. I defy them ; let them tell . . . 'tis the fashion !

Sc. Peace ! here's the brother.

Thr. O Heaven ! what shall I do.

Enter SHIFT, disguised like a bully.

Shi. Damme ! where's this confounded dog, this father of Octavian ? Null the marriage ! by all the honour of my ancestors, I'll chine the villain.

Thr. Oh, oh !

[*Slides himself behind Scapin.*]

Sc. He cares not, Sir ; he'll not give the two hundred pounds.

Shi. By Heaven ! he shall be worm's meat within these two hours.

Sca. Sir, he has courage ; he fears you not.

Thr. You lie, I have not courage ; I do fear him mortally !

Shi. He, he, he ! Ounds he ! would all his family were in him, I cut off root and branch. Dishonour my sister ! this in his guts ! What fellow's that ? ha !

Sca. Not he, Sir.

Shi. Nor none of his friends ?

Thr. No, Sir ; hang him, I am his mortal enemy !

Shi. Art thou the enemy of that rascal ?

Thr. Oh ! ay, hang him——damned bully ! *[Aside.*

Shi. Give me thy hand, old boy ; the next sun shall not see the impudent rascal alive.

Sca. He'll muster up all his relations against you.

Thr. Do not provoke him, Scapin.

Shi. Would they were all here—ha, ha, ha ! *[He forms every way with his sword]* Here I had one through the lungs, there another into the heart : Ha ! there another into the guts : Ah, rogues ! there I was with you——hah ! hah !

Sca. Hold, Sir ; we are none of your enemies.

Shi. No, but I will find the villains out while my blood is up ! I will destroy the whole family. Ha, ha, ha. *[Exit Shift fencing.*

Thr. Here, Scapin, I have two hundred guineas about me, take them. No more to be said. Let me never see his face again. Take them, I say. This is the devil.

Sca. Will you not give them him yourself ?

Thr. No, no ! I will never see him more : I shall not recover this these three months : see the business done. I trust in thee, honest Scapin—I must repose somewhere—I am mightily out of order—A plague on all bullies, I say ! *[Exit Thrifty.*

Sca. So, there's one dispatched ; I must now find out Gripe. He's here, how Heaven brings them into my nets, one after another !

Enter GRIPE.

Oh Heaven ! unlooked for misfortune——poor Mr Gripe, what wilt thou do. *[Walks about distractedly.*

Gri. What's that he says of me ?

Sca. Is there nobody can tell me news of Mr Gripe !

Gri. Who's there, Scapin !

Sca. How I run up and down to find him to no purpose ! Oh ! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr Gripe ?

Gri. Art thou blind ? I have been just under thy nose this hour.

Sca. Sir——

Gri. What's the matter ?

Sca. Oh ! Sir, your son——

Gri. Ha ! my son——

Sca. Is fallen into the strangest misfortune in the world ?

Gri. What is it ?

Sca. I met him a while ago, disordered for something you had said to him, wherein you very idly made use of my name, and seeking to divert his melancholy, we went to walk upon the pier : amongst other things, he took particular notice of a new caper in her full trim. The captain invited us on board, and gave us the handsomest collation I ever met with.

Gri. Well, and where's the disaster of all this ?

Sca. While we were eating, he put to sea ? and when we were a good distance from the shore, he discovered himself to be an English renegado, that was entertained in the Dutch service, and sent me off in his long-boat to tell you, that if you don't forthwith send him two hundred pounds he'll carry away your son prisoner ; nay, for aught I know, he'll carry him a slave to Algiers.

Gri. How, in the devil's name ? Two hundred pounds !

Sca. Yes, Sir ; and more than that, he has but allowed me but an hour's time ; you must advise quickly what course to take, to save an only son ?

Gri. What a devil had he to do a shipboard,—run quickly, Scapin, and tell the villain, I'll send my lord chief-justice's warrant after him.

Sca. O lord ! his warrant in the open sea ! d'ye think pirates are fools ?

Gri. I'th' devil's name, what business had he a shipboard ?

Sca. There is an unlucky fate, that often hurries men to mischief, Sir.

Gri. Scapin, thou must now act the part of a faithful servant.

Sca. As how, Sir ?

Gri. Thou must go bid the pirate send me my son, and stay as a pledge in his room, till I can raise the money.

Sca. Alas, Sir ! think you the captain has so little wit as to accept of such a poor rascally fellow as I am, instead of your son ?

Gri. What the devil did he do a shipboard ?

Sca. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but an hour's time ?

Gri. Thou sayest he demands——

Sca. Two hundred pounds.

Gri. Two hundred pounds ! has the fellow no conscience ?

Sca. O lord ! the conscience of a pirate ! why, very few lawful captains have any.

Gri. Has he not reason neither ? Does he know what the sum two hundred pounds is ?

Sca. Yes, Sir, tarpawlines are a sort of people that understand money, though they have no great acquaintance with sense. But, for Heaven's sake, dispatch !

Gri. Here, take the key of the counting house.

Sca. So !

Gri. And open it.

Sca. Very good.

Gri. In the left-hand window lies the key of my garret ; go, take all the clothes that are in the great chest, and sell them to the brokers to redeem my son.

Sca. Sir, you're mad ! I shan't get fifty shillings for all that's there, and you know that I am straightened for time.

Gri. What a devil did he do a shipboard ?

Sca. Let shipboard alone, and consider, Sir, your son. But Heaven's my witness, I have done for him as much as was possible ; and if he be not redeemed, he may thank his father's kindness.

Gri. Well, Sir, I'll go see if I can raise the money—was it not nine-score pounds you spoke of ?

Sca. No ; two hundred pounds.

Gri. What, two hundred pounds Dutch, hey ?

Sca. No, Sir ; I mean English money ; two hundred pounds sterling.

Gri. I th' devil's name, what business had he a shipboard ? Confounded shipboard !

Sca. This shipboard sticks in his stomach.

Gri. Hold, Scapin ! I remember I received the very sum just now in gold, but I did not think I should have parted with it so soon. [*He presents Scapin his purse, but will not let it go ; and in his anxiety pulls his arm to and fro, whilst Scapin reaches at it.*]

Sca. Aye, Sir.

Gri. But tell the captain he is the son of a . . .

Sca. Yes, Sir.

Gri. A dogbolt.

Sca. I shall, Sir.

Gri. A thief, a robber ! and that he forces me to pay him two hundred pounds contrary to all law or equity.

Sca. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gri. That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

Sca. Very good.

Gri. And that if I ever light upon him, I'll murder him privately, and feed dogs with him. [*He puts up his purse and is going away.*]

Sca. Right, Sir.

Gri. Now, make haste, and go and redeem my son.

Sca. Ay ; but d'ye hear, Sir ? where's the money ?

Gri. Did I not give it thee ?

Sca. Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot and put it in your pocket again.

Gri. Ah, my griefs and fears for my son make me do I know not what !

Sca. Ay, Sir ; I see it does indeed.

Gri. What a devil did he do a shipboard ? damned pirate ! damned renegade ! all the devils in hell pursue thee ! [*Exit.*]

Sca. How easily a miser swallows a load, and how difficultly he dis-

gorges a grain ! but I'll not leave him so ; he's like to pay in other coin for telling tales of me to his son.

Enter OCTAVIAN and LEANDER.

Well, Sir, I have succeeded in your business ; there's two hundred pounds, which I have squeezed out of your father.

Octavian. Triumphant Scapin !

Sca. But for you I can do nothing. [*To Leander.*]

Leander. Then may I go hang myself. Friends both, adieu !

Sca. Dy'e hear, dy'e hear ? the devil has no such necessity for you yet, that you need ride post. With much ado I've got your business done too.

Lea. Is't possible ?

Sca. But on condition that you permit me to revenge myself on your father, for the trick he has served me.

Lea. With all my heart ; at thy own discretion, good honest Scapin.

Sca. Hold your hand ; there's two hundred pounds.

Lea. My thanks are too many to pay now. Farewell, dear son of Mercury, and be prosperous.

Sca. Gramercy, pupil. Hence we gather.

Give son the money hang up father. [*Exeunt.*]

D, Page 45.

Molière's eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh Scenes of the second Act of *The Rogueries of Scapin*, have been imitated by Ravenscroft in his *Scaramouch a Philosopher, &c.*, as follows :

Pla. Sir, your Servant.

Pan. How do you, *Plautino* ?

Pla. You are thinking of your Son.

Pan. It gives me no small trouble.

Pla. Life is full of changes ; it is good always to be prepar'd for the worst.

Pan. I cou'd ha' born any thing but this.

Pla. Every one can bear the evils which might have hapned ; but 'tis the part of a Philosopher to master his Temper, and command his Passions in the evils which do happen.

Pan. I'll tell you, Mr *Plautino*, nothing but this cou'd have mov'd me. This is a thing ; well, I'm just going to counsel about it, to know how to remedy it.

Pla. Pray, hearken to me, Signior *Panrace*, try some other way to adjust the business. You are not ignorant Law requires much sawce, and you will hang your self upon dangerous Tenters.

Pan. You are in the Right ; but pray what is that other way ?

VI.

F

Pla. I went and found out the Brother of this young Woman your Son has married ; he is by profession a *Bravo*, one that lives by cutting of throats ; he never speaks without an oath in 's mouth, and makes no more scruple to kill a man than to blow out the snuff of a Candle. I discours'd him upon the Marriage, and found him reasonably inclin'd to accommodate the business for a certain Sum of Money ; and provided he may have it, he 's contented to suffer a Divorce.

Pan. What is 't he demands ?

Pla. Oh ! 'tis very considerable.

Pan. But what ?

Pla. Extravagant things.

Pan. Well, let me hear ?

Pla. Nothing under 5 or 600 Pistols.

Pan. Five or 600 Fevers and Quartan Agues seize him ! he does it to jeer us.

Pla. So I told him I wou'd not give ear to such a Proposition, and said that you was not a man of that easy temper to be whistled out of your money. After a long debate, the result was this—I am, says he, in a short time, to go to the army in *Flanders* ; I must be well accountred, and have need of Money, which makes me consent to what otherwise I shou'd not hearken to. I want a good serviceable Horse for the Wars, which will not cost less than threescore Pistols.

Pan. Well, threescore Pistols shall break no squares.

Pla. I shall want too, says he, a Sword, Pistols, Scarf, and Feather, which will cost at least thirty Pistols more.

Pan. Thirty and threescore make fourscore and ten.

Pla. Just.

Pan. 'Tis a great Sum, but for once I be content, because you advise me.

Pla. I shall want too, says he, a Horse for my Man, which will cost thirty Pistols.

Pan. A Horse for his Man ?

Pla. Yes.

Pan. Let him walk a-foot, and be hanged ! A Horse for his Man ! . . he shall have none.

Pla. But, Sir ?

Pan. No, he 's an impertinent Rascal ! A Horse for his Man !

Pla. Ach, fye, Sir ! what, wou'd you have the Servant of a Cavalier go a-foot ?

Pan. E'en let him go as he please, and the Master too. A Horse for his Man !

Pla. Come, Sir, ne'er stick out for so small a matter ; don't go to entangle yourself in Law ; give it, give it, to save the trouble of going to Law.

Pan. Ha, well ;—Since you will have it so, I will. But he 's a Rogue ! a great Rogue ! A Horse for his Man ! . . they shall neither of them of 'em have one for me.

Pla. Signior *Panrace* ; a Philosopher, and recall his words !

Pan. Well, then, Signior *Plautino*, because I said it, I'll stand to 't.

Pla. I must have too, says he, a Sumpter-Horse to carry——

Pan. O ! let him go to the Devil with his Sumpter-Horse, I'll go to Law.

Pla. Ah ! consider, Sir !

Pan. No, no Sumpter-Horse.

Pla. What, not a little Mule ?

Pan. No, I'll to Law.

Pla. Consider, Signior *Panrace*.

Pan. No, no, I'll to Law.

Pla. Ah ! not a little paltry Mule ?

Pan. I'll to Law, I'll to Law.

Pla. Of some 8 or 10 Pistols price.

Pan. No, no, 3 or 4 Crowns it may be, to buy him a little Ass.

Pla. What, Sir, an Ass to carry his Luggage to the Wars ?

Pan. Then I'll to Law.

Pla. No, pray don't talk of going to Law : there will be Money for Declarations, Pleas, Answers, Rejoynders, Sub-Rejoynders, Demurs, Motions, Non-Suits, and Removing from one Court to another : Then your Appeals. Oh ! if once you entangle your self, you'll sooner see the end of your Estate than of your Suit of Law.

Pan. And what, I pray, will this Sumpter-Beast cost ?

Pla. For his Horse, his Man's, and the Sumpter-Horse ; and for the Pistols, Sword, Scarf, and Feather, with Bridles, Saddles, and other Furniture, and to pay some dribbling Debts which he owes to his Landlady, Laundress, and so forth ; he demands in all 200 Pistols.

Pan. Two hundred Pistols ?

Pla. Yes.

Pan. Two hundred Pistols. I'll to Law, to Law.

Pla. Bethink your self.

Pan. I'll to Law.

Pla. Don't embroil your self.

Pan. I say I'll to Law.

Pla. You must spend a World of Money in Law ; you must give the Clerks Expedition-Money, pay for Writing, Drawing, Engrossing, Copying, Sealing, Endorsing, and all several Charges. Then for Fees in Court, Judges' Fees, King's Duties. Then, Sir, what's most requisite of all, Bribing of Judges ; your adversary, too, does the like. So that after all, 'tis but Cross and Pile who gets the better. O ! Signior *Panrace*, Law-expences are numberless ; give this Fellow his Money, and there's an end ; 'tis easier to satisfy one Rogue than a thousand.

Pan. Give him 200 Pistols.

Pla. Yes, and be a gainer by 't. I've cast up what a Suit of Law amounts to ; and I find that giving him 200 Pistols will save you five ; not reckoning your trouble, pains, vexations, going, waiting, sending,

fetching, and carrying, and following a company of busy Coxcombs, who will but laugh at you when you ha' done. I wou'd rather give 500 Pistols than go to Law, though I were sure to get the better.

Pan. Laugh at the learn'd, I defy 'em.

Pla. Signior *Panrace*, you may do as you please ; but were it to me, I'd give 200 Pistols, and laugh at them.

Pan. No, I'l to Law, I'l to Law.

Pla. Here comes the Gentleman himself.

Enter HARLEQUIN in the habit of a Bravo, with a huge Sword and a Girdle stuck round with Pistols and Daggers, which are discover'd by his Cloak falling off ; and Rosy-Cheeks, with great Whiskers.

Har. Signior *Plantino*, carry me to this Dog of a Doctor, to this damn'd Heathen Philosopher, this old Rogue, the Father of *Cynthia*.

Pla. For what, Signior Cavalier ?

Har. I hear he's for going to Law, and for getting a Divorce against my Sister ! I'l divorce him ! I'l divorce his soul from his Body !

Pla. I know not whether he intends any such thing.

Har. I hear he does, carry me to him ; I'l make a Woodcock of the Philosopher. Pick a hole in his Skull, and sup up his Brains for my Breakfast.

Pla. He'd make no more to do't than to sup off a Raw-Egg. [*To Panrace behind him*] I heard, indeed, he will not consent to give you 200 Pistols, he says 'tis too much.

Har. Death and Heart, if I find him, I'll dissect him, tho' I'm broken alive upon the Wheel as soon as 'tis doue.

Pla. Signior *Panrace* is a man of Resolution, and perhaps does not fear you, nor any man that wears a head.

Har. He,——he not fear me ! Death and Heart ! If I find him, with this Sword I'l rip him from the Belly up to the Chin. Who ! is he there ?

Pla. O Signior ! that's none of him, that's none of him.

Har. Nor no Friend of his ?

Pla. On the Contrary, the greatest enemy he has.

Har. I am glad o' that of my Soul. Signior, are you an enemy to that Logical, Moral, Phisical, Metaphisical Philosopher ? that Syllogistical Dunder-noll Docter ? Punds ! are you his enemy ? ha !

Pla. Yes, Signior, I'll assure you he is.

Har. Give me thy hand then, old Trojan ; I swear to thee by my Reputation, by ten thousand Devils, and all their Dams, before two days are at an end, I'l whet my Sword upon the bones of him. Therefore, set your heart at rest, and let me alone to revenge all ; I'l send his Soul to the Devil, throw his Carkass to the Dogs, and bring you his Brains in a Mustard pot ; Damnation ! I will Boy !——Eh !——

Pla. Such things are not suffer'd here.

Har. Punds ! I'm a Souldierly Philosopher, and carry all my wealth about me ; my Sword is my Plough, and another Country will serve for Tillage as well as this. For the death of him I will be, tho' his Soul, by transmigration, goes presently into a wild Bull, and he bears me away upon his Horns.

Pla. He has heard of your threatning, and will be upon his guard ; he has many Friends, Acquaintance, and Servants, that will defend him.

Har. Let 'em come, let 'em come, a thousand of 'em ; 'tis what I desire. S'death !—Heart !—and Punds !—Oh ! that he were but here now, in [*Pushes on all sides with his sword*] the midst of twenty friends, and all their Swords in their hands. Eh, you Rogues, you Dogs, come on ! *Allone ! Morblieu ! Sa, sa ;* Kill, kill ; no quarter ; Slash,—cut, thrust,—kill,—stand fast. Eh ! you cowardly Rogues, you Dogs, you Sons of . . . Have at you—at you—at you—at you—at you. Do you give ground ? Stand fast, you Dogs ; fast ! Ha !—Eh !—

Pla. Eh !—Eh !—Eh ! We are none of 'em, Sir.

Har. Ha ! do you rally agen ? are there more of you ? Have amongst you ! [*Shoots.*] There's for you. Thus wou'd I ha' serv'd 100 of 'em. [*Exit.*]

Pla. You see how many throats he'd cut for 200 Pistols. I wish you were well out of this business.

Pan. *Plautino.*

Pla. Signior.

Pan. He shall have 200 Pistols.

Pla. I am glad on 't, for your sake.

Pan. Call him, I have so much about me.

Pla. Give 'em me ; 'twill not be for your Honour to see him, now you have past for another ; and I fear, if he shou'd get you in his power, he wou'd stand upon greater matters.

Pan. Hold your hand ; but take care my business be done 'fore you part from my Money.

Pla. I warrant you.

Pan. I'll go home and expect your coming ; be sure you see it done. [*Exit.*]

Pla. Trouble not your self ; I'll bring you a good account how I part from 't. So, here's one Bird catch'd in chaff.

Enter CYNTHIO.

Cyn. Have you done anything to the comfort of a poor Lover ?

Pla. See, there are 200 drops of your Father's hearts-blood.

Cyn. Witty *Plautino*, what comfort thou giv'st me ! Come, let 's haste to purchase what I value more than life. Now ! my lov'd *Zerbinetta* ! thou art mine ! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SCARAMOUCH and HARLEQUIN.

Sca. *Octavio* comes not yet near me ; 'tis so—he has done something ; I'll go find him out, and make him confess the business.

Har. O, Signior Philosopher ! O, Signior *Scaramouch* !

Sca. What, what ?

Har. Your Son.

Sca. Well, my son.

Har. Has the greatest misfortune befallen him ; alas poor Mr *Octavio*.

Sca. What ? ha !

Har. I found him in a very melancholly mood, for something you had said to him ; and to divert his thoughts, we took a walk to the Seaside ; where, amongst other things, I saw a Fisherman going out ; we went a-board for pastime, to see some sport. When we were a league off at Sea, a small Vessel made up to us ; we suspected nothing, but when they came they boarded us ; took us all out of the Fisherman, and clapt us under Hatches.

Sca. *Octavio* too ?

Har. Signior, they were Pyrats, Runagado, Rogues ; they have sent me a-shore in a long-Boat, to tell you that if you don't immediately send 'em 500 Dollers, they'll carry your Son away to *Algiers*.

Sca. Five hundred Dollers ?

Har. Yes, and have allow'd me but two hours for my return.

Sca. What a murrain made him go a fishing ?

Har. Oh,—Signior *Scaramouch* ; a Philosopher can bear injuries as he ought.

Sca. They demand, you say——

Har. Five hundred Dollers.

Sca. Think they that's a Sum one wou'd be content to part from ?

Har. They are great fools.

Sca. And that I have nothing to do with my Money but to send it to them ?

Har. Pyrats, Signior, are a sort of Folks that don't understand Philosophy.

Sca. Four hundred Dollers, say you ?

Har. Five hundred, Signior.

Sca. Five hundred ?

Har. Yes, Sir, but make haste. Hold your hand. Go and ransom my Son. [*He holds the purse, and talks, while he does not let go, and carries his arm from one side to t'other. Harlequin does the like.*]

Har. Yes, Sir.

Sca. But tell these Pyrats that they are Rascals.

Har. Yes.

Sca. Rogues.

Har. Yes.

Sca. Great Rogues, Thieves, Cut-Throats.

Har. Let me alone.

Sca. They get these 500 Dollers from me against my will.

Har. Yes.

Sca. And which I wou'd not ha' given them to save their lives.

Har. Very good.

Sca. And that if ever it lies in my power, I'll be reveng'd.

Har. Yes.

Sca. Go, make haste, and bring my Son a-shore.

[Puts the purse in's pocket and is going away.]

Har. But, Signior.

Sca. What?

Har. Where's the Money?

Sca. Han't you't?

Har. Not I, you put it up again in your pocket.

Sca. I know not what I do, I'm so vext.

Har. 'Twou'd vex a man——

Sca. What a murrain made him go a fishing?

[Exit.]

Har. Ha, ha, ha ! Signior Philosopher !

LA COMTESSE D'ESCARBAGNAS.

COMÉDIE.

THE COUNTESS OF ESCARBAGNAS.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

(THE ORIGINAL IN PROSE)

DECEMBER 2D, 1671.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

WE have already stated that during the rejoicings of the second marriage of Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV., with the Princess Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, the King had given some splendid festivals for the reception of his sister-in-law, in which several comedies and ballets were performed, which were called the *Ballet des ballets*.¹ Molière was commanded to write a comedy in which all the different entertainments, opera and ballets, should be combined; and hence he wrote *The Countess of Escarbagnas*, which was represented before the Court at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, on the 2d of December 1671. There was a prologue and a pastoral, the whole forming seven acts, each followed by an interlude. The prologue and interludes were taken from pieces formerly composed for the Court, such as *The Magnificent Lovers*, *George Dandin*, *The Citizen who apes the Nobleman*, and the *Ballet of the Muses*: but it is not known what these seven acts were, which are mentioned in the official book of the ballet.

The Countess of Escarbagnas represents nearly all provincials, inhabitants of small towns, with the habits and manners of country louts. The Countess is not a high-born lady, but the widow of some petty nobleman. She has been only a short time at Court, but has picked up sufficient wickedness to allow M. Harpin, one of her three admirers, to pay for the expenses of her household and her tradesmen. The receiver of taxes knows, of course, the power of money, and is therefore not so obsequious to birth as the gentle, gallant counsellor-at-law. He shows, on the contrary, his purse-proud vulgarity, and at the same time a certain shrewdness, whilst M. Tibaudier spends his time in writing rubbish, and in mixing law words with his elegant and pretentious phraseology, but in such a way as not to offend the noble widow. M. Bobinet is a representative of that class who are obliged, through necessity, to teach, and whose lot, I am afraid, has not much improved since the days of Molière. Even the servants have a distinct physiognomy; and as we perceive that all these persons move, live, and stand out from the canvass,—and that in one act—we recognise the masterhand of Molière.

¹ See Introductory Notice to *Psyché*, Vol. V., page 361.

The Countess of Escarbagnas was represented in the theatre of the Palais Royal, on the 8th of July 1672, and was performed fourteen consecutive times, always with *The Compulsory Marriage*, which seems to have taken the place of the Court entertainments. It was never printed during Molière's lifetime, and appeared for the first time only in the edition of 1682, published by La Grange and Vinot.

James Miller has imitated a short dialogue between the Countess and Andrée in *The Man of Taste* (see Introductory Notice to *The Pretentious Young Ladies*, Vol. I., p. 215), and between the Countess and Criquet, which we give in the Appendix.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE COUNT, *son of the Countess of Escarbagnas.*

THE VISCOUNT, *Julia's lover.*

MR TIBAUDIER, *counsellor-at-law, in love with the Countess.*

MR HARPIN, *receiver of taxes, also in love with the Countess.*

MR BOBINET, *tutor to the Count.*

JEANNOT, *Tibaudier's lacquey.*

CRICQUET, *the Countess's lacquey.*

THE COUNTESS OF ESCARBAGNAS.

JULIA, *in love with the Viscount.*

ANDRÉE, *attendant to the Countess.*

THE SCENE IS AT ANGOULÊME.

THE COUNTESS OF ESCARBAGNAS.

(*LA COMTESSE D'ESCARBAGNAS.*)

SCENE I.

JULIA, THE VISCOUNT.

Vis. Eh what, Madam ! you are here already ?

Jul. Yes. You ought to blush for it, Cléante; and it is not at all gallant in a lover to be the last at the trysting place.

Vis. I should have been here an hour ago, if there were no bores in this world ; and I have been stopped on the road by an old troublesome nobleman, who expressly asked me for tidings from the court, in order to tell me some, the most extravagant that could well be retailed ; and these great newsmongers, who look about everywhere to spread the stories which they pick up, are, as you know, the plagues of small towns. This one has, first of all, shown me two sheets of paper, scribbled up to the edge with a large mass of nonsensical stories, which, he told me, came from the most reliable sources. After which, as a great curiosity, he has read to me in a tiresome way, and with an air of great mystery, all the bad jokes of the Dutch *Gazette*,² the

² Louis XIV. had just succeeded in dissolving the triple alliance between England, Sweden, and the United Provinces ; hence the bitterness of the Dutch newspapers, which was one of the excuses which the French king brought forward to justify the war with Holland.

interests of which he has espoused. His opinion is that France is battered down by the pen of this writer ; and that it only wants this wit to undo all our troops ; and from this he has thrown himself headlong into reviewing the ministry, whose every shortcoming he noticed ; and with which, I thought, he would never have finished. To hear him speak, he knows the secrets of the cabinet better than those who make them. The policy of the state allows him to see all its designs ; and it moves not a step, of which he cannot fathom the motives. He informs us of the hidden springs of everything that is done, lays bare to us the prudential views of our neighbours, and sets going, at his own fancy, all the affairs of Europe. His information extends even to Africa and Asia ; and he is informed of everything that is going on in the council of state of Prester-John³ and of the great Mogul.

Jul. You adorn your excuse in the best way you can, in order to make it agreeable, and to have it more easily accepted.

Vis. This is, fair Julia, the true cause of my being behind ; and, if I wished to give a gallant excuse, I should only have to tell you that the place of meeting which you have selected might authorize the delay with which you reproach me ; that to induce me to play the lover of the mistress of the house, is to make me fear of being here the first ; that this feint to which I constrain myself being only to please you, I am induced not to wish to suffer the annoyance of it, except in the presence of her who is amused by it ; that I avoid the *tête-à-tête* with this ridiculous Countess, with whom you hamper me ; and, in one word, that, coming here but for you, I have all the reasons possible to await until you are here.

³ Prester John was a fabulous King of Teneduc, or, according to others, of Ethiopia.

Jul. We well know that you are never wanting in wit, wherewith to give nice colours to the faults which you may commit. If, however, you had come half-an-hour earlier, we would have profited by all these moments ; for on my arrival, I found that the Countess had gone out, and I do not doubt that she has gone into town to plume herself upon the comedy which you give me in her name.

Vis. But in all earnest, Madam, when will you put an end to this annoyance, and make me buy less dearly the happiness of seeing you ?

Jul. When our parents shall be able to agree ; I dare not hope such a thing. You know, as well as I do, that the dissensions of our families do not allow us to see each other elsewhere, and that my brothers, as well as your father, are not sufficiently reasonable to sanction our attachment.

Vis. But why not take more advantage of the place of meeting which their animosity still leaves open to us ; and oblige me to lose in a silly feint the moments which I spend with you ?

Jul. The better to hide our love ; and again, to tell you the truth, this feint of which you speak is a very pleasant comedy to me ; and I do not know whether the one you are going to give us to-day will amuse me better. Our Countess of Escarbagnas, with her perpetual hobby of quality, is as good a character as one could put on the stage. The little excursion which she has made to Paris has brought her back into Angoulême more perfect than she was. The proximity of the court-air has given new charms to her absurdity, and her silliness does but grow and become more beautiful every day.

Vis. Yes ; but you do not consider that the sport which amuses you keeps my heart on the rack, and that one is not able to enjoy this very long, when there is so serious

a passion in one's mind as the one which I feel for you. It is cruel, fair Julia, to let this amusement rob my love of moments which it would employ in expressing its ardour to you ; and, this night, I have made some verses upon the subject, which I cannot refrain from reciting to you, without your asking for them, so much is the eagerness of reading one's works a vice inseparable from the condition of a poet !

Too long, Iris, have you put me to the torture ;

Iris, as you perceive, is put there for Julia.

Too long, Iris, have you put me to the torture,
And if I obey your laws, I blame them silently
For forcing me to conceal the torment which I endure,
To confess a pain which I do not feel.

Must your fair eyes, to which I yield my arms,
Amuse themselves with my sad sighs ?
And is it not enough that I should suffer for your
 charms,
Without making me also suffer for your pleasures ?

This double martyrdom is too much at one time ;
And what I am to keep silent, and what I am to utter,
Exercises equal cruelty on my heart.

Love sets it on fire, restraint kills it ;
And if by pity you are not overcome,
I die both by the feint and by the truth.

Jul. I see that you make yourself out to be more ill-treated than you are ; but to tell falsehoods wantonly, to attribute to their mistresses cruelties which they do not feel, is a licence which gentlemen poets take, to accommodate themselves to the ideas with which they may be in-

spired. I should, however, be very glad, if you would give me these verses in writing.

Vis. It is enough to have recited them to you, and I must stop at that. It is allowed to be sometimes foolish enough to make verses, but not to wish to have them looked at.

Jul. It is useless to screen yourself behind a mock-modesty ; the world knows that you have wit ; and I do not see any reason why you should conceal yours.

Vis. For Heaven's sake ! Madam, let us carefully pass over this, if you please ; in this world it is dangerous to meddle with having wit. There is a certain ridicule attached to this which one catches easily, and some of our friends make me fear their example.

Jul. Good Heavens ! Cléante, you may say what you like. I see for all this that you are dying to give them to me ; and I would embarrass you if I pretended not to care for them.

Vis. I, Madam ! you are jesting ; do not believe that I am so much of a poet as to . . . But here comes our Countess of Escarbagnas. I am leaving by the other door so as not to meet her, and am going to prepare all my people for the entertainment which I have promised you.

SCENE II.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE, CRIQUET, *at the far end of the stage.*

Coun. Ah ! Good Heavens ! Madam, are you all alone ? What a pity that is ! All alone ! I fancied that my people had told me that the Viscount was here.

Jul. It is true that he came ; but it was quite sufficient for him to know that you were not here, to make him leave again.

Coun. What ! he has seen you ?

Jul. Yes.

Coun. And has he said nothing to you ?

Jul. No, Madam ; and by this he wished to show that he is entirely devoted to your charms.

Coun. Really, I shall tax him with this behaviour. Whatever love one may have for me, I like those who love me to render what is due to the sex ; and my disposition is not like that of those unjust women who plume themselves on the incivilities which their lovers show to other fair ones.

Jul. You should not be surprised at his behaviour, Madam. The love with which you inspire him shows itself in all his actions, and prevents his having eyes for any one except you.

Coun. I believe myself capable of causing a sufficiently strong passion, and I think myself sufficiently handsome, young, and well-born, thank Heaven ; but that does not hinder that, though I inspire love, they should be civil and polite to others. [*Perceiving Criquet*] What are you doing here, fellow ? Is there no ante-room in which to dawdle, to come when you are called ? It is strange that in the provinces one cannot have a lacquey who knows his place ! To whom am I speaking ? Will you go outside, you little rogue ?

SCENE III.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE.⁴

Coun. [*To Andrée*] Come here, girl.

And. What may you please to want, Madam ?

Coun. Take off my hood. Gently, then, you awkward girl : how you pull my head about with your heavy hands !

And. I am doing it, Madam, as gently as I can.

⁴ See Appendix, Note A.

Coun. Yes; but as gently as you can is very rough to my head, and you have dislocated it for me. Hold this muff also; do not let all this trail about, and take it to my wardrobe. Well! where is she going to? where is she going to? What is she about, this goose?⁵

And. I wish to take this to your mistress of the robes,⁶ as you told me.

Coun. Good Heaven! the ninny! [*To Julia*] I beg your pardon, Madam. [*To Andrée*] I said to you my wardrobe, you big fool; that means where my dresses are kept.

And. Is a closet called a wardrobe at court, Madam?

Coun. Yes, booby; the place where the dresses are kept is so called.

And. I shall bear this in mind, Madam, for your attic also, which ought to be called a ward-furniture.⁷

SCENE IV.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA.

Coun. What a trouble one has to teach these animals!

Jul. I think them very happy, Madam, to be under your discipline.

Coun. It is a daughter of my foster-mother whom I have taken to wait upon me; and she is quite new to it yet.

Jul. You have acted nobly, Madam; and it is glorious to train creatures like that.

Coun. Come, seats here. Hullo, fellows, fellows, fellows! Upon my word, this is too bad, not to have a lacquey to hand chairs! Girls, fellows; fellows, girls; some one! I

⁵ The original has *oison bridée*, bridled goose. See page 59, note 27.

⁶ There is a joke in the original which cannot be rendered into English. *Une garde-robe* is a wardrobe, but *une garde-robes* is the Mistress of the Robes at Court.

⁷ The original has *garde-meuble*, furniture-warehouse, lumber-room.

believe that all my people are dead, and that we shall be obliged to get chairs for ourselves.

SCENE V.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE.

And. What do you wish, Madam ?

Coun. One has to shout loud with you people.

And. I was putting your muff and hood away in your press . . . I mean, in your wardrobe.

Coun. Call me this little rogue of a lacquey.

And. Hullo ! Criquet !

Coun. Leave your Criquet alone, you awkward wench, and call lacquey.

And. Lacquey, then, and not Criquet, come and speak to Madam. I think he is deaf. Criq . . . lacquey, lacquey.

SCENE VI.^s

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE, CRIQUET.

Cri. Did you call ?

Coun. Where were you, you little rogue ?

Cri. In the street, Madam.

Coun. And why in the street ?

Cri. You told me to go outside.

Coun. You are a little jackanapes, my friend ; and you ought to know that outside, as these words are used by persons of quality, means the ante-room. Andrée, remember by-and-by to have this little rogue whipped by my equerry ; he is a little incorrigible fellow.

And. Who is your equerry, Madam ? Is it Master Charles whom you call that ?

^s See Appendix, Note B.



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Coun. Hold your tongue, stupid that you are : you cannot open your lips without uttering some impertinence. [*To Criquet*] Chairs. [*To Andrée*] And you, light two wax-candles in my silver candlesticks : it is already getting late. What is the matter, that you look at me so wildly ?

And. Madam . . .

Coun. Well, Madam ! What is it ?

And. It is . . .

Coun. Well ?

And. It is that I have no wax-candles.

Coun. How is this ! you have none ?

And. No, Madam, unless it be tallow-candles.

Coun. The vulgar wench ! And where are the wax ones which I lately bought ?

And. I have not seen any since I have been in the house.

Coun. Get out of my sight, insolent hussy. I shall send you back to your parents. Bring me a glass of water.

SCENE VII.

THE COUNTESS and JULIA, *making mutual ceremonies to sit down.*

Coun. Madam !

Jul. Madam !

Coun. Ah ! Madam !

Jul. Ah ! Madam !

Coun. Pray, Madam !

Jul. Pray, Madam !

Coun. Oh ! Madam !

Jul. Oh ! Madam !

Coun. Eh ! Madam !

Jul. Eh ! Madam !

Coun. Eh, come ! Madam !

Jul. Eh, come ! Madam !

Coun. I am at home, Madam. We are agreed upon that. Do you take me for a provincial, Madam ?

Jul. Heaven forbid, Madam !⁹

SCENE VIII.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE, *carrying a glass of water* ; CRIQUET.

Coun. [*To Andrée*] Go away, you impertinent girl ; I drink with a saucer. I tell you that you shall go and get me a saucer to drink with.

And. Criquet, what is a saucer ?

Cri. A saucer ?

And. Yes.

Cri. I know not.

Coun. [*To Andrée*] You do not move ?

And. We know neither of us what a saucer is.

Coun. Then learn that it is a plate whereon to place the glass.

SCENE IX.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA.

Coun. There is but one Paris to be well waited upon ! You are understood there with the slightest glance.

SCENE X.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE, *bringing the glass of water with a plate on the top*, CRIQUET.

Coun. Well ! did I tell you thus, ox-head ? You should put the plate underneath.

⁹ Nearly a similar scene is found in *A Criticism on the School for Wives*, Act i., Scene 3 (See Vol. II., p. 252), between Climène and Eliza.

And. That is easy enough.

*[Andrée breaks the glass in putting
it on the plate.]*

Coun. Well! did you ever see such a blunderer? You shall pay for my glass.

And. Very well! yes, Madam, I shall pay for it.

Coun. But look at this awkward girl, this country lass, this blockhead, this . . .

And. *[Making off]* Really, Madam, if I have to pay for it, I do not want to be scolded.

Coun. Get out of my sight.

SCENE XI.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA.

Coun. In truth, Madam, it is a strange thing, these small towns! People do not know at all how to behave; and I have just paid two or three visits, where they nearly drove me desperate by the little respect they showed to my rank.

Jul. Where could they have learnt manners? They have made no journey to Paris.

Coun. They could nevertheless learn, if they would listen to people; but the worst is that they pretend to know as much about it as I, who have been two months in Paris, and have seen the whole court.

Jul. What stupid people these!

Coun. They are unbearable with the impertinent equality with which they treat people. For, after all, there must be some subordination in things; and what puts me beside myself, is that a town gentleman, of two days, or of two hundred years standing, should have the effrontery to say that he is as good a gentleman as my late husband, who lived in the country, who had his pack of

hounds, and who took the title of count in all the contracts which he made.

Jul. They live better in Paris, in these hotels, the recollection of which must be so dear. This hotel de Mouhy, Madam, this hotel de Lyon, this hotel de Hollande, what pleasant places they are !¹⁰

Coun. No doubt that there is a great deal of difference between these places, and all these here. We meet there with good society which does not haggle to pay you every attention you could wish. Unless one likes, one needs not get off one's chair ; and, whether one wishes to see the review, or the great ballet of *Psyché*, you are served punctually.

Jul. I think, Madam, that, during your stay in Paris, you must have made many conquests of people of rank.

Coun. You may well believe, Madam, that every one who could be called a court gallant did not fail to come to my apartments, to say soft nothings ; and I keep in my desk their notes, which might show what proposals I have refused ; it is not necessary to tell you their names. You know what I mean by the court gallants.

Jul. I am surprised, Madam, that after all these great names at which I guess, you have been able to come down again to a Mr Tibaudier, a counsellor at law, and to a Mr Harpin, a receiver of taxes. The fall is great, I confess ; for, as for your Viscount, though but a country Viscount, he is at any rate a Viscount, and may make a journey to Paris, if he have not already done so : but a counsellor at law, and a receiver of taxes are somewhat inferior lovers for a grand Countess like you.

¹⁰ The name *hôtel* was given to a nobleman's or rich man's town-house as well as to an hotel. The places which Julia mentions are hotels in the English sense of the word.

Coun. They are people whom we conciliate in the provinces for the need we may have of them ; they serve at least to fill up the vacancies of gallantry ; to increase the number of suitors ; and it is well, Madam, not to let one lover be sole master, for fear, that, failing rivals, his love may go to sleep through too much confidence.

Jul. I confess to you, Madam, that there is a marvellous deal to learn by what you say ; your conversation is a school, and every day I get hold of something in it.

SCENE XII.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE, CRIQUET.

Cri. [*To the Countess*] Here is Jeannot from the counsellor's, who is asking for you, Madam.

Coun. Well ! you little rogue, some more of your stupidities. A lacquey who knew his place, would have gone to speak quite low to the young lady attendant, who would have come quietly to whisper into the ear of her mistress : Madam, here is the servant of master so-and-so, who wishes to speak a word to you ; to which the mistress would have answered : Let him come in.

SCENE XIII.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÉE, CRIQUET, JEANNOT.

Cri. Come in, Jeannot.

Coun. Some more bungling. [*To Jeannot*] What is it, fellow ? What have you there ?

Jean. It is the counsellor, Madam, who wishes you a very good day, and before coming here, sends you some pears from his garden, with this little note.

Coun. It is some *bon-chrétien*, which is very nice. Andrée, have them carried to the pantry.

SCENE XIV.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, CRIQUET, JEANNOT.

Coun. [*Giving some money to Jeannot*] Here, my child, here is something to drink my health with.

Jean. Oh ! no, Madam !

Coun. Take it, I tell you.

Jean. My master has forbidden me, Madam, to take anything from you.

Coun. That does not matter.

Jean. Pardon me, Madam.

Cri. Eh ! take it, Jeannot. If you do not want it, you can give it to me.

Coun. Tell your master that I am obliged to him.

Cri. [*To Jeannot, who is going*] Just give me this.

Jean. Oh, yes ! Do you think I am a fool !

Cri. It is I who made you take it.

Jean. I should have taken it well enough without you.

Coun. What pleases me in this Mr Tibaudier is, that he knows how to behave with persons of my rank, and that he is very respectful.

SCENE XV.

THE VISCOUNT, THE COUNTESS, JULIA, CRIQUET.

Vis. Madam, I have come to warn you that the comedy will soon be ready, and that, in a quarter of an hour, we can go into the large room.

Coun. I will have no crush at least. [*To Criquet*] Tell my porter to let no one enter.

Vis. In this case, Madam, I must inform you that I shall abandon the comedy; and I cannot take any pleasure in it, if the company be not numerous. Believe me, that if

you wish to amuse yourself well, you should tell your people to let the whole town come in.

Coun. A chair, fellow. [*To the Viscount, after he is seated*] You are come just in time to receive a small sacrifice which I wish to make to you. Look here, it is a note of Mr Tibaudier, who sends me some pears. I give you permission to read it aloud; I have not seen it yet.

Vis. [*After having read the note to himself*] This note is in capital style, and well merits being listened to. [*He reads*] "*Madam, I could not have made you the present which I send you, if I gathered as little fruit from my garden as I gather from my love.*"

Coun. This shows you clearly that nothing passes between us.

Vis. "*The pears are not yet very ripe; but they will go all the better with the hardness of your heart, which, by its continuous disdain, does not promise me anything soft.*"¹¹ *Permit me, Madam, without entering upon an enumeration of your perfections and charms, which would betray me in a never-ending progress, to conclude this note by calling your attention to the fact that I am as good a Christian*¹² *as the pears which I send you, since I return good for evil; which means, Madam, to express myself more intelligibly, that I offer you pears of bon-chrétien for choke-pears*¹³ *which your cruelty makes me swallow every day.*

"Tibaudier, your unworthy slave."

This, Madam, is a note to preserve.

¹¹ The original has *ne me promet pas poires molles*.

¹² These pears were called *bon-chrétien*; the latter word means also Christian; hence the play on words.

¹³ The original has *poire d'angoisse*, an instrument of torture in the form of a pear, which was placed into the mouth of the victim. Upon turning a key a number of springs thrust forth points of iron, so that it could only be taken out by means of the key.

Coun. There may, perhaps, be some word in it which does not belong to the Academy ; but I can read a certain respect in it which pleases me much.

Jul. You are right, Madam ; and, at the risk of offending the Viscount, I should love a man who wrote to me in that way.

SCENE XVI.

MR TIBAUDIER, THE VISCOUNT, THE COUNTESS, JULIA.

Coun. Come here, Mr Tibaudier ; do not fear to come in. Your note has been well received, as well as your pears ; and behold this lady pleading for you against your rival.

Mr Tib. I am obliged to her, Madam ; and if ever she have a suit before our Court, she shall see that I am not forgetful of the honour she does me, in constituting herself the defender of my flame before your charms.

Jul. You have no need of a defender, Sir, and your cause is a just one.

Mr Tib. This notwithstanding, Madam, a good case has need of aid ; and I have cause to fear that I shall see myself supplanted by such a rival, and that the Countess will be circumvented by the rank of the Viscount.

Vis. I had some hope before your note, Mr Tibaudier ; but it makes me fear for my love.

Mr Tib. Madam, these are also two little verselets or couplets which I have composed in your honour and glory.

Vis. Ah ! I did not think that Mr Tibaudier was a poet ; and these two little verselets come to settle me !

Coun. He means two strophes. [*To Criquet*] Fellow, hand a chair to Mr Tibaudier. [*Softly to Criquet, who brings a chair*] A folding stool, you little animal.¹⁴ Mr

¹⁴ At Court, the difference of rank was known by the use of arm-chairs, chairs without arms, folding-stools, and foot-stools.

Tibaudier, place yourself there, and read us your strophes.

Mr Tib. A lady of quality
 Ravishes my soul :
 She has beauty,
 I have love ;
 But I blame her
 For having pride.

Vis. I am lost after this.

Coun. The first verse is beautiful. A lady of quality.

Jul. I think it is a little too long ; but one may take
a certain licence in uttering a fine thought.

Coun. Let us hear the other strophe.

Mr Tib. I do not know whether you doubt my perfect
 love :

 But this I know, that my heart, at each
 moment,

 Wishes to leave its melancholy abode,

 To go, out of respect, and pay its court to
 yours.

 After this, however, certain of my affection,

 And of my fidelity, unique of its kind,

 You ought in your turn,

 Contenting yourself by being a countess,

 To divest yourself in my favour of your tigress
 skin,

 Which hides your charms by night as well as
 by day.

Vis. Here I am supplanted by Mr Tibaudier.

Coun. Do not try to sneer ; for verses made in the
provinces, these verses are very beautiful.

Vis. How, Madam, to sneer ? Though his rival, I
think these verses admirable, and not only call them two
strophes, but two epigrams, as good as all those of Martial.

Coun. What ! does Martial make verses ? I thought he made nothing but gloves.¹⁵

Mr Tib. It is not that Martial, Madam ; it is an author who lived about thirty or forty years ago.¹⁶

Vis. Mr Tibaudier has read the authors, as you may hear. But let us go and see, Madam, whether my comedy and my music, with my entries of the ballet may combat in your mind the effect of these two strophes and of the note which we have just read.

Coun. My son the Count ought to be of the party ; for he arrived this morning from my country-house with his tutor, whom I see inside.

SCENE XVII.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, THE VISCOUNT, MR TIBAUDIER,
MR BOBINET, CRIQUET.

Coun. Hullo ! Mr Bobiuet, Mr Bobinet, just come and show yourself.

Mr Bob. I wish the honourable company good evening.¹⁷ What desires the Countess of Escarbagnas from her very humble servant Bobinet ?

Coun. At what hour, Mr Bobinet, did you start from Escarbagnas with my son the Count ?

Mr Bob. At a quarter to nine, Madam, as your orders had commanded it to me.

Coun. How fare my two other sons, the Marquis and the Commander ?

¹⁵ Martial was a celebrated perfumer and glove-seller of the time, as well as valet to the brother of Louis XIV.

¹⁶ The poet Martial lived from the year 43 to the year 104 ; hence Tibaudier, in correcting the Countess, commits, at least, as great an error.

¹⁷ The original has *je donne le bon répres*, a very antiquated and pedantic expression, which at once depicts Mr Bobinet.

Mr Bob. They are, Heaven be praised, Madam, in perfect health.

Coun. Where is the Count ?

Mr Bob. In your beautiful apartment with the alcove, Madam.

Coun. What is he doing, Mr Bobinet ?

Mr Bob. He is composing an exercise, Madam, which I have just dictated to him upon an epistle of Cicero.

Coun. Fetch him hither, Mr Bobinet.

Mr Bob. It shall be done, Madam, according to your wishes.

SCENE XVIII.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, THE VISCOUNT, MR TIBAUDIER.

Vis. [*To Countess*] This Mr Bobinet, Madam, has a very learned look ; and I believe that he has some wit.

SCENE XIX.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, THE VISCOUNT, THE COUNT,
MR BOBINET, MR TIBAUDIER.

Mr Bob. Come, Count, show that you profit by the lessons that are given to you. A bow to all the distinguished company.

Coun. [*Pointing to Julia*] Count, salute this lady ; bow low to the Viscount ; salute the Counsellor.

Mr Tib. I am enchanted, Madam, that you concede me the favour of embracing the Count, your son. One cannot love the trunk, without also loving the branches.

Coun. Good Heaven ! Mr Tibaudier, what comparison are you employing there ?

Jul. Really, Madam, the Count is altogether charming.

Vis. This is a young gentleman who enters society well.

Jul. Who would have thought, Madam, that you had such a tall child?

Coun. Alas! when he was born, I was so young that I was still playing with a doll.

Jul. It is your brother, not your son.

Coun. Have at least a care about his education, Mr Bobinet.

Mr Bob. Madam, I shall overlook nothing to cultivate this young shoot, of which your goodness has done me the honour to confide the training; and I shall inculcate in him the seeds of virtue.

Coun. Mr Bobinet, just make him repeat some little gallantry of what you teach him.

Mr Bob. Come, Count, recite your lesson of yesterday morning.

Coun. *Omne viro soli quod convenit esto virile, Omne viri . . .*

Coun. Fie! Mr Bobinet, what nonsense do you teach him there?¹⁸

Mr Bob. It is latin, Madam, and the first line of Jean Despautère.¹⁹

Coun. Good Heaven! this Jean Despautère is an insolent fellow, and I beg you will teach him some more decent latin than that.

Mr Bob. If you wish him to finish, Madam, the gloss will explain what it means.

Coun. No, no: it explains itself sufficiently.

¹⁸ There is a play on words here which cannot be explained. The second line, which the Countess does not even allow her son to finish is *Omne viri specie pictum vir dicitur esse*, and both lines mean: "All that suits man alone is of the masculine gender, and so is all that is represented under the figure of a man."

¹⁹ For the grammar of Despautère, see *The Physician in Spite of Himself*, Vol. III., page 415, note 39.

SCENE XX.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, THE VISCOUNT, MR TIBAUDIER,
THE COUNT, MR BOBINET, CRIQUET.

Ori. The actors send me to say that they are quite ready.

Coun. Let us take our seats. [*Pointing to Julia*] Mr Tibaudier, take in this lady.

[*Criquet ranges the chairs on one side of the stage ; the Countess, Julia, and the Viscount sit down ; Mr Tibaudier places himself at the feet of the countess*].

Vis. It is necessary to say that this comedy has been written only to connect together the different pieces of music and dancing of which they wished to compose this entertainment, and that . . .

Coun. Good Heavens ! let us see the affair. We have sufficient sense to understand things.

Vis. Let them begin as quickly as they can, and let them prevent, if possible, any intruder from troubling our entertainment. [*The violins commence an overture.*]

SCENE XXI.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, THE VISCOUNT, THE COUNT, MR HARPIN, MR TIBAUDIER, MR BOBINET, CRIQUET.

Mr Har. Zounds ! that is a pretty set out, and I rejoice to see what I do see.

Coun. Hullo ! Mr Receiver, what do you mean by this behaviour ? Do people come to interrupt a comedy in this way ?

Mr Har. Zounds ! Madam, I am enchanted with this adventure ; and this shows me what I am to believe

of you, and the certainty which there is in the gift of your heart, and in the oaths which you have sworn to me of its fidelity.

Coun. But really one does not come to throw oneself in the midst of a comedy, and to trouble an actor who is speaking.²⁰

Mr Har. Eh ! the deuce ! The real comedy which is performed here, is played by you ; and, if I do trouble you, I care very little about it.

Coun. Really, you do not know what you are saying.

Mr Har. Indeed, zounds ! indeed, I know it well enough, zounds ! and . . . [*Mr Bobinet, frightened, runs off, taking the Count with him, followed by Crique.*]

Coun. Fie, Sir ! how nasty it is, to swear in that way.

Mr Har. Eh ! Odds bobs ! if there be anything nasty, it is not my swearing, but your goings on ; and it would be better for you to swear, heads, 'sdeaths, and blood, than to do what you are doing with the Viscount.

Vis. I do not know, Mr Receiver, of what you have to complain ; and if . . .

Mr Har. [*To the Viscount*] As for you, sir, I have nothing to say to you. You do well to press your suit, it is natural ; I find nothing strange in it, and I ask your pardon if I have interrupted your comedy ; but you cannot think it strange that I complain of her behaviour ; and we have both reason to act as we are acting.

Vis. I have nothing to say against this, and do not know the causes of complaint which you may have against the Countess of Escarbagnas.

Coun. When one has jealous cares, one ought not to

²⁰ It is probable that when this play was represented at Saint Germain, Mr Harpin interrupted some part of the *Ballet des ballets* ; and even at the Palais Royal, some dialogue was probably spoken. When the *Countess of Escarbagnas* is performed now at the *Comédie-Française* a part of one of Molière's plays is always acted.

behave in this manner ; but to come and complain gently to the person one loves.

Mr Har. I, complain gently !

Coun. Yes. One does not come to bawl out in a theatre what should be said in private.

Mr Har. I came, zounds ! expressly ; it is just the place I want ; and I could wish that it were a public stage, to tell with more effect all the truths about you.

Coun. Is there need of making so great a noise about a comedy with which the Viscount entertains me ? You see that Mr Tibaudier, who loves me, behaves more respectfully than you.

Mr. Har. Mr Tibaudier behaves as it pleases him : I do not know on what footing Mr Tibaudier is with you ; but Mr Tibaudier is not an example for me, and I am not disposed to pay the violins to let others dance.

Coun. But really, Mr Receiver, you know not what you are saying. One does not act in this manner with ladies of quality ; and they who hear you would think that there was something strange between you and me.

Mr Har. Eh ! Odds bobs ! Madam, let us drop this nonsense.

Coun. But what then do you mean with your : Let us drop this nonsense ?

Mr Har. I mean that I find nothing strange in it that you should give way to the merits of the Viscount ; you are not the first woman who plays that sort of character in society, and who has a Receiver after her, whose affection and purse one finds her betray for the first comer who suits her views. But do not think it strange that I am not the dupe of an infidelity so common to the coquettes of the present day, and that I come to assure you before decent company, that I break off all connection with you, and that Mr Receiver shall no longer be Mr Giver to you.

Coun. It is marvellous how hot-headed lovers are becoming the fashion! One sees nothing else on all sides. There, there, Mr Receiver, drop your anger, and come and take a seat to see the comedy.

Mr Har. I, zounds! take a seat! [*Pointing to Mr Tibaudier*] Seek your simpletons at your own feet. I leave you, Countess, to the Viscount; and it is to him that I shall send your letters by-and-by. Now my scene is finished, my part performed. I am the company's servant.

Mr Tib. Mr Receiver we shall meet each other elsewhere than here; and I shall show you that I can use the sword as well as the pen.²¹

Mr Har. [*Going*] You are right, Mr Tibaudier.

Coun. As for me, I am taken aback by this insolence.

Vis. Jealous people, Madam, are like those who lose lawsuits; they have the privilege of saying anything. Let us be silent for the comedy.

SCENE XXII.

THE COUNTESS, JULIA, THE VISCOUNT, MR TIBAUDIER,
JEANNOT.

Jean. [*To Viscount*] This is a note, which I have been told to give you.

Vis. [*Reading*] "*In case you have any measures to take, I promptly send you some news. The quarrel between your parents and those of Julia has just been made up; and the conditions of this reconciliation, is the marriage of you and her. Good night.*" [*To Julia*] Upon my word, Madam, behold our comedy also finished.

[*The Viscount, the Countess, Julia, and Mr Tibaudier rise.*]

²¹ The original has *que je suis au poil et à la plume*, a term of the chase applied to dogs which could follow all kinds of game.

Jul. Ah ! Cléante, what happiness ! Could our affection have dared to hope for so happy an issue ?

Coun. How now ? What does this mean ?

Vis. This means, Madam, that I marry Julia ; and if you believe me, to render the comedy more complete in all points, you will marry Mr Tibaudier, and give Miss Andrée to his lacquey, of whom he shall make his valet.

Coun. What ! to hoodwink a person of my rank thus ?

Vis. It was meant without offence, Madam ; comedies require these sorts of things.

Coun. Yes, Mr Tibaudier, I marry you in order to put the whole world in a rage.

Mr Tib. It is a great honour to me, Madam.

Vis. [*To the Countess*] Permit us, Madam, that while we are getting into a rage we may witness the end of the performance.²²

²² These last words prove that there was some part of a play or ballet coming at the end of the *Countess of Escarbagnas* ; this was probably the last *intermède* of *Psyché*, so that the spectators might not have become too cloyed with operatic splendours, or with the coarseness of Mr Harpin.

A P P E N D I X.

A, Page 100.

Miller, in *The Man of Taste*, has imitated as follows the third Scene of *The Countess of Escarbagnas*. Andrée is called Lisetta, the Countess Maria, and Dorothea.

Mar. Lisetta, come hither !

Lis. Madam.

Mar. Here, take off my hood—Softly, Clumsy Fist ; how you tumble my Head with your Thames Street Hands !

Lis. I do it as softly as I can, Madam.

Mar. Yes, but as softly as you can, is very rough for my head ; and you have almost pulled my Neck out of Joint.

Dor. And here, take this Manteel, and carry it to my Wardrobe. Be sure you drag it along the ground now. Where is the Wench going ? What is she doing ?

Lis. Lackaday ! Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Wardrobe.

Dor. Oh stupidity ? why the Place where my Cloaths hang, Ninny.

Lis. O ! the Press, Madam ?

Mar. Yes, the Press, if thou wilt have it so.

Lis. So a Press in the City, is a Wardrobe here, it seems. Well, I shall learn all the fine Names in Time.

Mar. What Pains one must take to instruct these Animals.

B, Page 102.

Miller, in *The Man of Taste*, has imitated as follows the sixth Scene of *The Countess of Escarbagnas*. Criquet is called a Footman.

Foot. Madam, there is . .

Mar. Where have you been, Clown ?

Foot. In the street, Madam.

Mar. And why in the street, prithee ?

Foot. Why, you bid me wait without, didn't you, Madam ?

Mar. O the Blockhead ! did not you know that *without*, in quality terms, means only the Anti-chamber.

LES FEMMES SAVANTES.

COMÉDIE.

THE LEARNED LADIES.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL IN VERSE.)

MARCH 11TH, 1672.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

✓
THE comedy, *The Learned Ladies*, was represented on the 11th of March 1672, and performed nineteen times, partly before, and partly after Easter. In this play, Molière aimed not, as in *The Pretentious Young Ladies*, at sketching a temporary folly, an affectation of language and manners, but in giving us characters which exist, with certain modifications, in all ages. Philaminte is the woman who rules her home despotically, wishes to be the queen of a literary meeting to be held at her house, and treats her husband and children as inferior beings. But she is strong-minded, and remains unmoved when she thinks that misfortunes overwhelm her. Bélise, the sister of Chrysale, is of weak intellect, with a very limited amount of brains, and fancies that everybody is in love with her. She is based chiefly upon Hespérie, —a character taken from a comedy by Desmarets, called *The Visionaries*. Armande, the elder daughter of Philaminte, is jealous, vindictive, and hides her evil thoughts under a pretended Platonism. These three ladies are regular “blue stockings,” whilst Henriette, the younger daughter, is a model of an honest, sensible, and well-brought-up young lady. Chrysale represents the weak-minded man who thinks he is always leading when, in reality, he is only led, afraid of his wife and of quarrels, and giving way to her, whenever she insists. He thinks he is the master because he talks in a loud voice. Ariste, Martine, and the young lover Clitandre, are also very natural. But the two heroes of the play are Trissotin and Vadius, the first a pedant and a wit, the second a pedant and a scholar; the first full of vanity and jealousy, the second full of pride and *odium scholasticum*; finally, the first anxious for the dowry, and not for the heart, of Henriette, and showing openly his cupidity when he imagines that her parents are ruined.

It is said that Molière wished to put upon the stage the Abbé Cotin and Ménage, in drawing the characters of Trissotin and Vadius. Molière denied the latter delineation, and Ménage himself pretended not to recognize the portrait of Vadius. But as to the Abbé Cotin, no doubt is possible; for the sonnet “On the Ague of the Princess Uranie,” and the madrigal “On the Amarant Coach,” are taken literally from the works of the Abbé, published in 1663. The Abbé was a fertile rhymester of *rondeaux*, madrigals, riddles, and moreover a fashionable preacher in Paris. Born in 1604, he became chaplain to

the king about 1635, and member of the Academy in 1655. He was the intimate friend of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who read his riddles to the king and queen, and gravely called himself "The Father of the French riddle." He attacked the *Précieuses*, *Ménage* and Mademoiselle de Scudéry, and thought he had found an ally in Molière. He quarrelled also with Boileau, against whom he wrote a Satire, and who replied by saying that "He who despises Cotin, does not esteem his king, and has according to Cotin, no belief in God, faith, or law." It is also said that he had written against Molière; and hence the latter's attack upon him. Cotin died, totally forgotten, in 1681.

I have already given my opinion about the bringing upon the stage of living personages.¹ Let me, however, state that only the ridiculous side of Cotin's character appears to have been portrayed by Molière, but that no one ever applied to the Abbé, the villanous traits of Trissotin.

Several English Dramatists appear to have borrowed from this play of Molière.

Thomas Wright, in *The Female Virtuoso*, performed at the Theatre Royal in 1693, has imitated partly Molière's *Learned Ladies*. In the English comedy, the characters of Sir Maurice Meanwell, Mr Meanwell, Clerimont, Lady Meanwell, Mrs Lovewitt, and Catchat, correspond to those of Chrysale, Ariste, Clitandre, Philaminte, Armande, Henriette, and Bélise in the French comedy, whilst Sir Maggot Jingle is Trissotin. Lady Meanwell designs however Marianna to marry Witless, an entirely new character, not to be found in the original play. *The Female Virtuoso* was revived at the theatre, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, January 10, 1721, as *No Fools like Wits*, in order to anticipate Cibber's *Refusal*. On the 14th of February 1721, was performed at the theatre Drury Lane, Cibber's *Refusal, or the Ladies' Philosophy*, which is chiefly taken from Molière's *Learned Ladies*. Sir Gilbert Wrangle (Chrysale), becomes a South Sea director, and part of the plot depends on the infatuation of the South Sea scheme. The other characters are like Molière's. This piece ran for no more than six nights.

James Miller, in the *Man of Taste* (see Introductory Notice to *The Pretentious Young Ladies*, Vol. I., p. 215), which was acted at Drury-Lane, March 6th, 1735, has borrowed from Molière's *Learned Ladies* the characters of Sir Humphrey and Lady Henpeck; Ariste becomes Freelove, and Clitandre is changed into Harcourt. At the end of Act IV., Miller has somewhat freely imitated the second and third scenes of the act of Molière's play; and then Freelove takes the part of Martine, the servant. The ending is also different in the English and French Comedies.

Nearly all the scenes borrowed will be found in the Appendix.

¹ See Introductory Notice to the *Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. II., p. 288.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHRYSALE, *a citizen*.²

ARISTE, *his brother*.

CLITANDRE, *Henriette's lover*.

TRISSOTIN, *a wit*.

VADIUS, *a savant*.

LÉPINE, *a lacquey*.

JULIEN, *Vadius' servant*.

A NOTARY.

PHILAMINTE, *Chrysale's wife*.

ARMANDE, } *daughters of Chrysale and of Philaminte.*
HENRIETTE, }

BÉLISE, *Chrysale's sister*.

MARTINE, *a kitchen maid*.³

Scene—PARIS, IN CHRYSALE'S HOUSE.

² Molière played this part. According to the inventory taken after his death, and given by the late M. E. Soulié, his dress consisted of "a jerkin and breeches of black velvet, with flowers, on a dark yellow ground, a waistcoat of violet and gold gauze, adorned with buttons, a gold band, tags, and gloves."

³ It is said that this small part was played by a servant of Molière, whose name was really Martine.

THE LEARNED LADIES.

(*LES FEMMES SAVANTES.*)

ACT I. SCENE I.⁴

ARMANDE, HENRIETTE.

Ar. What! the lovely name of maid is a title, sister, of which you wish to abandon the sweet charm? And you dare enjoy the thought of getting married? Can such a vulgar design have entered your head?

Hen. Yes, sister.

Ar. Ah! is that yes to be borne? And can it be heard without a heart-ache?

Hen. What can there be in marriage to constrain you, sister . . . ?

Ar. Ah! good Heavens! fie!

Hen. How?

Ar. Fie! I tell you. Can you not conceive the disgust that such a word inspires, the moment it is heard; with what a strange image one is shocked, on what filthy prospects it leads the thought? Do not you shudder at it, and can you, sister, bring your heart to contemplate the consequences of this word?

Hen. The consequences of this word, when I contemplate them, show me a husband, children, a household; and I see nothing there, to talk rationally, which shocks my imagination and makes me shudder.

⁴ See Appendix, Note A.

Ar. Oh Heavens ! have such ties aught in them to please you ?

Hen. And can one do aught better, at my age, than to attach to one's self, by the title of husband, a man who loves you, and is by you beloved ; and procure from a union, dictated by tenderness, the sweets of an innocent life ? Has such a well-suited tie no charms ?

Ar. Good Heavens ! what a grovelling mind is yours ! What a mean part to play in the world, to imprison yourself within a household, and to get no glimpse of more exciting pleasures than an idolized husband and brats of children ! Leave the low pleasures of such things to coarse people, and vulgar persons. To higher objects raise your desires, endeavour to have a taste for more noble pleasures, and treating with contempt the senses and matter, abandon yourself entirely to the mind, as we do. You have our mother as an example before you, who is honoured and called everywhere a learned woman ; try, as I do, to prove yourself her daughter. Aspire to the knowledge which is in the family, and feel the sweet charms which the love of study instils into people's hearts. Far from being a submissive slave to the laws of men, wed yourself to Philosophy, sister, which elevates us above the whole human race, and invests reason with sovereign sway, subjecting to her laws the animal part, of which the gross appetite places us on a level with brutes. These are the beautiful desires, the sweet ties, which ought to fill up the moments of our lives ; and the anxieties in which I see so many women delight appear to my eyes the most horrible meanness.⁵

Hen. Heaven, whose commands we see to be all-powerful, fits us at our birth for different functions ; and every mind is not composed of the stuff cut out to make a philosopher.

⁵ Such arguments were really employed by the *Précieuses*.

If yours is apt to soar to the heights of learned speculations, mine, sister, is formed to creep, and to small concerns its weakness confines itself. Let us not disturb the righteous arrangements of Heaven ; and let us each follow the promptings of our instincts. Dwell, through the flight of a grand and beautiful genius, in the lofty regions of philosophy, while my mind, remaining here below, shall taste the earthly bliss of wedlock. Thus, differing in our manner of living, we shall both imitate our mother : you, as regards the soul and noble aspirations ; I, as regards the senses and the grosser pleasures ; you, in the productions of mind and knowledge ; I, sister, in those which are material.

Ar. If we pretend to model ourselves upon another person, we should resemble her in her finest parts, and only to cough and spit like her is not at all taking her, sister, for a model.⁶

Hen. But you would not be what you boast yourself to be, if my mother had possessed only those finer parts ; and it is well for you, sister, that her noble genius has not always dwelt upon philosophy. Pray, grant me, with some kindness, the meanness to which you owe your being ; and, by wishing that I should imitate you, do not suppress some little *savant* who may wish to come into the world.

Ar. I perceive that your mind cannot be cured of the foolish infatuation of getting a husband : but let us know, if it pleases you, whom you mean to take : you surely do not intend to take Clitandre ?

Hen. And why should it not be so ? Is he devoid of merit ? Is the choice mean ?

Ar. No ; but it is a dishonest design to endeavour to take away another's conquest ; and it is not a fact un-

⁶ The original has "*Et ce n'est point du tout la prendre pour modèle, ma soeur, que de tousser et de cracher comme elle.*" This was a proverbial expression in Molière's time.

known to the world, that Clitandre has openly sighed after me.

Hen. Yes ; but all these sighs are in vain with you, and you do not descend to human weakness ; your mind has for ever renounced marriage, and philosophy has all your affection. Therefore, not having any design upon Clitandre, what matters it to you if some one else pretend to him ?

Ar. This empire which reason holds over the senses does not make us renounce the charms of homage ; and we may refuse as a husband a deserving man whom we like to see as an adorer in our train.

Hen. I have not prevented him from continuing to worship your perfections ; and I have but accepted, after your refusal, the offer of the homage of his flame.

Ar. But, pray, do you think there is perfect security in the offers of affection from a spited lover ? Do you believe that his passion for you is very strong, and that all his affection for me is quite dead in his heart ?

Hen. So he tells me, sister ; and, for my part, I believe him.

Ar. Do not be so credulous, sister ; and rather believe, when he says he has left me and loves you, that he does not reflect seriously upon it, and deceives himself.

Hen. I cannot tell ; but to cut the matter short, if such be your pleasure, it is very easy to find out the truth : I perceive him coming ; and he can give us a full explanation upon the subject.

SCENE II.

CLITANDRE, ARMANDE, HENRIETTE.⁷

Hen. To dispel the doubt in which my sister plunges me, please to explain your feelings, Clitandre, as regards myself

⁷ See Appendix, Note B.

and her ; bare your heart, and vouchsafe to inform us which of us has the right to pretend to your love.

Ar. No, no, I will not impose the rigour of an explanation on your passion ; I have a consideration for people, and know how embarrassing must be the constraining effort of these open avowals.

Cl. No, Madam ; my heart, which dissimulates little, feels no constraint to make a frank avowal. Such a step throws me into no confusion ; and I will confess openly, frankly, and fearlessly, that the bonds which hold me captive, my love and my affection, are all on this side [*Pointing to Henriette*]. Let not this avowal disturb you ; you yourself would have it so. Your attractions had caught me, and my tender sighs sufficiently proved to you the ardour of my desires ; my heart burned for you with a steadfast flame : but your eyes did not think their conquest sufficiently beautiful. I have borne a hundred various insults under their yoke ; they swayed my heart like proud tyrants ; and I sought for myself, wearied with so much trouble, conquerors more humane, and chains less galling. [*Pointing to Henriette*] I have met them, Madam, in those eyes, and their glances are for ever precious to me ; by one pitying look they have dried my tears, and did not disdain what your charms rejected. Such rare kindness has had the effect of so moving me, that there is nought that could make me throw off my fetters ; and I dare now beseech you, Madam, to make no attempt to regain my love, nor to try to call back a heart resolved to die in this sweet transport.

Ar. Pray, Sir, who tells you that I have such a wish, and that I am so strongly concerned about you ? I think it amusing of you to imagine such a thing, and very impertinent to declare it to me.⁸

⁸ The same declaration takes place in *The Misanthrope*, Act v. Scene 6 (see Vol. IV.) ; and in *Psyche*, Act i. Scene 3 (see Vol. V.)

Hen. Eh! gently, sister. Where then is that morality, which knows so well to control the animal parts, and to keep the reins tight on anger's promptings?

Ar. But you who speak of morality, where do you practise it, when you respond to the passion which is shown to you without the leave of those who have given you birth? Know that duty subjects you to their laws; that you are not allowed to love except through their choice; that they possess supreme authority over your heart, and that it is criminal to dispose of it yourself.

Hen. I acknowledge the kindness you show me in teaching me so well matters connected with duty. My heart shall regulate its conduct according to your lessons; and to show you, sister, that I profit by them, Clitandre, have a care to support your love by the consent of those who gave me birth. Obtain a legitimate power over my affection, so that I may love you without crime.

Cl. I am going to do so openly, and with all my might; and I was only waiting for this sweet consent.

Ar. You triumph, sister, and look as if you imagined that this vexes me.

Hen. I, sister! not at all. I know that the dictates of reason are always all-powerful over your senses, and that through the teachings drawn from wisdom's source you are above such weaknesses. Far from suspecting you of such vexation, I think that in this case you will bestir yourself for me, second his demand, and, by your suffrage, accelerate the happy moment of our marriage. I entreat you to do so and to work at it . . .

Ar. Your small wit pretends to jest; and we behold you quite proud of a heart that is thrown at you.

Hen. Much as this heart may be thrown, it would not at all displease you; and if your eyes could pick it up from before me, they would easily take the trouble to stoop.

Ar. I do not deign to condescend to answer this ; and it is silly prattle which ought not to be listened to.

Hen. That is very well on your part, and you show us a moderation which can hardly be conceived.

SCENE III.

CLITANDRE, HENRIETTE.

Hen. Your sincere avowal has surprised her not a little.

Cl. She sufficiently merits such frankness, and all the haughtiness of her foolish pride is, at least, worthy of my sincerity. But since you have allowed me, I am going to your father, Madam . . .

Hen. The surest way is to gain over my mother. My father is of a disposition to consent to everything ; but he attaches little weight to his resolutions ; he has received from Heaven a certain kindness of heart which instantly subjects him to the will of his wife. It is she who governs and absolutely makes her pleasure law. I should wish much to see you a little more complaisant, I confess it, to her and to my aunt, of a disposition which, while flattering their ideas, might attract the warmth of their esteem.

Cl. My heart, with its innate sincerity, never could flatter their character even in your sister ; and learned women are not at all to my taste. I admit that a woman may be enlightened upon everything : but I do not wish to behold the unseemly passion of making her learned in order to become learned ; and I like that she should, when questioned, often pretend to be ignorant of the things which she knows ; in short, I wish her to hide her studying ; to have knowledge without wishing it to be known, without quoting authors, without using grand words, and being witty on the least opportunity. I much respect your mother ; but I cannot at all approve of her whims, and constitute myself

the echo of all the incense which she wafts to her hero for wit. Her Mr Trissotin annoys and wearies me; and it makes me angry to find her esteem such a man; that she should rank among men of great and fine mind, a booby whose writings are everywhere damned; a pedant whose copious pen furnishes the whole market with waste-paper.

Hen. His writings, his speeches, everything from him seems tiresome, and I agree in a great measure with your taste and views; but, as he has much influence with my mother, you must constrain yourself to be somewhat complaisant to him. A lover pays his court where his heart has taken root; he aims at gaining every one's favour in that spot; and so as to have no one opposed to his flame, he endeavours to please the very house-dog.⁹

Cl. Yes, you are right; but Mr Trissotin inspires me from the bottom of my soul with a dislike which prevails over everything. I cannot consent, to gain his suffrages, to dishonour myself by praising his works. It is through them that he first appeared to my sight, and I knew him before I had seen him. I perceived in the trashy writings which he gives us what his pedantic person displays in every spot, the constant height of his presumption, his intrepid good opinion of himself, the indolent state of extreme confidence which renders him at all times so satisfied with himself, which makes him smile incessantly at his own merit, which makes him congratulate himself upon everything that he writes, and which renders him unwilling to exchange his reputation for all the honours of the general of an army.

Hen. One must be sharp-sighted to perceive all this.

Cl. It went even so far as his figure; and I saw by the verses which he throws at our heads how the poet was

⁹ This is partly taken from Plautus' *Asinaria*.

shaped; and so well had I guessed every trait of him, that, meeting in the Palais¹⁰ one day a man, I laid a wager that it was Trissotin in person, as indeed it was.

Hen. What a story!

Cl. No; I tell the thing as it happened. But I perceive your aunt. Permit me, pray, in this spot to reveal our secret to her, and endeavour to gain her over to intercede with your mother.

SCENE IV.

BÉLISE, CLITANDRE.

Cl. Allow a lover, Madam, to take advantage of this happy moment, to speak to you, and to reveal to you the sincere flame . . .

Bél. Ah! gently; be careful not to bare your soul too much. If I have enrolled you in the ranks of my lovers, content yourself with letting your eyes be the sole interpreters, and do not explain to me, in another language, those desires which with me pass for an outrage. Love me, sigh, burn for my charms; but allow me not to know it. I may shut my eyes to your secret flame as long as you confine yourself to dumb interpreters; but if the mouth presume to meddle with it, I must banish you for ever from my sight.¹¹

Cl. Do not take alarm at the projects of my heart. Henriette, Madam, is the object which charms me; and I ardently beseech your kindness to second the love inspired by her beauty.

Bél. Ah! certainly, the turn is witty, I must confess. This subtle subterfuge deserves to be praised; and in all the novels which I have read I have met with nothing more ingenious.

¹⁰ The *Palais* stands for the *Palais de Justice*, of which the galleries were crowded with shops, much frequented in Molière's time. A comedy of Corneille, called *The Gallery of the Palace*, was represented in 1634.

¹¹ Bélise speaks like a regular *Précieuse*.

Cl. It is not at all a stroke of wit, Madam ; but it is a frank avowal of the feelings of my heart. Heaven, by the bonds of immutable ardour, has fettered me to the beauties of Henriette ; Henriette holds me 'neath her gentle empire, and a marriage with Henriette is the bliss to which I aspire. You have much influence ; and all I wish is that you would deign to favour my affection.

Bél. I perceive what this demand is gently aiming at, and I know what I am to understand under that name. The figure of speech is clever ; and, not to change it, instead of the things which my heart prompts me to answer you, I shall say that Henriette is opposed to wedlock, and that without claiming aught you must burn for her.

Cl. Ah ! Madam, why such confusion ? and why will you imagine what has no existence ?

Bél. Good Heavens ! no compliments. Cease to gain-say what your looks have often given me to understand. It suffices that we are satisfied with the subterfuge, of which your love adroitly bethought itself, and that underneath the figure which respect obliges you to use, we are good enough to suffer your homage, provided its transports, enlightened by honour, offer nought but refined vows on my altar.

Cl. But . . .

Bél. Farewell. This ought to suffice you for once, and I have said more to you than I wished to say.

Cl. But your mistake . . .

Bél. Enough ; I now blush, and my modesty has made a surprising effort.

Cl. I will be hanged if I love you ; and prudent . . .

Bél. No, no, I shall hear no more.¹²

¹² The character of Bérise is partly taken from that of Hespérie in the comedy, *The Visionaries* of Desmarets, which greatly amused Louis XIV. Thomas Corneille had already imitated the character of Hespérie, in *The Baron of Albikrac*, performed four years before *The Learned Ladies*.

SCENE V.

CLITANDRE, *alone*.

The deuce take the foolish woman with her fancies !
Has the like madness ever been seen ? Let us go and
entrust some one else with this affair, and take the advice
of some clever person.¹³

ACT II. SCENE I.

ARISTE, *leaving Clitandre, but still speaking to him*.

Yes, I shall take you the answer as soon as possible ; I
shall insist, and press, and do all that is necessary. What a
deal a lover has to say that could be said in one word ! And
how impatiently he wishes what he desires ! Never . . .

SCENE II.

CHRYSALE, ARISTE.

Ar. Ah ! Heaven guard you, brother !*Ch.* And you also, brother !*Ar.* Do you know what brings me here ?*Ch.* No ; but if you wish, I am ready to hear it.*Ar.* You know Clitandre sufficiently long ?*Ch.* No doubt, and I see him at our house.*Ar.* In what esteem do you hold him, brother ?*Ch.* As a man of honour, of wit, of courage, and well-behaved : I see few people who are so deserving.*Ar.* A certain wish of his brings me hither, and I am glad that you set store by him.*Ch.* I knew his late father in my journey to Rome.

¹³ This is the only monologue in *The Learned Ladies*.

Ar. Very well.

Ch. He was a sterling gentleman, brother.

Ar. So they say.

Ch. We were but eight-and-twenty at that time, and, on my word, we were a couple of brisk young fellows.

Ar. I can well believe it.

Ch. We were very well with the Roman ladies, and every one there spoke of our pranks: we caused some jealousies.

Ar. Nothing could be better. But let us come to the subject which brings me hither.

SCENE III.

BÉLISE, entering softly, and listening; CHRYSALE,

ARISTE.

Ar. Clitandre makes me his spokesman with you, and his heart is smitten with the charms of Henriette.

Ch. What! of my daughter?

Ar. Yes; he is bewitched by her, and I never saw a more fervid lover.

Bél. [*To Ariste*] No, no; I hear you. You are ignorant of the story; and the matter is not as you believe it to be.

Ar. How, sister?

Bél. Clitandre abuses your minds; and it is of another object that his heart is enamoured.

Ar. You are jesting. It is not Henriette whom he loves?

Bél. No; I am certain of it.

Ar. He has told me so himself.

Bél. Eh! yes.

Ar. You behold me, sister, commissioned by him to ask her from her father this day.

Bél. Very good.

Ar. And his very love has urged me to hasten the moment of such an alliance.

Bél. Better still. One cannot deceive more gallantly. Henriette, among ourselves, is an amusement, an ingenious screen, a pretext, brother, to hide another flame, the mystery of which I know ; and I wish to disabuse you both of your error.

Ar. But since you know so many things, sister, tell us, pray, who is this other object whom he loves.

Bél. You wish to know it ?

Ar. Yes, what of it ?

Bél. Me !

Ar. You ?

Bél. Myself.

Ar. Eh, sister !

Bél. What is the meaning of this Eh ? and what is there surprising in what I say ? One is handsome enough, I imagine, to be able to say that it is not one heart only which is subject to our empire ; and Dorante, Damis, Cléonte, and Lycidas may show that we have some charms.

Ar. These gentlemen love you ?

Bél. Yes, with all their might.

Ar. They have told you so ?

Bél. No one has taken that liberty ; they have so well known to reverence me up to this day, that they never breathed a word of their love. But to offer me their hearts and to devote themselves to my services, dumb interpreters have sufficiently done their office.

Ar. We hardly ever see Damis come into the house.

Bél. It is to show me a more submissive respect.

Ar. With stinging words, Dorante insults you everywhere.

Bél. They are the transports of a jealous rage.

Ar. Cléonte and Lycidas have both taken wives to themselves.

Bél. It is through the despair to which I have reduced their flames.

Ar. Upon my word, dear sister, pure fancies.

Ch. [*To Bélise*] You ought to divest yourself of those fancies.

Bél. Ah! Fancies! they are fancies, you say. Fancies, I! Really, fancies is very good; I am very happy in having fancies, brothers, and I did not know that I had any fancies.¹⁴

SCENE IV.

CHRYSALE, ARISTE.

Ch. Yes, our sister is mad.

Ar. It is growing day by day. But let us resume our conversation once more. Clitandre asks you to give him Henriette as a wife. See what answer is to be made to his flame.

Ch. Is there need to ask? I consent with all my heart, and consider it a great honour to be allied to him.

Ar. You know that he has no great abundance of worldly goods, that . . .

Ch. That is a consideration of but small importance; he is rich in virtues; that is worth treasures; and besides his father and I were but one soul in two bodies.

Ar. Let us speak to your wife, and endeavour to render her favourable. . . .

Ch. It suffices; I accept him for a son-in-law.

Ar. Yes; but to strengthen your consent, brother, it would do no harm to have her permission. Let us go. . . .

Ch. Are you jesting? There is no need. I answer for my wife, and take the matter upon myself.

Ar. But . . .

¹⁴ See Appendix, Note C.

Ch. Leave it to me, I tell you, and be under no apprehension. I am going to prepare her immediately.

Ar. Be it so. I am going to sound your Henriette upon this, and shall come back to know. . . .

Ch. The business is concluded ; and I am going to speak to my wife without delay.

SCENE V.

CHRYSALE, MARTINE.

Mar. Just like my luck ! Alas ! it is a true saying ; give a dog a bad name, and hang him ;¹⁵ and service to another is no inheritance.

Ch. What is the matter ? What ails you, Martine ?

Mar. What ails me ?

Ch. Yes.

Mar. What ails me is that they have discharged me to-day, Sir.

Ch. Discharged !

Mar. Yes. Madam sends me away.

Ch. I do not understand this. How ?

Mar. I am threatened with a hundred blows, if I do not leave this.

Ch. No, you shall stay ; I am satisfied with you. My wife is at times somewhat hot-headed ; and I will not, I . . .

SCENE VI.

PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, CHRYSALE, MARTINE.¹⁶

Phil. [*Perceiving Martine*] What ! I still find you, you booby. Quick, out with you, jade ; come, leave the place, and never show yourself in my sight.

¹⁵ The original has *qui veut noyer son chien l'accuse de la rage*, he who wants to drown his dog accuses him of being mad.

¹⁶ See Appendix, Note D.

Ch. Gently.

Phil. No, there is an end of it.

Ch. Eh !

Phil. I wish her to go.

Ch. But what has she done, to insist in this manner. . . .

Phil. What ! you back her up ?

Ch. In no way.

Phil. Do you take her part against me ?

Ch. Good Heavens ! no ; I am simply asking her crime.

Phil. Am I likely to send her away without a legitimate cause ?

Ch. I do not say that ; but it is right that our people should . . .

Phil. No ; she shall leave this, I tell you.

Ch. Well ! yes. Does any one say aught against it ?

Phil. I will have no opposition to my wishes.

Ch. Agreed.

Phil. And you ought, as a sensible husband, to be with me against her, and share my anger.

Ch. [*Turning to Martine*] So I do. Yes, my wife is right in sending you away, you jade, and your crime deserves no mercy.

Mar. But what have I done then ?

Ch. [*Softly*] Upon my word, I do not know.

Phil. What is more, she is disposed to make very light of it.

Ch. Has she broken some mirror or piece of porcelain, that you are so incensed against her ?

Phil. Should I send her away ? and do you imagine that I should put myself in a temper for such a trifle ?

Ch. [*To Martine*] What does it mean ? [*To Philaminte*] The matter is of importance, then ?

Phil. Undoubtedly. Have I ever been found an unreasonable woman ?

Ch. Has she, through a spirit of negligence, allowed some ewer or silver platter to be stolen ?

Phil. That would be nothing.

Ch. [*To Martine*] Oh ! oh ! the deuce, good woman [*To Philaminte*] What ! Have you surprised her in being dishonest ?

Phil. It is worse than all that.

Ch. Worse than all that ?

Phil. Worse.

Ch. [*To Martine*] How ! the deuce, you jade ! [*To Philaminte*] Eh ! Has she committed . . .

Phil. She has, with matchless insolence, after thirty lessons, shocked my ear by the impropriety of a low and vulgar word, which Vaugelas¹⁷ condemns in decisive terms.

Ch. Is that the . . .

Phil. What ! always, notwithstanding our remonstrances, to be upsetting the foundation of all sciences, grammar, which knows how to control even kings, and makes them, with a high hand, obey its laws !

Ch. I thought her guilty of the most serious misbehaviour.

Phil. What ! you do not think this crime unpardonable ?

Ch. Indeed.

Phil. I should like to see you condone her !

Ch. I do not think of it.

Bél. It is true that these are pitiful things. All construing is destroyed by her, and in the laws of language she has been instructed a hundred times.

Mar. All that you preach is, I believe, well and good ;

¹⁷ Vaugelas, who died in 1650, that is twenty-two years before *The Learned Ladies* was performed, was a celebrated grammarian, who wrote *Remarks on the French Language*. He is mentioned five times in Molière's comedy.

but as for me I shall never know how to speak your gibberish.

Phil. The impudent girl! to call gibberish a language founded on reason and on elegant custom!

Mar. We always speak well when we make ourselves understood, and all your beautiful diction does not serve for nothing.

Phil. Well! is that not another sample of her style? *does not serve for nothing!*

Bél. O indocile brain! With all the cares which we are incessantly taking, can we not teach you to speak congruously. In joining *not* to *nothing* you make a repetition, and there is, as you have been told, a negative too much.

Mar. Good Heavens! I have¹⁸ not studied like you, and I speak straight out as they speak our way.

Phil. Ah! is it to be borne?

Bél. What horrible solecism!

Phil. It is enough to kill a sensitive ear.

Bél. Your mind must be very material, I confess. *I* is but a singular, while *have* in this case is a plural. Are you to offend against grammar all your life?

Mar. Who says anything about offending grandmother or grandfather either?¹⁹

Phil. O Heavens!

Bél. Grammar is taken in the wrong sense by you, and I have already told you where the word comes from.

Mar. Upon my word! it may come from Chaillot, Auteuil, or Pontoise, for all it matters to me.

Bél. What a loutish soul! Grammar teaches us the laws of the verb and of the nominative, as well as of the adjective in connection with the substantive.

¹⁸ The original is *je avons*.

¹⁹ A play on the word *grammaire*, grammar; and *grand'mère*, grandmother.

Mar. All I have to say, Madam, is that I do not know these people.

Phil. What a martyrdom !

Bél. They are the names of words ; and one has to consider how they have to be made to agree together.

Mar. They may agree together, or tear each other to pieces, for what I care.²⁰

Phil. [*To Bélise*] Eh ! Good Heavens ! Finish this conversation. [*To Chrysale*] You will not, you, make her leave ?

Ch. Yes, indeed. [*Aside*] I must give way to her whim. Go, do not irritate her ; retire, Martine.

Phil. What ! You are afraid to offend the hussey ! You speak to her in quite an obliging tone !

Ch. I ? Not at all. [*In a firm tone*] Come, you must go. [*In a more gentle tone*] Go, my poor child.

SCENE VII.

PHILAMINTE, CHRYSALE, BÉLISE.²¹

Ch. You are satisfied, and behold her gone ; but I do not at all approve of her being turned away. She is a girl who does her duty well, and you discard her for a trifling cause.

Phil. Do you wish me to have her always in my service, to put my ears incessantly to the torture, to break every rule of custom and reason by a barbarous heap of errors in speech, mutilated words linked together, at intervals, by proverbs found in the gutters of the *Halles* ?²²

Bél. It is true that it makes one hot to have to bear her conversations ; she tears Vaugelas to shreds every day ;

²⁰ This is partly taken from a comedy by Larivey, *le Fidèle*.

²¹ See Appendix, Note E.

²² The *Halles* are the markets : hence these proverbs are something like Billingsgate language.

and the least faults of this coarse mind are either a pleonasm, or cacophony.

Ch. What does it matter that she fails in the laws of Vaugelas, provided she does not fail in the cooking? I would rather, I would, that in cleaning the vegetables she should make the verbs agree ill with the nouns, and say a hundred times a low or bad word, than that she should burn my meat or put too much salt in my soup; I live on good soup, and not on fine language. Vaugelas does not teach how to make a good soup, and Malherbe and Balzac, so learned in fine words, in cookery would perhaps have been real ninnies.

Phil. How horribly this coarse conversation shocks one. And what indignity for him who calls himself a man to be for ever grovelling in material cares, instead of elevating himself to the spiritual! Is this body of ours, this rag, of sufficient importance, or valuable enough, to deserve that we should even think about it? And ought we not to put these things far from us?

Ch. Yes, my body is myself, and I mean to take care of it. You may call it rag if you will, but my rag is dear to me.

Bél. The body with the mind is something, brother; but if you are to believe the whole of the learned world, the mind ought to take precedence of the body; and our greatest care, our first effort, ought to be to nourish it with the juice of science.

Ch. Upon my word, if you wish to nourish your mind, it is with very empty ideas, according to what every one says, and you need have no care, no solicitude, to . . .

Phil. Ah! *solicitude* sounds very roughly to my ear; it smacks strangely of its age.

Bél. It is true that the word is very old fashioned.²³

²³ The original has *le mot est bien collet monté*. A *collet monté* was an old fashioned ruff, in which pasteboard and wire were used to hold it

Ch. Do you wish me to tell you ? I shall have to burst out at last, take off the mask, and give way to my choler. You are called fools, and I take it much to heart. . . .

Phil. What now ?

Ch. [*To Bélise.*] It is to you I am speaking, sister. The least solecism in speech irritates you ; but you commit some strange ones in your conduct. Your everlasting books do not satisfy me ; and, with the exception of a large Plutarch to put my bands in ²⁴ you ought to burn the whole of this useless trumpery, and leave science to the professors in town ; to do right, you should remove from the garret that long spyglass which frightens people, and a thousand other trifles, the sight of which annoys ; not try to find out what they are doing in the moon, and interest yourself a little more in what is being done at home, where we find everything going topsy-turvey. It is not very proper, and for several reasons, that a woman should study and know so many things. To train the minds of her children in good morals and manners, to superintend her household by keeping an eye on her servants, and to control the expenditure with economy, ought to be her study and philosophy. Our fathers, on this point, were very sensible, who said that a woman always knows enough as long as her mind rises to the level of knowing a doublet from a pair of breeches. Theirs did not read much, but they led a good life ; their households were all their learned occupations ; and their library, a thimble, thread, and needles, with which

up ; therefore Bélise intends probably to say that the word "solicitude" was very old-fashioned. *Collet monté*, in speaking of persons, was generally used to denote people of either stilted, or also of those of staid and serious behaviour.

²⁴ As the bands were starched and had to be kept straight, they were often put between the leaves of a big book, generally a folio. In the inventory taken after the death of Molière's mother, and in the one taken after his own death, there was a copy of Plutarch's works.

they worked at the outfit of their daughters. The women of the present age are far removed from these manners ; they wish to write and become authors. No science is too deep for them, and in this house more than in any other spot in this world ; the loftiest secrets are pried into, and everything is known in my home, except what ought to be known. They know the motions of the moon and the polar star, of Venus, of Saturn, and of Mars, with which I have no concern ; and in this vain learning, which is so far-fetched, my food, of which I stand so much in need, is neglected. My servants aspire to science in order to please you, and all neglect nothing so much as what they have to do. To argue is the occupation of the whole of my household, and argument banishes reason from it. The one burns my roast, while reading some history ; the other dreams of verses, while I am asking for something to drink. In short, I see your example followed by them, and though I have servants, I am not served. One poor servant girl at least remained to me, whom this bad air had not infected, and behold her turned out with a great ado, because she fails to speak according to Vaugelas. I tell you, sister, that all these doings annoy me ; for it is to you, as I have told you, that I address myself. I do not care about all your people with their Latin in my house, and above all this Mr Trissotin ; it is he, who with his verses, has made you ridiculous : all his talk is so much foolish trash. One has to look for what he has said after he has spoken ; and as for me, I believe him to be a little cracked.

Phil. O Heavens ! what baseness of soul and language !

Bél. Can there be in a small body a more grovelling aggregate, a mind composed of more vulgar atoms ? And can I be of the same blood ? I mortally hate myself for belonging to your family ; and I quit the place in confusion.

SCENE VIII.

PHILAMINTE, CHRYSALE.

Phil. Have you yet some other dart to level at me ?

Ch. I ? No. Let us quarrel no longer ; it is over. Let us discourse of another matter. In your eldest daughter we perceive some aversion to the hymeneal knot ; she is in short a philosopher. I say nothing about it ; she is well ruled, and you act very well. But her younger sister is of quite a different disposition ; and I believe we should do well to provide and to choose for Henriette a husband . . .

Phil. I have thought about it, and I shall communicate to you my intention. This Mr Trissotin, who is so railed at, and who has not the honour of possessing your esteem, is the one whom I consider to be the husband that would suit her ; and I am a better judge of his merits than you are. To argue in this case is superfluous ; and my mind in this matter is quite made up. At least do not say a word about the choice of this husband ; I wish to speak to your daughter about it before you. I have reasons to make my conduct approved of, and I shall know well enough if you have informed her.

SCENE IX.

ARISTE, CHRYSALE.²⁵

Aris. Well ! brother, your wife has left this moment, and I perceive quite well that you had just some conversation together.

Ch. Yes.

Aris. And with what success ? Shall we have Henriette ? Has she consented ? Is the affair concluded ?

Ch. Not quite as yet.

²⁵ See Appendix, Note F.

Aris. Does she refuse ?

Ch. No.

Aris. Does she waver ?

Ch. In no way.

Aris. What then ?

Ch. She proposes some one else for my son-in-law.

Aris. Some one else for your son-in-law ?

Ch. Some one else.

Aris. Whose name is . . .

Ch. Mr Trissotin.

Aris. What ! this Mr Trissotin. . .

Ch. Yes, who is always talking verses and Latin.

Aris. Have you accepted him ?

Ch. I, not at all : Heaven forbid !

Aris. What answer have you made ?

Ch. None ; and right glad I am not to have spoken, so as not to bind myself.

Aris. The reason is very nice ; and you have taken a great step ! Have you at least proposed Clitandre to her ?

Ch. No ; for as I saw that there was a question of another son-in-law, I thought it better to let it alone.

Aris. Certainly, your prudence is excessively rare. Are you not ashamed of your want of firmness ? and is it possible for a man to be so weak as to leave his wife absolute power, and not dare to attack what she has resolved upon ?

Ch. Good Heavens ! brother, you speak very easily of it, but you do not know how noise troubles me. I am very fond of rest, peace, and tranquillity, and my wife is terrible in her tempers. She greatly considers the name of philosopher, but she is none the less choleric ; and her morality, which affects to despise wealth, does not operate in the least on the sting of her anger. If in the slightest matter you oppose her will, a terrible tempest rages for a

week afterwards. She makes me tremble the moment she assumes that tone; I do not know where to hide myself, for she is such a dragon; and nevertheless, with all her devilry, I am obliged to call her my heart and my love.²⁶

Aris. Come, this is mere jest. Between ourselves, your wife has mastered you through your cowardice. Her power is based only on your weakness; it is from you that she takes the title of mistress; you allow yourself to give way to her haughtiness, and are led by the nose like a fool. What! cannot you, seeing what you are called, make up your mind for once to become a man, to bring down a woman to your wishes, and take sufficient courage to say, I will have it so! You will, without shame, allow your daughter to be sacrificed to the silly visions which are holding your family in bondage, and endow a booby with all your wealth in return for six words of Latin, which he spouts to them; a pedant, whom your wife at every turn addresses as a man of wit and a great philosopher, as a man who, in gallant poetry, never had his equal, and who is nothing of the sort, as every one knows. Come, once more, it is a jest; and your cowardice deserves to be laughed at.

Ch. Yes, you are right, and I see that I am wrong. Come, I must at last show a firmer mind, brother.

Aris. That is well said.

Ch. It is an infamous thing to be thus under the sway of a woman.

Aris. Very good.

Ch. She has taken too great an advantage of my softness.

²⁶ These last words are an imitation of Plautus' *Casina*, or the *Stratagem Defeated* (Act ii., Scene 3), when Stalino, on seeing his wife Cleostrata, says: "I espy her standing there in gloominess. This plaguy baggage must be addressed by me with civility. [*Going towards her*] My own wife and my delight, what are you about?"

Aris. It is true.

Ch. Too much imposed upon my easy-going nature.

Aris. Undoubtedly.

Ch. And I will have her know this very day that my daughter is my daughter, and that I am the master, to take for her a husband who pleases me.

Aris. Now you are reasonable, and as I wish you to be.

Ch. You are for Clitandre, and know his address ; send him to me, brother, presently.

Aris. I am going there directly.

Ch. I have borne it too long, and I am going to be a man in spite of every one.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PHILAMINTE, ARMANDE, BÉLISE, TRISSOTIN, LÉPINE.

Phil. Ah ! let us seat ourselves here to listen at our ease to these verses which should be weighed word by word.

Ar. I am burning to see them.

Bél. And we are dying for them.

Phil. [*To Trissotin*] Whatever comes from you has a charm for me.

Ar. To me it is a matchless sweetness.

Bél. It is a dainty repast provided for my ears.

Phil. Do not prolong such pressing desires.

Ar. Pray hurry.

Bél. Be quick, and hasten our pleasures.

Phil. Offer your epigram to our impatience.

Tris. [*To Philaminte*] Alas ! it is but a new-born child, Madam : its fate may surely interest you ; and it is in your courtyard that I have been delivered of it.

Phil. Its father is sufficient to make it dear to me.

Tris. Your approbation may serve it as a mother.

Bél. What wit he has !

SCENE II.

HENRIETTE, PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, ARMANDE, TRISSOTIN,

LÉPINE.²⁷

Phil. [*To Henriette, who is about to withdraw*] Hullo ! why do you run away ?

Hen. It is for fear of disturbing so sweet a conversation.

Phil. Draw near, and come, intently, to take part in the pleasure of hearing some marvels.

Hen. I know but little of the beauties of people's writings, and things of wit are beyond me.

Phil. It matters not. Afterwards, I have also to tell you a secret, of which it would be as well that you were informed.

Tris. [*To Henriette*] Science has nothing that can inflame you, and your only pride is to know how to charm.

Hen. The one as little as the other ; and I have not the least desire . . .

Bél. Come ! let us see to the new-born child, pray.

Phil. [*To Lépine*] Come, lad, quick, the wherewithal to seat ourselves. [*Lépine tumbles down*] Look at the awkward fellow ! Ought people to fall after they have learned the equilibrium of things ?

Bél. Do not you see the causes of your fall, Ignoramus, and that it proceeded from your deviation from the fixed point which we call the centre of gravity.

Lép. I became aware of it, Madam, when I was on the ground.

²⁷ See Appendix, Note G.

Phil. [To *Lépine*, who goes out] The awkward booby !

Tris. Well for him he was not made of glass.

Ar. Ah ! wit everywhere !

Bél. It never lags. [They sit down.]

Phil. Now promptly dish us up your amiable repast.

Tris. For such great hunger as is shown to me, a dish of only eight verses seems very little ; and I think that I shall do no harm here in joining to the epigram, or to the madrigal, the relish of a sonnet, which a certain princess thought rather delicate. It is seasoned with attic salt throughout, and I believe you will find it of sufficiently good taste.

Ar. Ah ! I do not doubt it.

Phil. Let us give ear immediately.

Bél. [Interrupting *Trissotin* each time he is ready to begin] I feel my heart beat with pleasure beforehand. I love poetry to distraction, and especially when the verses are gallantly turned.

Phil. If we are always speaking, he cannot say anything.

Tris. A son . . .

Bél. [To *Henriette*] Silence, niece.²⁸

Tris. A sonnet to the Princess *Uranie*, on her *Aguc*.²⁹

Your prudence surely is asleep,

To treat and sumptuously to keep,

To lodge in state and luxury,

Your most hard-hearted enemy.

Bél. Ah ! what a charming beginning !

Ar. How prettily he turns things !

Phil. He alone possesses the talent for easy verses,

²⁸ *Henriette* has been saying nothing, yet *Bélise*, who talks continually, says "Silence."

²⁹ This sonnet is to be found in *The Gallant Works, in prose and in verse, of Mr Cotin*, Paris, 1663, and is called, *A Sonnet to Mademoiselle de Longueville, now Duchess of Némours, on her quartan ague*.

Ar. To *prudence asleep* we must yield up our arms.

Bél. To lodge an *enemy* is for me full of charms.

Phil. I like *sumptuously* and *state and luxury*, the joining of these last words does admirably.

Bél. Let us listen to the rest.

Tris. Your *prudence surely is asleep*,
To treat and *sumptuously to keep*,
To lodge in *state and luxury*,
Your most hard-hearted enemy.

Ar. *Prudence asleep !*

Bél. To lodge an *enemy !*

Phil. *Sumptuously*, and *state and luxury !*

Tris. *Whate'er be said, drive it away*,
From 'neath your roof's *splendid array*,
Expel the ungrateful wretch, who would
Attack a life so fair, so good.

Bél. Ah ! gently ; let me take breath, pray.

Ar. Give us leisure to admire, if you please.

Phil. One feels, at these verses, running at the bottom of one's heart, a something, I do not know what, that makes one feel faint.

Ar. *Whate'er be said, drive it away*,
From 'neath your roof's *splendid array*,

How elegantly is *'neath your roof's splendid array* expressed ; and how wittily the metaphor is put !

Phil. *Whate'er be said, drive it away !* Ah ! what an admirable taste is displayed in this *drive it away*. This, in my opinion, is an invaluable passage.

Ar. My heart is likewise smitten with *whate'er be said*.

Bél. I am of your opinion, *whate'er be said* is a happy expression.

Ar. I would like to have written it.

Bél. It is worth a whole piece.

Phil. But is the *finesse* of it really understood, as I do ?

Ar. and Bél. Oh ! oh !

Phil. *Whate'er be said, drive it away.* Though people should take the ague's part, do not pay any heed, laugh at the babbling. *Whate'er be said, drive it away, whate'er be said, whate'er be said.* This *whate'er be said* has more in it than it seems to have. As for me, I do not know, if everyone resembles me ; but I perceive a million words beneath it.

Bél. It is true, it says more things than it appears to do.

Phil. [*To Trissotin*] But when you wrote this charming *whate'er be said*, did you yourself comprehend all its energy ? Did you yourself reflect upon all which it conveys to us ? And did you at that time think of putting so much wit in it ?

Tris. Eh ! Eh !

Ar. I have also my head full of *the ungrateful wretch*, that ungrateful ague, unjust, unmannerly, which treats people ill who give it a lodging.

Phil. In short, the quatrains are both admirable. Let us come quickly to the triplets, pray.

Ar. Ah ! if you please, once more *whate'er be said*.

Tris. *Whate'er be said, drive it away.*

Phil., Ar., and Bél. *Whate'er be said !*

Tris. *From 'neath your roof's splendid array. . . .*

Phil., Ar., and Bél. *Your roof's splendid array !*

Tris. *To expel the ungrateful wretch that could. . . .*

Phil., Ar., and Bél. *This ungrateful fever !*

Tris. *Attack a life so fair, so good.*

Phil. *A life so fair, so good,*

Ar. and Bél. Ah !

Tris. *What ! not respecting your high rank,
Your noble blood it basely drank.*

Phil., Ar., and Bél. Ah !

Tris. And day and night insults you so !
 If with it to the baths you go
 Without your making more ado,
 With your own hands then drown it too.

Phil. We are exhausted.

Bél. We swoon.

Ar. We die with pleasure.

Phil. It gives one a thousand gentle shiverings.

Ar. If with it to the baths you go.

Bél. Without your making more ado.

Phil. With your own hands then drown it too. With
 your own hands, then, with your own hands, then drown
 it too.

Ar. At every step one encounters a charming trait in
 your verses.

Bél. Everywhere we wander there delighted.

Phil. One can light upon nothing but fine things in
 them.

Ar. They are small paths all strewn with roses.

Tris. The sonnet then seems to you . . .

Phil. Admirable, new ; and no one has ever made any-
 thing so fine.

Bél. [To *Henriette*] What ! were you not touched on
 hearing this ? You made but a sorry figure, niece.

Hen. Each one makes here below the figure that one can
 make, aunt ; and it is not sufficient to wish to become a
 wit, in order to be one.

Tris. Perhaps my verses are troublesome to this lady.

Hen. Not at all. I do not listen to them.

Phil. Ah ! let us have the epigram.

Tris. On a coach of an amarant colour given to a lady
 of his acquaintance.³⁰

³⁰ This epigram is in the same volume as the sonnet mentioned be-
 fore, and bears nearly the same title as the sonnet of Trissotin.

Phil. The very names of his pieces have always something peculiar.

Ar. Their novelty prepares one for a hundred fine strokes of wit.

Tris. Love has so dearly sold to me his chains,

Phil., Ar., and Bél. Ah !

Tris. That half of my estate only remains ;
And when this beauteous coach you shall behold,
On which there are embossed such heaps of gold,
That all the country wonders at the ride,
And makes my *Laïs* triumph in her pride . . .

Phil. Ah ! my *Laïs* ! There is erudition !

Bél. The disguise is pretty, and worth a million.

Tris. And when this beauteous coach you shall behold,
On which there are embossed such heaps of gold,
That all the country wonders at the ride,
And makes my *Laïs* triumph in her pride,
No longer say 'tis *amarant*,
Say rather that it is my land.

Ar. Oh ! oh ! oh ! that was not at all expected.

Phil. Only he could write in such taste.

Bél. No longer say 'tis *amarant*,
Say rather that it is my land,
This may be declined, my land, of my land, to
my land.³¹

Phil. I know not whether my mind was prepossessed in your favour, from the moment I knew you ; but I admire everywhere your verse and your prose.

Tris. [*To Philaminte*] If you would show us something of your own, we in our turn might also admire.

Phil. I have written nothing in verse ; but I have reason

³¹ The original has *Ne dis plus qu'il est amarante, dis plutôt qu'il est de ma rente*, on which *Bélise* justly remarks, " this may be declined *ma rente, de ma rente, à ma rente*."

to hope that I shall soon be able to show you, as among friends, eight chapters of the plan of our academy. Plato foolishly stopped at this project, when he wrote the treatise upon his Republic ; but I shall carry out the idea, which I have arranged in prose upon paper. For, in short, I feel strangely annoyed at the wrong which they do us with regard to wit ; and I wish to vindicate ourselves, that is my whole sex, from the unworthy class in which men place us, by confining our talents to trifling things, and by closing against us the entrance to sublime lights.

Ar. It is giving too great an offence to our sex to extend the effort of our intelligence no farther than to judge about a skirt, or the shape of a mantle, or the beauties of a piece of lace, or of a new brocade.

Bél. We must rise from this shameful condition, and openly set our genius at liberty.

Tris. My respect for the ladies at all times is well known ; and, if I render homage to the brilliancy of their eyes, I also honour the light of their intelligence.

Phil. The sex likewise does you justice on this point ; but we wish to show to certain wits, whose proud knowledge treats us with disdain, that women are also endowed with learning ; that, like them, they can hold learned assemblies, conducted by better rules ; inasmuch as they wish to unite what they separate elsewhere,³² join fine language to the higher sciences, explore nature by a thousand experiments, and upon any question that may be proposed, bring in each sect, and espouse the opinions of none.

Tris. For order, I hold by peripateticism.³³

Phil. For abstractions, I love platonism.

Ar. Epicurus pleases me, and his dogmas are strong.

³² An allusion to the French Academy, founded in 1633, and the Academy of Sciences, founded in 1666.

³³ That is the doctrine of Aristotle.

Bél. I accommodate myself sufficiently well to the atomic system; but I think a vacuum is difficult to be endured, and I relish the subtle matter much better.

Tris. As for the properties of the magnet, Descartes agrees with my opinion.

Ar. I am fond of his vortices.

Phil. I, of his falling worlds.

Ar. I am anxious to see our assembly opened, and that we should signalize ourselves by some discovery.

Tris. We expect much from your enlightened opinions; for nature has few things that are dark to you.

Phil. As for me, without flattering myself, I have already made one, and I have clearly seen men in the moon.

Bél. I have not seen men as yet, as I think; but I have seen steeples as clearly as I see you.

Ar. We shall probe grammar, history, poetry, moral philosophy, and politics, as well as physics.

Phil. Moral philosophy has charms by which my heart is smitten; and it was formerly the passion of great minds; but I yield the palm to the Stoics, and I find nothing so beautiful as their wise men.

Ar. As for the language, they shall see our regulations in a little time, and we pretend to make some revolutions.³⁴ Through antipathy, either just or natural, we have each of us conceived a mortal hatred for a number of words, whether verbs, or nouns which we mutually abandon. Against them we are preparing deadly sentences, and we design to open our learned conferences by the proscription of all those divers words of which we wish to purge both prose and poetry.³⁵

³⁴ The *précieuses* really held dissertations about the language, and first brought into use many energetic phrases, and the present orthography.

³⁵ Several members of the Academy intended to banish from the French language such words as *car*, *encore*, *néanmoins*, *pourquoi*, and several others.

Phil. But the most beautiful project of our academy, a noble enterprise, with which I am delighted, a design full of glory, and which shall be lauded among all the great minds of posterity, is the retrenching of these filthy syllables which cause a scandal in the finest words, these eternal playthings of the fools of all times, these nauseous common-places of our sorry jokers, these sources of a mass of infamous equivocations with which they insult the modesty of women.

Tris. These are certainly admirable projects.

Bél. You shall see our statutes when they shall be made.

Tris. All are certain to be beautiful and wise.

Ar. We shall be, by our laws, the judges of works ; by our laws, prose and verse, everything shall be submitted to us. No one shall have any wit beyond ourselves and friends.³⁶ We shall seek everywhere to find something to cavil at, and shall see none but ourselves able to write well.

SCENE III.

PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, ARMANDE, HENRIETTE, TRISSOTIN,
LÉPINE.

Lép. [*To Trissotin*] A man is there, Sir, who wishes to speak to you ; he is dressed in black, and speaks in a soft tone. [*They rise.*]

Tris. It is that learned friend who has pressed me so much to procure him the honour of your acquaintance.

Phil. You have our full consent to introduce him.

[*Trissotin goes to meet Vadius.*]

³⁶ This saying, *Nul n'aura de l'esprit, hors nous et nos amis*, has become proverbial, and seems to be aimed at Ménage and his clique.

SCENE IV.

PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, ARMANDE, HENRIETTE.

Phil. [*To Armande and to Bélise*] Let us do well the honours at least of our wit. [*To Henriette, who wishes to go*] Hullo! I have told you very distinctly that I want you.

Hen. But for what?

Phil. Come hither; we shall let you know shortly.

SCENE V.

TRISSOTIN, VADIUS, PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, ARMANDE,
HENRIETTE.

Tris. [*Presenting Vadius*] Behold the man who is dying to see you. In introducing him here I do not fear being blamed for having admitted a profane among you, Madam. He can hold his own amongst the wits.

Phil. The hand that presents him is sufficient guarantee.

Tris. He has a perfect knowledge of the old authors, and he knows Greek, Madam, as well as any man in France.

Phil. [*To Bélise*] Greek, O Heavens! Greek! He knows Greek, sister!

Bél. [*To Armande*] Ah! niece, Greek!

Arm. Greek! how charming!

Phil. What! this gentleman knows Greek! Ah! permit me, pray, that, for the love of Greek, Sir, I embrace you.

[*Vadius embraces Bélise and Armande also.*]

Hen. [*To Vadius, who wishes to embrace her also*] Excuse me, Sir, I do not understand Greek.

[*They sit down.*]

Phil. I have a marvellous respect for Greek books.

Vad. I fear that, through the anxiety which prompts me to pay you my respects to-day, Madam, I am intruding; and that I shall be disturbing some learned conversation.



Phil. With Greek, Sir, nothing can be spoilt.

Tris. Besides, he does wonders in verse as well as prose, and could, if he would, show you something.

Vad. The fault of authors is to tyrannize in conversation with their productions; in being at the *Palais*,³⁷ in public walks,³⁸ at the *ruelles*,³⁹ at table, the indefatigable reciters of their own tiresome verses. As for me, I see nothing more absurd, according to my opinion, than an author who goes begging everywhere for incense, who, catching the ears of the first comers, often makes them the martyrs of his vigils. I have never had this foolish hobby; and I am, on this subject, of the opinion of a Greek who, by an express dogma, forbids all his followers the undignified eagerness of reading their own works. Here are some small verses for young lovers, upon which I should like to have your opinions.

Tris. Your verses have charms which no others have.

Vad. The Graces and Venus reign in all yours.

Tris. Your turn is unconstrained, and you choose your words well.

Vad. Throughout all your works the *ithos* and *pathos*⁴⁰ are seen.

Tris. We have had some eclogues from you, which surpass in sweet charms Theocritus and Virgil.⁴¹

Vad. Your odes have a noble ring, gallant and sweet, which leave Horace very far behind.⁴²

Tris. Is there aught more amorous than your little songs?

³⁷ See page 137, note 10.

³⁸ The original has *Cours*.

³⁹ See Vol. I., page 234, note 25.

⁴⁰ These are terms of rhetoric borrowed from the Greek; the first means *morals*, the second *feeling*.

⁴¹ *Ménage* wrote some eclogues which had a certain reputation.

⁴² This mutual flattery of Trissotin and Vadius has been suggested by a passage from Erasmus' *Praise of Folly*.

Vad. Is there anything to equal your sonnets ?

Tris. There is nothing so charming as your little *ron-deaux*.

Vad. Nothing so full of wit as your madrigals.

Tris. In the ballads, above all, you are admirable.

Vad. And in *bouts-rimés* I think you adorable.⁴³

Tris. If France could but know your worth.

Vad. If the age did but render justice to men of wit.

Tris. In a gilded coach you would pass through the streets.

Vad. We should see the public erect statues to you [*to Trissotin*] Hm ! it is a ballad, and I should like you to tell me plainly. . . .

Tris. [*To Vadius*] Have you seen a little sonnet on the ague which has attacked the Princess Uranie.⁴⁴

Vad. Yes ; it was read to me yesterday in a certain company.

Tris. Do you know the author of it ?

Vad. No ; but I know well enough that, not to flatter him, his sonnet is worth nothing.

Tris. Many people think it admirable, however.

Vad. That does not prevent it from being very wretched ; and if you had read it, you would be of my way of thinking.

Tris. I know that I should differ with you on this subject, and that few people are capable of such a sonnet.

Vad. Heaven preserve me from writing such !

Tris. I maintain that nothing better could be written ; and my great reason is, that I am the author of it.

⁴³ *Bouts-rimés* are verses in which the final words were given first, and which had then to be filled up.

⁴⁴ Trissotin and Vadius are both anxious to shine before the ladies, and as soon as the latter wishes to read his ballad, the former begins to speak of his sonnet.

Vad. You ?

Tris. I.

Vad. I do not know then how the affair happened.

Tris. It is that I was not fortunate enough to be able to please you.

Vad. I must have been absent-minded in listening to it, or the reader must have spoilt me the sonnet.⁴⁵ But let us drop the subject and look to my ballad.

Tris. A ballad, to my taste, is an insipid thing ; it is no longer the fashion ; it smacks of ancient times.

Vad. The ballad, however, charms many people.

Tris. That does not prevent it from displeasing me.

Vad. It remains none the worse for that.

Tris. It has wondrous charms for certain pedants.

Vad. And yet we see that it does not please you.

Tris. You foolishly attribute your own qualities to others.

[*They all rise.*]

Vad. You throw yours at me very impertinently.

Tris. Go along, you little dunce, you pitiful scribbler.

Vad. Go along, you doggerel rhymester,⁴⁶ you disgrace of the profession.

Tris. Go along, you second-hand verse-dealer, you impudent plagiarist.

Vad. Go along, you numbskull . . .

Phil. He ! gentlemen, what are you about ?

Tris. [*To Vadius*] Go, go, and make restitution of your

⁴⁵ Madame de Sévigné mentions in one of her letters a similar fact, how Louis XIV. deceived an old courtier, the Marshal de Grammont, by asking his opinion about a madrigal, which the king pretended to think rather feeble. De Grammont thought it wretched, and was quite dumbfounded when Louis told him that he was himself the author of it.

⁴⁶ The original has *rimeur de balle*, because things of inferior quality were called *marchandises de balle*, from *balle*, a hawker's bale.

shameful larcenies which the Greeks and Latins claim from you.⁴⁷

Vad. Go, go, and do penance to Parnassus, for having maimed Horace with your verses.

Tris. Remember your book, and the little stir it caused.

Vad. And you, your publisher reduced to the hospital.

Tris. My fame is established ; you attack it in vain.

Vad. Yes, yes ; I refer you to the author of the Satires.

Tris. I refer you also to him.

Vad. I have the satisfaction of people seeing that he has treated me more honourably. He gives me a slight dig⁴⁸ by the way, among many authors who are esteemed at the *Palais* ; but he never leaves you in peace in his verses, and we find you a butt for his arrows throughout.

Tris. It is by this that I hold the more honourable rank. He places you among the crowd like a miserable being ; he thinks one blow enough to knock you down, and has never done you the honour to repeat it. But he attacks me apart as a noble adversary, against whom all his efforts seem necessary ; and his blows, repeated against me everywhere, show that he never believes himself certain of the victory.

Vad. My pen shall teach you what sort of man I can be.

Tris. And mine will make you see your master.

Vad. I defy you in verse, prose, Greek, and Latin.

Tris. Well ! we shall see each other alone at Barbin.⁴⁹

⁴⁷ Ménage is said to have pilfered a great deal from the ancients.

⁴⁸ Boileau has attacked Ménage only once, and that slightly, in his fourth Satire.

⁴⁹ Barbin was one of the chief booksellers of the time, and his shop was at the *Palais*.

SCENE VI.

TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTE, ARMANDE, BÉLISE, HENRIETTE.

Tris. Do not blame me for giving way to my temper ; it is your judgment which I defend, Madam, in the sonnet which he has had the audacity to attack.

Phil. It shall be my care to reconcile you. But let us speak of something else. Draw near, Henriette. For a long time my heart has been uneasy, because I could never perceive any trace of wit in you ; but I have found the means of making you have some.

Hen. You take pains for me which are unnecessary ; learned conversations are not at all in my way : I love to live at ease ; and, in whatever is said, one must take too much trouble to become clever ; it is an ambition which does not at all enter my mind. I find myself very well, mother, in being stupid ; and I prefer having nothing but common-place talk to tormenting myself to say fine words.

Phil. Yes ; but I am hurt at it, and it does not suit me to bear, in my own family, such a disgrace. Beauty of countenance is but a frail ornament, a transitory flower, the dazzle of a moment, which exists but in the epidermis ; but that of the mind is inherent and firm. I have, therefore, long looked for some way to give you that beauty which years cannot reap, to inspire you with a love for learning, and to instil into you a desire for fine knowledge ; and, in short, the thought to which my wishes have tended, is to attach to you a man replete with intelligence. [*Pointing to Trissotin*] And that man is this gentleman, whom I command you to look upon as the husband whom my choice intends for you.

Hen. I ! mother ?

Phil. Yes, you. Play the fool a little.

Bel. [*To Trissotin*] I understand you : your eyes demand

my consent to pledge elsewhere a heart which I possess. Go, I am willing. To this bond I surrender you ; it is a union that will be the making of you.

Tris. [*To Henriette*] I do not know what to say to you in my delight, Madam ; and this union, with which I see myself honoured, puts me . . .

Hen. Gently, Sir ; it is not yet concluded : do not hurry yourself so much.

Phil. How you answer ! Do you know that . . . ? Enough. You understand me. [*To Trissotin*] She will be sensible. Come, let us leave her.

SCENE VII.

HENRIETTE, ARMANDE.

Ar. We see shining forth our mother's care for you ; and she could not have chosen a more illustrious husband . . .

Hen. If the choice be so fine, why do not you take it ?

Ar. It is to you, not to me, that his hand is given.

Hen. I surrender it all, as to my elder sister.

Ar. If wedlock were invested with any charm for me, as it is for you, I should accept your offer with delight.

Hen. If I had, like you, my head full of pedants, I should think him a very decent match.

Ar. Though our tastes in this may be different, we ought, however, to obey our parents, sister. A mother has an absolute power over us ; and you believe in vain, by your resistance . . .

SCENE VIII.

CHRYSALE, ARISTE, CLITANDRE, HENRIETTE, ARMANDE.

Ch. [*To Henriette, presenting Clitandre to her*] Come, daughter, you must approve my design. Take off your

glove. Take this gentleman's hand, and henceforth consider him in your heart, as a man whose wife I wish you to be.

Ari. On this side your likings are very strong, sister.

Hen. We must obey our parents, sister. A father has absolute power over our wishes.

Ari. A mother has her claim to our obedience.

Ch. What does it mean?

Ari. I say that I apprehend much that on this my mother and you will not agree; and that it is another husband . . .

Ch. Hold your tongue, you saucy jade; go and have your fill at philosophizing with her; and do not concern yourself with my actions. Tell her my mind, and take care to warn her not to come and pester my ears. Go quickly.

SCENE IX.

CHRYSALE, ARISTE, HENRIETTE, CLITANDRE.

Ari. Very good. You have done wonders.

Cli. What transport! what joy! Ah, how sweet is my lot!

Ch. [*To Clitandre*] Come, take her hand, and go before us; conduct her to her room. Ah! the sweet caresses! [*To Ariste*] There, my heart leaps at all these tender signs; it makes my old days feel young again, and I look back upon my youthful love affairs.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PHILAMINTE, ARMANDE.

Ar. Yes, nothing has kept her mind in check ; she is proud of her obedience. Scarcely has her heart given itself time to receive the order in my presence before it surrendered, and seemed less to follow the wishes of a father than affect to defy the orders of a mother.

Phil. I shall soon show her to whose orders the laws of reason subject her wishes, and who is to control, her mother or her father, the mind or the body, the form or the matter.

Ar. The compliment of it was, at least, due to you : and this little gentleman behaves strangely in wishing to become your son-in-law, in spite of you.

Phil. He is not there yet where his heart aspires to be. I thought him well enough, and I looked with pleasure on your love-affairs ; but he has always displeased me in his way of acting. He knew, Heaven be thanked, that I was an author ; and yet he never asked me to read anything to him.

SCENE II.

CLITANDRE, entering softly, and listening without being seen, ARMANDE, PHILAMINTE.

Ar. I should not allow, if I were you, that he should ever become the husband of Henriette. It would be doing me a great wrong to imagine that I speak about this as an interested girl, and that the scurvy trick which he plays me produces some secret spite at the bottom of my heart. Against such blows the soul is strengthened by the solid assistance of philosophy, and through her we may place ourselves above everything ; but to treat you thus is to

drive you to extremes. It becomes your honour to oppose his wishes ; and he is a man, in short, who ought not to please you. Between ourselves, I never knew that in his inmost heart he had any esteem for you.

Phil. The little fool !

Ar. Whatever praises were uttered about you, he always seemed like ice when it came to lauding you.

Phil. The coarse man !

Ar. And twenty times I have read him, as a novelty, some of your verses which he did not like.

Phil. The impertinent fellow !

Ar. We often quarrelled about it ; and you would not believe how much nonsense . . .

Cl. [*To Armande*] Eh ! gently, pray. A little charity, Madam, or, at least, a little honesty. What harm have I done to you ? and what is my offence, to have all your eloquence up in arms against me ? to wish to destroy me, and to take so much trouble in making me odious with people of whom I stand in need ? Speak, say, whence comes this terrible anger ? I have no objection that this lady should honestly judge between us.

Ar. If I harboured this anger of which you wish to accuse me, I should find sufficient to justify it. You but too well deserve it ; and a first love establishes such sacred rights upon the heart, that sooner than burn with the flame of another passion, one should lose one's fortune, and renounce life. Nothing equals the horror of a change in love ; and every faithless heart is a monster in morality.

Cl. Do you account it an infidelity, Madam, to do what the pride of your heart has commanded me ? I only obey its commands ; and, if I offend you, that alone is the cause of it. Your charms at first possessed my whole heart ; it burned constantly for two years ; no assiduous attentions, duties, respects, services, but what it sacrificed lovingly to

you. All my affection, all my attentions, avail nothing with you ; I find you opposed to my sweetest aspirations. What you refuse, I offer to another. Now judge. Is it, Madam, my fault or yours ? Does my heart run after change, or does yours goad me to it ? Is it I who leaves you, or you who drive me away ?

Ar. Do you call it being opposed to your desires, Sir, to deprive them of what was vulgar in them, and to wish to reduce them to that purity wherein consists the beauty of perfect love ? You cannot for me keep your thoughts clear and disentangled from the commerce of the senses ; and you do not taste, as its sweetest charms, this union of hearts, in which the bodies are not concerned. You cannot love except with a gross love, and with all its train of material bonds : and, to feed the flames produced in your heart, a marriage and all its sequel is necessary. Ah ! what strange love, and how far removed are noble souls from burning with such terrestrial flames ! The senses have no share in all their ardours ; and this lovely fire unites nought but hearts. It leaves the rest as an unworthy matter ; it is a fire, pure and clear as the heavenly fire ; one utters nought but virtuous sighs, and does not tend towards filthy desires. Nothing impure is mixed with the proposed aim ; one loves for the sake of love, and for nothing else ; it is to the mind only that all transports are directed, and one never perceives that one has a body.

Cl. As for me, to my misfortune, Madam, I perceive but too plainly that I have a body as well as a soul ; I feel that it sticks too closely to it to leave it aside. I do not know the art of these separations ; Heaven has denied me this philosophy, and my body and soul go together. There is nothing more beautiful, as you have observed, than these purified desires, which regard the mind only, this union of hearts, and these tender thoughts so disentangled

from the commerce of the senses. But for *mé* such affections are too subtle ; I am somewhat gross, as you accuse me ; I love with my whole self, and the love with which I am inspired, is meant, I confess, for the whole person. This is not a matter for very great punishments ; and, without wronging your fine sentiments, I perceive that in the world my method is greatly followed, and that marriage is much the fashion, and that it passes for a sufficiently sweet and honourable tie, for me to have desired to become your husband, without the liberty of such a thought giving you the least reason for being offended.

Ar. Well ! Sir, well ! since your coarse sentiments wish to gratify themselves, without listening to me ; since, to induce you to remain faithful, there must be carnal bonds, corporeal chains, if my mother wishes it, I shall make up my mind to consent for your sake to what we were speaking of.

Cli. It is too late, Madam, another has taken your place ; and it would ill become me to repay in such a manner the protection, and wound the kindness that sheltered me against your pride.

Phil. But in short, Sir, do you count upon my consent when you contemplate this other marriage ? and, if you please, do you imagine, that I have another husband quite ready for Henriette ?

Cli. Eh ! Madam, consider your choice, I pray ; expose me, I beseech you, to less ignominy, and do not consign me to the humbling lot of seeing myself the rival of Mr Trissotin. The love of wits, which makes you thwart me, cannot oppose me a less noble adversary. There are many men, whom the bad taste of the age has given credit for being wits ; but Mr Trissotin has not been able to dupe any one, and all do justice to the writings which he gives us. Except here, he is valued everywhere at his

real worth ; and what has a score of times astonished me, is to find you exalt to the skies silly verses which you would have disavowed, if you had made them yourself.

Phil. If you judge him altogether otherwise than we, it is because we see him with other eyes than yours.

SCENE III.

TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTE, ARMANDE, CLITANDRE.

Tris. [*To Philaminte*] I have come to tell you a great piece of news. We have, Madam, while sleeping, had a narrow escape. A world has passed along by us, has fallen across our vortex, and, if it had on its way met with our earth, it would have been broken into pieces, like glass.⁵⁰

Phil. Let us remit this conversation to another opportunity. This gentleman would find neither rhyme nor reason in it ; he professes to love ignorance, and above all to hate wit and learning.

Cl. This truth requires some qualification. I shall explain myself, Madam ; and I hate only the wit and learning that spoil people. They are things which, in themselves, are good and great ; but I should prefer being in the rank of those who are ignorant to being learned like certain persons.

Tris. For my part, I do not think that learning can spoil anything, whatever may be supposed.

Cl. And it is my opinion, that in facts as well as in conversations, science often makes great fools.

Tris. That is a great paradox.

Cl. Without being very clever, the proof of it would, I think, be very easy to me. If reasons failed, I am sure that in any case famous examples would not fail me.

⁵⁰ Cotin had published a very long dissertation, called *A Gallantry about the Comet which appeared in December 1664 and January 1665*.

Tris. You might quote some which would prove hardly anything.

Cl. I should not have far to go to find what I want.

Tris. For my part, I do not see those famous examples.

Cl. As for me, I see them so plainly, that they stare me in the face.

Tris. I have hitherto believed that it was ignorance which made great fools, and not learning.

Cl. You have believed very wrongly, and I will be bound that a learned fool is more foolish than an ignorant fool.

Tris. Common opinion is against your maxims, since ignorant and fool are synonymous terms.

Cl. If you will take it according to the use of the word, the affinity is greater between pedant and fool.

Tris. Folly, in the one, appears perfectly pure.

Cl. And study, in the other, adds to nature.

Tris. Learning in itself has eminent merit.

Cl. Learning in a fop becomes impertinent.

Tris. Ignorance must have great charms for you, since you take up arms so eagerly in its defence.

Cl. If ignorance has such great charms for me, it is since I have seen certain learned men.

Tris. Those certain learned men may, when they are known, be worth certain other people who are not far off.

Cl. Yes, if certain learned people were to be judges; but would people agree to it?

Phil. [*To Clitandre*] It seems to me, sir. . . .

Cl. Eh! Madam, pray; this gentleman is strong enough without you coming to his aid. I have already too formidable an assailant, and if I defend myself, I only do so by retreating.

Ar. But the offensive sharpness of each repartee of which you. . . .

Clé. Another second ! I give up the game.

Phil. We allow these kinds of combats in conversation, provided the person be not attacked.

Clé. Eh, good Heavens ! all this has nothing in it to offend him ; he understands raillery as well as any man in France ; and he has felt himself goaded with many other points, without his glory ever doing aught but smiling at it.⁵¹

Tris. I am not astonished to see this gentleman set forth the thesis in the combat which I maintain ; he is much at court, that is saying everything. The court, it is well known, does not stand up for wit. It has some interest in supporting ignorance, Madam ; and it is as a courtier that he takes up its defence.

Clé. You are very hard upon this poor court ; and its misfortune is great to find you gentlemen of wit every day declaiming against it ; laying all your annoyances at its door, and quarrelling with it upon its bad taste, accusing no one but it upon your ill success. Permit me to tell you, Mr Trissotin, with all the respect with which your name inspires me, that you and your brethren would do very well to speak of the court in somewhat gentler tones ; and that, after all, it is not so silly as you and these other gentlemen imagine ; that it has common sense to judge of everything ; that some good taste may be formed there, and that the knowledge of the world which is there displayed is, without flattery, worth all the obscure learning of pedantry.

Tris. Of its good taste, Sir, we behold the effects.

Clé. Where, Sir, do you see that it is so bad ?

Tris. What do I see, Sir ? Is it that as regards learning Rasius and Baldus are an honour to France ; and that all their merit, clear as day, attracts neither the eyes nor the gifts of the court.

⁵¹ The Abbé Cotin was pretty quarrelsome, and had had many literary disputes.

Cli. I perceive your annoyance, Sir, and that, from modesty, you do not place yourself among them; and, not to bring you therefore into the question, what do these able heroes do for the state? in what way are their writings of any service to it to accuse the court of a horrible injustice, and to complain everywhere that it fails to bestow the favour of its gifts on their learned names? Their learning is very necessary to France! and the court cares much about the books which they write! Three beggarly fellows take it into their narrow heads, that if they are only printed and bound in calf they are important persons in the state; that with their pens they shape the destiny of crowns; that at the slightest rumour of their productions, pensions ought to come flying to them; that the universe has its eyes on them; that the glory of their name is bruited about everywhere; and that they are famous prodigies in learning, because they know what others have said before them, because they have had eyes and ears for the last thirty years, and because they have spent nine or ten thousand nights in confusing themselves with Greek and Latin, and loading their minds with the unintelligible booty of all the old trash that lies scattered about in books. People who always seem drunk with their learning; have no other merit than an abundance of troublesome talk; good for nothing, void of common sense, and full of a ridicule and an impertinence to decry everywhere wit and learning.

Phil. Your warmth is great; and this violence marks the movement of nature in you. It is the name of rival which excites in your heart. . . .

SCENE IV.

TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTE, CLITANDRE, ARMANDE, JULIEN.

Jul. The learned gentleman who just now paid you a visit, and whose humble servant I have the honour to be, requests you to read this note.

Phil. However important the letter may be which I am desired to read, know, friend, that it is a piece of rudeness to come to interrupt people in the midst of a conversation; and that as a servant who knows how to behave, you should have recourse to the people of the house to be introduced.

Jul. I shall note that down in my book, Madam.

Phil. [Reads] "*Trissotin has boasted, Madam, that he is to marry your daughter. Let me inform you that his philosophy aims only at your wealth, and that you would do well not to conclude this marriage until you have read the poem which I am composing against him. Whilst this sketch is preparing, in which I mean to depict him in all his colours, I send you Horace, Virgil, Terence and Catullus, where you will see noted down on the margin all the passages which he has pillaged.*"

On account of this intended marriage, a man of merit is attacked by many enemies; and this very villifying induces me to-day to do an action which shall confound envy, and make it feel that its efforts accelerate the execution of that which it wishes to undo. [To Julien] Let your master immediately know this; and tell him that to show what great store I set on his noble counsels, and how worthy I think them of being acted upon, this very evening I marry him [Pointing to Trissotin] to my daughter.

SCENE V.

PHILAMINTE, ARMANDE, CLITANDRE.⁵²

Phil. [To *Clitandre*] You, Sir, as a friend of the whole family, may assist at the signing of the contract; and I wish to invite you to it. Armande, take care to send for the notary, and to inform your sister of the business.

Ar. There is no need to inform my sister; this gentleman here will charge himself with the trouble of running and carrying her the news very soon, and of disposing her heart to be rebellious against you.

Phil. We shall see who will have the greatest power over her, and if I shall be able to bring her to her duty.

SCENE VI.

ARMANDE, CLITANDRE.

Ar. I regret much to see, Sir, that matters do not altogether turn out as you wished.

Cli. I am going to set about it zealously, Madam, so as not to leave you so much regret in your heart.

Ar. I am afraid that your efforts will not have too good a result.

Cli. Perhaps you will not see your fear realised.

Ar. I hope so.

Cli. I am convinced of it, and that I shall be assisted by your support.

Ar. Yes, I am going to serve you with all my might.

Cli. And this service is sure of my gratitude.

⁵² See Appendix, Note H.

SCENE VII.

CHRYSALE, ARISTE, HENRIETTE, CLITANDRE.

Cli. Without your support, I should be unhappy; your wife has rejected my addresses, and in her prejudiced heart wishes Trissotin for her son-in-law.

Ch. But what fancy has she got hold of? Why the deuce does she wish for this Mr Trissotin?

Ari. It is because his name has the honour of rhyming with Latin, that he gains an advantage over his rival.

Cli. She wishes to conclude this marriage this very evening.

Ch. This evening?

Cli. This evening.

Ch. And this evening, I have made up my mind to marry you two, to thwart her.

Cli. She has sent for the notary to draw up the contract.

Ch. And I am going to fetch him for the one he is to draw up.

Cli. [*Pointing to Henriette*] And this lady ought to be informed by her sister of the marriage to which they wish her to consent.

Ch. And I command her, with plenary power, to prepare her hand for this other union. Ah! I will show if there be another master than myself in my house, to lay down the law. [*To Henriette*] We are coming back, take care to wait for us. Come, follow me, brother, and you also, son-in-law.

Hen. [*To Ariste*] Alas! try to keep him always in this humour.

Ari. I shall do everything to serve your love.

SCENE VIII.

HENRIETTE, CLITANDRE.

Cli. Whatever powerful aid he promises to my flame, my greatest hope is in your heart, Madam.

Hen. As for my heart, you may be assured of that.

Cli. I cannot but be happy, when I have its support.

Hen. You see to what marriage they attempt to compel it.

Cli. As long as it shall be mine, I see nothing to fear.

Hen. I am going to try everything to see our sweetest wishes fulfilled; and if all my efforts do not make me yours, there exists a retreat where the soul can fly to, and which shall prevent me from belonging to any other person.

Cli. May a just Heaven forfend that I should ever receive such a proof of your affection !

ACT V. SCENE I.

HENRIETTE, TRISSOTIN.

Hen. It is about the marriage for which my mother is preparing that I wished, Sir, to talk to you face-to-face; and I thought that in the trouble in which I see the whole household plunged, I might make you listen to reason. I know that you expect me to bring you a considerable marriage portion: but money, of which so many people are fond, has only charms unworthy of a real philosopher; and the contempt for wealth and frivolous grandeur ought not to shine in your words alone.

Tris. Nor is it that which charms me in you; and your brilliant attractions, your piercing and soft eyes, your gracefulness and your air, are the wealth, the riches which draw

my affection and my tenderness towards you : these are the * only treasures of which I am enamoured.

Hen. I am much beholden to your generous flame. Such obliging love confounds me, and I regret, Sir, not to be able to respond to it. I esteem you as much as one can esteem; but I find an obstacle to loving you. A heart, you know, cannot belong to two people ; and I feel that Clitandre has made himself master of mine. I know that he has much less merit than you, that I am no good observer when I choose him for a husband ; that by a hundred fine accomplishments, you ought to please me ; I see well enough that I am wrong, but I cannot help it ; and the only effect which reason has upon me is to make me angry with myself for being so blind.

Tris. The gift of your hand, to which I am encouraged to pretend, shall also give me that heart which Clitandre possesses ; and I have reason to presume that by a thousand gentle cares I may find the secret of making myself beloved.

Hen. No ; my heart is attached to its first affections, and cannot be touched, Sir, by your attentions. I dare explain myself freely with you here, nor has my avowal anything to offend you. This affectionate ardour, which springs up in the heart, is not, as is well known, an effect of merit : fancy takes its share in it ; and, when some one pleases us, we often find a difficulty in saying why it is so. If we could love, Sir, by choice and prudence, you should have my whole heart, and my whole tenderness ; but we see that love is controlled otherwise. Leave me, I pray, to my blindness, and do not take advantage of this violence, which, for your sake, they wish to do to my obedience. A gallant man wishes to owe nothing to the power which parents have over us. He has a repugnance to see the object of his love sacrificed, and does not wish to obtain a heart except from that heart itself. Do not drive my mother to wish, by her

*choice, to exercise her utmost rights upon my inclinations. Take back your love from me, and bear to some other the homage of a heart so precious as yours.

Tris. How can this heart obey you? Impose upon it any commands which it can execute. Can it be capable of not loving you, unless you cease, Madam, to be loveable, and to display to people's eyes heavenly charms . . .

Hen. Nay, Sir, a truce to this idle nonsense. You have so many Irises, Philises, Amarantes, which throughout your verses you paint as charming, and to whom you vow so much amorous ardour. . . .

Tris. It is my mind that speaks, and not my heart. I am enamoured of them only as a poet; but I love in all earnest the adorable Henriette.

Hen. Eh! pray, Sir. . . .

Tris. If it offend you, my offence towards you is not likely to cease. This ardour, hitherto ignored by you, swears to be devoted to you for ever. Nothing can stay its loving transports; and, although your charms condemn my efforts, I cannot refuse the aid of a mother, who proposes to crown so dear a flame; and, provided I obtain so sweet a happiness, provided you become mine, the rest does not matter.

Hen. But do you know that you risk a little more than you imagine by using violence with a heart; that it is not very safe, to speak frankly to you, to marry a girl in spite of herself; and that she may have recourse, by seeing herself forced, to resentments which a husband ought to fear?

Tris. Such a discourse has nothing in it to make me uneasy; a wise man is prepared for all emergencies. Cured by reason, of all vulgar weaknesses, he places himself above such things, and takes care not to feel the least annoyance at anything which does not depend upon himself.

Hen. In truth, Sir, I am delighted with you; and I did not imagine that philosophy was so beautiful as it is, thus to

teach people to bear with equanimity such accidents. This firmness of soul, so singular in you, deserves to have an illustrious subject to work upon, is worthy to find some one who lovingly takes continual pains to place it in its full light ; and, as in truth, I dare not believe myself very fit to give it all the brilliancy of its glory, I leave it to some one else, and swear to you, between ourselves, that I renounce the happiness of seeing you my husband.

Tris. [Going] We shall soon see how the affair will go on ; for they have already got the notary within.

SCENE II.

CHRYSALE, CLITANDRE, HENRIETTE, MARTINE.

Ch. Ah ! daughter, I am glad to see you ; come, come, and do your duty, and submit your wishes to the will of a father. I intend, I mean to teach your mother how to behave ; and, the better to brave her, here is Martine whom, in spite of her, I bring back and re-instate in the house.

Hen. Your resolutions are worthy of praise. Take care not to change this disposition, father ; be firm in having your wishes carried out ; and do not allow them to induce you to abandon your good intentions. Do not unbend, and manage to prevent my mother from gaining a victory over you.

Ch. How ! Do you take me for a booby ?

Hen. Heaven preserve me from it !

Ch. Am I a simpleton, please ?

Hen. I do not say so.

Ch. Am I thought incapable of the steadfast sentiments of a reasonable man ?

Hen. No, father.

Ch. Should I not have the sense, at my age, to be master in my own house ?

Hen. Yes, indeed.

Ch. Should I be so weak in mind as to be led by the nose by my wife ?

Hen. Eh ! no, father.

Ch. Lack-a-day ! What, then, does all this mean ? I think you very facetious to speak to me thus !

Hen. If I have offended you, it was not my intention.

Ch. My will shall be carried out in everything in this house.

Hen. Very well, father.

Ch. No one, but myself, has the right to command in this house.

Hen. Yes ; you are right.

Ch. It is I who hold the place of head of the family.

Hen. Agreed.

Ch. It is I who have to dispose of the hand of my daughter.

Hen. Eh ! yes.

Ch. Heaven gives me full authority over you.

Hen. Who says the contrary ?

Ch. And I shall soon show you that you have to obey your father, and not your mother, in taking a husband.

Hen. Alas ! you flatter in this the sweetest of my inclinations ; to obey you is all I wish.

Ch. We shall see if my wife opposes my wishes . . .

Clit. Here she comes bringing the notary with her.

Ch. Second me well, all of you.

Mar. Leave it to me. I shall take care to encourage you if there be any need of it.

SCENE III.

PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, ARMANDE, TRISSOTIN, A NOTARY,
CHRYSALE, CLITANDRE, HENRIETTE, MARTINE.⁵³

Phil. [*To the Notary*] Could not you change your barbarous style, and give us a contract in beautiful language?

Not. Our style is very good, Madam, and I should be a fool to wish to change one word of it.

Bél. Ah! what barbarism in the very midst of France! But at least, out of regard for learning, Sir, be kind enough to enumerate the dowry in minæ and talents instead of in crowns, livres, and francs, and to date by the words of ides and calends.

Not. I? If I were to grant your requests, Madam, I should find myself hooted by all my colleagues.

Phil. We complain in vain against this barbarism. Come, Sir, sit down and write [*Perceiving Martine*] Ah! ah! this impudent girl dares to shew her face here again! Why, pray, bring her back to my house?

Ch. By-and-bye, at our leisure, we shall tell you. Now we have other matters to look after.

Not. Let us proceed to the contract. Where is the intended bride?

Phil. She whom I marry is the youngest daughter.

Not. Very well.

Ch. [*Pointing to Henriette*] Yes, here she is, Sir. Her name is Henriette.

Not. Very good. And the intended bridegroom?

Phil. [*Pointing to Trissotin*] The husband whom I give her is this gentleman.

Ch. [*Pointing to Clitandre*] And the one whom I myself intend her to marry is this gentleman.

⁵³ See Appendix, Note I.

Not. Two husbands ! It is one too many, according to custom.

Phil. [*To the Notary*] Why do you stop ? Set down, set down Mr Trissotin, for my son-in-law.

Ch. For my son-in-law, set down, set down, Mr Clitandre.

Not. But first agree among yourselves, and after having well-weighed everything, decide between you who shall be the intended husband.

Phil. Follow the choice, Sir, upon which I have resolved.

Ch. Do things as I tell you, Sir.

Not. Tell me which of the two I am to obey.

Phil. [*To Chrysale*] What, you oppose my wish !

Ch. I shall not allow my daughter to be courted only for the sake of my family's wealth.

Phil. Indeed, your wealth is a great deal thought of ! And a wise man takes much heed of that !

Ch. In one word, I have made choice of Clitandre for her husband.

Phil. [*Pointing to Trissotin*] And behold the one whom I design for her. My choice shall prevail ; I have made up my mind to that !

Ch. Upon my word ! You carry things with a very high hand.

Mar. It is not for the wife to dictate, and I am for giving way in all things to the men.

Ch. That is well said.

Mar. Were I ever so certain of being turned out,⁵⁴ the hen ought not to crow before the cock.

⁵⁴ The original has *mon congé cent fois me fût-il hoc*. *Hoc* means "assured," but its etymology is uncertain. Some say it is derived from a game of cards called *hoc* ; others from *hoc*, meaning "yes" in Provençal ; others, again, from *hoc*, meaning *croc*, a hook ; and finally, *hoc*, with the Latin meaning of "that."

Ch. Undoubtedly.

Mar. And we see people jeer at a man when the wife at home wears the breeches.

Ch. That is true.

Mar. I say that if I had a husband, I should like him to be master in his own house : I should not like him to play the nobody ; ⁵⁵ and, if I went against him through some whim or other, if I spoke too loud, I should think it very good that he lowered my tone by some slaps.

Ch. That is sensibly spoken.

Mar. Master is reasonable to wish a proper husband for his daughter.

Ch. Yes.

Mar. For what reason should Clitandre, young and handsome as he is, be refused to her ? And why, if you please, give her a scholar, who is unceasingly making epilogues ? She wants a husband, not a pedagogue ; and, having no wish to know either Greek or Latin, she has no need of Mr Trissotin.

Ch. Very good.

Phil. We must allow her to chatter at her ease.

Mar. Scholars are good for nothing but to preach ; and for my husband, yes, I have said it a thousand times, I would never take a man of wit. Wit is not at all wanted at the domestic hearth. Books go badly with wedlock ; and I should wish, if ever my troth were plighted, a husband who had no other book but myself, who, without offence to Madam, knows not A from B, and who, in one word, should only be a doctor for his wife.

Phil. [*To Chrysale*] Is it finished ? And have I listened quietly enough to your worthy interpreter ?

Ch. She has spoken the truth.

⁵⁵ The original has *s'il faisait le Jocrisse*.

Phil. And I, to cut short this dispute, require absolutely that my plan shall be carried out. [*Pointing to Trissotin*] Henriette and this gentleman shall be joined on the spot. I have said it, I will have it so; do not answer me. And, if your word has been pledged to Clitandre, offer him to marry the elder.

Ch. Here is a way to settle this matter. [*To Henriette and Clitandre*] Well! do you give your consent to it?

Hen. Eh! father . . .

Clit. [*To Chrysale*] Eh! Sir . . .

Bél. We might make proposals to him that should please him better: but we are for establishing a kind of love that shall be pure as the morning star: the reflecting substance may be admitted into it; but we banish the extended substance from it.

SCENE IV.

ARISTE, CHRYSALE, PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, HENRIETTE,
ARMANDE, TRISSOTIN, NOTARY, CLITANDRE, MARTINE.

Ari. I regret to trouble a festive ceremony by the sorrow which I am obliged to cause here. These two letters make me the bearer of two tidings, of which I have felt great grief for your sakes. [*To Philaminte*] The one for you comes to me from your solicitor. [*To Chrysale*] The other for you comes to me from Lyons.

Phil. Who can write us about a misfortune worthy of troubling us?

Ari. This letter will relate one to you.

Phil. “*Madam, I have requested your brother to hand you this letter, which will inform you what I dared not come to tell you. The great neglect which you show for your affairs has caused the clerk of your judge not to give*

me notice, and you have irrevocably lost your lawsuit, which you ought to have won."

Ch. [To Philaminte] Your lawsuit lost !

Phil. You trouble yourself much ! My heart is not at all upset by this blow. Show a less common soul, and brave, like me, the strokes of fortune. "*This want of care costs you forty thousand crowns; and you have been condemned to pay this sum with costs, by an order of the Court.*" Condemned ? Ah ! this word is offensive, and is made for criminals only !

Aris. He is wrong, in fact; and you right in finding fault with him. He ought to have said that you are invited, by order of the Court, to pay as quickly as possible forty thousand crowns and the necessary expenses.

Phil. Let us see the other.

Ch. "*Sir, the friendship which binds me to your brother makes me take an interest in all that concerns you. I know that you have placed all your property in the hands of Argante and Damon, and I beg to give you notice that they have both become bankrupts on the same day.*" O Heavens ! at once thus to lose all that I possess !

Phil. [To Chrysale] Ah ! what a shameful outbreak ! Fie ! all this is nothing. To the real philosopher there is no serious reverse, and, losing everything, he still remains all in all to himself. Let us terminate our affair, and have done with your grief. [Pointing to Trissotin] His wealth will suffice for him and for us.

Tris. No, Madam : cease to press this matter. I see that everyone is opposed to this marriage, and I have no design to force people's inclinations.

Phil. This consideration has come upon you very quickly ; it follows very closely, Sir, upon our misfortune.

Tris. I am weary at last of so much resistance. I

prefer renouncing all this bickering, and do not wish for a heart which does not give itself freely.

Phil. I see, I see now, and not at all to your credit, what hitherto I have refused to believe of you.

Tris. You may believe of me what you please, and I care little how you take it : but I am not the man to suffer the shame of the offensive refusals which I have undergone here. I am well worth being made much more of and my service to those who will not have me.

SCENE V.

ARISTE, CHRYSALE, PHILAMINTE, BÉLISE, ARMANDE,
HENRIETTE, CLITANDRE, NOTARY, MARTINE.

Phil. How clearly he has shown his mercenary soul ! and how little there is of the philosopher in what he has just done !

Clit. I do not boast of being such ; but in one word, I do not separate my fate from yours, Madam ; and I dare offer you with my person the little which fortune has bestowed upon me.

Phil. You charm me, Sir, by this generous trait, and I will crown the desires of your affection. Yes ; I grant Henriette to the eager ardour . . .

Hen. No, mother ; I now change my mind. Permit me to resist your wishes.

Clit. What ! you oppose my happiness ! and, when I see every one yield to my love. . . .

Hen. I know the smallness of your fortune, Clitandre ; and I have ever desired you for my husband, when by satisfying my sweetest inclinations I saw that my union improved your affairs. But when we have such contrary fates, I love you sufficiently in such extremity, not to burden you with our adversity.

Clit. Every destiny shared with you would be pleasant ; every destiny without you would be unbearable.

Hen. Love, in its transport, speaks always thus. Let us avoid painful and unpleasant reflections. Nothing wears so quickly the affections of the tie which binds us as the sad necessities of life's cares ; and people often, upon such occasions, accuse each other mutually of all the dismal griefs which proceed from such engagements.

Ari. [*To Henriette*] Is this the only motive which makes you refuse the union with Clitandre ?

Hen. Without this, you would find my heart leap at it ; I refuse his hand only because I love him too well.

Ari. Then be bound by such beautiful chains. I have brought you only false tidings ; and it is a trick, a surprising device, which I have put into practice to serve your love, to undeceive my sister, and show her what her philosopher would prove upon trial.

Ch. Heaven be praised for it !

Phil. I am glad at the vexation which it will give this base deserter. To see this match concluded with magnificence will be a punishment to his sordid meanness.

Ch. [*To Clitandre*] I knew well enough that you would marry her.

Ar. [*To Philaminte*] Then you sacrifice me to their love ?

Phil. It is not you whom I sacrifice to them ; and you have the support of philosophy to see with a satisfied eye their ardour crowned.

Bél. Let him beware, at least, that I am not dwelling in his heart. One marries often through sudden despair, and repents all one's life afterwards.

Ch. [*To the Notary*] Come, Sir, follow the order which I have prescribed, and draw up the contract as I have told you.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 129.

Cibber, in *The Refusal* (Act ii., Scene 1), has amplified the first Scene of the first Act of Molière's *Learned Ladies*. Armande is called Sophronia, and Henriette, Charlotte.

Charlotte. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sophronia. Dear Sister, don't be so boisterous in your mirth : you really over-power me ! So much vociferation is insupportable.

Ch. Well, well ? I beg your Pardon—But you know laughing is the wholesomest thing in the World ; and when one has a hearty occasion—

Soph. To be vulgar—you are resolv'd to appear so.

Ch. O ! I cannot help it, I love you dearly ; and pray, where's the harm of it ?

Soph. Look you, Sister, I grant you, that Risibility is only given to the *Animæ Rationale* ; but you really indulge, as if you could give no other Proof of your Species.

Ch. And if I were to come into your sentiments, dear Sister ; I am afraid the World would think I were of no Species at all.

Soph. The World, Sister, is a Generation of Ignorants : and for my part, I am resolv'd to do what in me lies to put an end to posterity.

Ch. Why, you don't despair of a Man, I hope ?

Soph. No ; but I will have all mankind despair of me.

Ch. You'll positively die a Maid !

Soph. You, perhaps, may think that dying a Martyr ; but I shall not die a brute, depend upon 't.

Ch. Nay, I don't think you'll die either, if you can help it.

Soph. What do you mean Madam ?

Ch. Only, Madam, that you are a woman, and may happen to change your mind : that's all.

Soph. A Woman ! that's so like your ordinary way of thinking ; as if Souls had any Sexes—No—when I die, Madam, I shall endeavour to leave such Sentiments behind me, that—*non omnis morior* the World will be convinc'd my purer part had no sex at all.

Ch. Why truly, it will be hard to imagine, that any one of our Sex could make such a Resolution ; tho' I hope we are not bound to keep all we make neither.

Soph. You'll find, Madam, that an elevated Soul may be always Master of its perishable Part.

Ch. But, dear Madam, do you suppose our Souls are crammed into our Bodies merely to spoil sport, that a virtuous Woman is only sent hither of a Fool's Errand ? What's the use of our coming into the World, if we are to go out of it, and leave nobody behind us !

Soph. If our Species can only be supported by those gross Mixtures, of which Cookmaids and Footmen are capable, People of Rank and Erudition ought certainly to detest them. O ! what pity 'tis the Divine Secret should be lost ! I have somewhere read of an Ancient Naturalist, whose laborious Studies have discover'd a more innocent way of Propagation : but, it seems, his Tablets unfortunately falling into his Wife's hands, the gross Creature threw them into the Fire.

Ch. Indeed, my dear Sister, if you talk thus in Company, People will take you for a madwoman.

Soph. I shall be even with them, and think those mad who differ from my opinion.

Ch. But I rather hope the World will be so charitable as to think this is not your real opinion.

Soph. I shall wonder at nothing that's said or thought by People of your sullied Imagination.

Ch. Sullied ! I would have you to know, Madam, I think of nothing but what's decent and natural.

Soph. Don't be too positive, nature has its indecencies.

Ch. That may be ; but I don't think of them.

Soph. No ! Did not you own to me just now, you were determined to marry ?

Ch. Well ! and where's the Crime, pray ?

Soph. What ! you want to have me explain ? But I shall not defile my Imagination with such gross Ideas.

Ch. But, dear Madam, if marriage were such an abominable business, how comes it that all the world allows it to be honourable ? And I hope you won't expect me to be wiser than any of my ancestors by thinking the contrary ?

Soph. No ; but if you will read History, Sister, you will find that the subjects of the greatest Empire upon Earth were only propagated from violated chastity : The Sabine Ladies were Wives, 'tis true, but glorious ravished Wives. Vanquished they were indeed, but they surrendered not : They screamed, and cry'd, and tore, and as far as their weak Limbs would give them leave, resisted and abhorr'd the odious Joy——

Ch. And yet, for all their niceness they brought a chopping Race of Rakes, that bullied the whole World about them.

Soph. The greater still their glory, that though they were naturally prolific, their Resistance proved they were not Slaves to Appetite.

Ch. Ah ! Sister, if the *Romans* had not been so sharp set, the glorious Resistance of these fine Ladies might have been all turn'd to Coquetry.

Soph. There's the Secret, Sister : had our modern Dames but the true *Sabine* Spirit of Disdain, mankind might be again reduced to those old *Roman* Extremities ; and our shameless Brides would not then be *led*, but *dragg'd* to the Altar ; their *Sponsalia* not call'd a Marriage, but a Sacrifice : and the conquer'd Beauty, not the Bridal Virgin, but the Victim.

Ch. O ridiculous. And so you would have no woman marry'd, that was not first ravish'd, according to Law ?

Soph. I would have mankind owe their Conquest of us rather to the Weakness of our Limbs, than of our Souls. And if defenceless Women must be mothers, the Brutality at least should lie at their door.

Ch. Have a care of this over-niceness, dear Sister, lest some agreeable young Fellow should seduce you to the confusion of parting with it. You'd make a most rueful Figure in Love !

Soph. Sister, you make me shudder at your Freedom ! I in Love ! I admit a Man ! What ? become the voluntary, the lawful object of a corporeal Sensuality ! Like you ! to choose myself a Tyrant ! a Despoiler ? a Husband ! Ugh !

Ch. I am afraid, by this Disorder of your Thoughts, dear Sister, you have got one in your Head, that you don't know how to get rid of.

Soph. I have, indeed ; but 'tis only the Male Creature that you have a mind to.

Ch. Why, that's possible too ; for I have often observ'd you uneasy at Mr *Frankly's* being particular to me.

Soph. If I am, 'tis upon your account, because I know he imposes upon you.

Ch. You know it ?

Soph. I know his Heart, and that another is Mistress of it.

Ch. Another ?

Soph. Another, but one to my knowledge will never hear of him ; so don't be uneasy, dear Sister, all in my power you may be assur'd of.

Ch. Surprisingly kind indeed.

Soph. And you know too I have a great deal in my Inclination—

Ch. For me or him, dear Sister ?

Soph. Nay, now you won't suffer me to oblige you. I tell you I hate the Animal, and for half a good word would give him away.

Ch. What ! before you have him ?

Soph. This affected Ignorance is so vain, dear Sister, that I now think it high time to explain to you.

Ch. Then we shall understand one another.

Soph. You don't know, perhaps, that Mr Frankly is passionately in love with me ?

Ch. I know, upon his treating with my Father, his Lawyer once made you some offers.

Soph. Why then you may know too, that upon my slighting those offers, he fell immediately into a violent Despair.

Ch. I did not hear of its Violence.

Soph. So violent, that he has never since dar'd to open his Lips to me about it ; but to revenge the secret Pains I gave him, has made his public Addresses to you.

Ch. Indeed, Sister, you surprise me ; and 'tis hard to say, that men impose more upon us, than we upon ourselves.

Soph. Therefore by what I have told you, you may now be convinc'd he is false to you.

Ch. But is there a necessity, my dear *Sophronia*, that I must rather believe you than him ? Ha ! ha ! ha !

Soph. How, Madam ! Have you the Confidence to question my Veracity, by supposing me capable of an Endeavour to deceive you ?

Ch. No hard Words, dear Sister ; I only suppose you as capable of deceiving yourself, as I am.

Soph. Oh ! mighty probable indeed ! You are a Person of infinite Penetration ! Your Studies have open'd to you the utmost Recesses of human Nature, but let me tell you, Sister, that Vanity is the only Fruit of Toilet Lucubrations. I deceive myself ! Ha ! ha ! ha !

Ch. One of us certainly does ! Ha ! ha !

Soph. There I agree with you. Ha ! ha !

Ch. Till I am better convinced then on which side the Vanity lies, give me leave to laugh in my turn, dear Sister.

Soph. O ! by all means, sweet Madam ! Ha ! ha !

Both. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Ch. O ! here's Mamma, she perhaps may decide the Question. Ha ! ha !

B, Page 132.

Thomas Wright, in the *Female Virtuosos* (Act i., Scene 1), has imitated as follows the first and second Scenes of the first Act of Molière's *Learned Ladies*. Armande is called Lovewitt, and Henriette, Marianne.

Lovewitt. Look you, sister, if you have a Mind we should live civilly together, pray not a word more of that monstrous filthy thing Marriage, fough !

Marianne. Not of Marriage, Sister ? you jest sure.

Lov. Oh for Shame, forbear ! Can Flesh and Blood hear the Word, and keep within Bounds ? The very sound of it leaves such an impression of filthiness and obscenity on the Mind, that I have need of all my

Morals to silence Nature in me. Bless me ! What refin'd soul can bear the impure Consequences of so nauseous a Thing ?

Mar. Without much Conjuring, when I reflect on Marriage, all I can see in it, is a dear Husband that will love me, pretty Children that will play about me, and a House of my own to manage ; and, for my part, I cannot perceive what there is in any of these Things offends Decency, or shocks good Manners.

Lov. Jesu ! That One born with a Spirit, capable of sublime and lofty Things, should foolishly limit herself to the enjoyment of so mean, and so despicable a Creature as Man !

Mar. Believe me, Sister, 'tis not prudence in frail Woman to Huff and Hector ; for either she yields in time ; and then how insultingly does a Man triumph o'er her conquer'd Pride ? Or if, to the last, she can boast of the Venerable Title of Virgin, Does not the satirical World ridicule her Wisdom, and mock her Singularity ? Till almost choakt with Vapours, and devour'd with Spleen, she makes in Policy a poor shift to rail at Men that scorn her ; and grudging to the Young the Joys she has out-lived, she pines away with Envy, and dies a fretting Martyr for a reproachful Cause.

Lov. Poor Soul ! how deeply is the Spirit in you immersed in the foul Abyss of your Senses. Go on pretty Miss, please yourself with fond and airy Notions. But know this, That if there be Fancy in your Choice, there's Judgment in mine. To Philosophy, and not to Man, do I give the Empire of my self ; I scorn to yield to common Laws, and to make that reason a Slave to Mankind, which kind Heav'n imparted free to me.

Mar. This is Heroick indeed ; but, pray good Sister, with all your Wit, can you answer me this Question ? What sort of Figure had you made in the World, had your wise Progenitors always been wrapt up in lofty Speculations, or musing upon musty Books ; had they never condescended to talk familiar Things, and now and then discoursed plain Nature together ? Well, since I cannot be a Wit myself, I'll try to bring Wits, and so stock the World with little Doctors, that shall propagate Learning to all Generations.

Lov. I pity you, poor Sister. But pray, since you are so very fond of that Ceremonious Piece of Paine, let's hear at least, who is the worthy Object of your Inclinations,—I hope not *Clerimont* ?

Mar. Why not *Clerimont*, pray ? Does he want Merit ? Is his Estate so mean ? or, Is there any Thing in his Person should make me blush at the Choice ?

Lov. I do not say there is ; but you cannot be ignorant that he is mine already by right of Conquest.

Mar. Lord, Sister, must then so vast, and so sublime a *Genius* as yours limit itself to the Enjoyment of so mean a Creature as Man ?

Lov. Reason, which is my Guide, and not my Tyrant, do's not disapprove of the Courtship of a Man of Vertue ; tho' I may hate Him for

a Husband, yet he may please me well enough, under the Title of an Admirer.

Mar. Passionate Speeches, Fond Addresses, Platonick Gallantry, and such Toys, may feed up the Vanity of a Woman. But, Sister, Are you sure Love has nothing more to desire?

Lov. Thanks to my Wit, I can answer for One; and I should make a sad Example of the daring Mortal, that should attempt to rifle the precious Magazine of my Chastity.

Mar. But after all, What Assurance have you that *Clerimont* is yours?

Lov. Surely, after a Thousand Declarations of his Love, I think, Sister, I may rely upon his Sincerity in spite of Rivals.

Enter CLERIMONT.

Mar. I do not love to boast; but if you had a mind to try it, here comes one shall decide the Quarrel. Come on *Clerimont*, [*To Cler.*] and without any Fear, or Partiality, disclose your Heart. My Sister Challenges your Love, and I flatter my self, I have a right to it; let's see in whose Favour you'll declare yourself.

Lov. I am not so fond, Sister, of a public Declaration, as to put any Man I value, to the hard Extremity, either of Dissembling, or Disobliging: the One is as unworthy of a Man of Honour, as the other is against the Rules of fine Breeding.

Clerimont. No, Madam; my Heart, incapable of Dissembling, does not scruple to own an Engagement which is the Pride and Happiness of my Life. Fair *Mariana's* Charms are such as will easily justify the greatest Passion in the World.

Lov. But can those mighty Charms, Sir, be a good Excuse for Baseness and Infidelity?

Cler. Do me more Justice, Madam; and impute to your self the blame of my Inconstancy. 'Tis that stiff and imperious Carriage of yours, that cold Indifferency you affected upon all Occasions, and your high boasting of the tyrannical Empire you exercised over me, have at last open'd my Eyes, and restor'd me to the Use of my Reason; and can you now complain, or—

Lov. I Complain! No, Sir, you mistake me: my Resentment would make you proud, and fancy that your Heart was a Conquest worth my keeping.

Mar. Now, Sister, here's a Scope for your Philosophy with a vengeance: summ up all your Morals to your Assistance; let's see if you can look upon a happy Rival with a Stoical and Undaunted Mind!

Lov. You triumph, Sister, in your pretty Looks, and pleasing Smiles, and think of Insulting, perhaps too soon; feed your easie, deluded soul, with empty Dreams of Pleasure. Your Happiness is not so great, as to deserve my Envy.—Nor perhaps so certain yet, as not to leave me some Prospect of a Change. [*Aside, as she is going off.—Exit.*]

Cler. However she may endeavour to disguise it, I am satisfy'd, she is not a little offended at the sincerity of my Declaration.

Mar. But I am pleas'd with it ; and without the laborious Task of two years Love you have bestow'd on her in vain, I give you leave to think me not Ungrateful.

Cler. Still as you speak, my Love discerns fresh Wonders ; and to that free and generous Temper, so opposite to the little Artifices and Dissimulations of your sex, do I resign all the Liberty your other charms have left me.

Mar. Mistake me not, *Clerimont* ; I set as high a Value upon the Modesty of our Sex, as the best Moralists of 'em all ; but yet I see no reason why we should keep a Lover at such a distance, when we are once satisfy'd of his Worth and Sincerity ; since all the Incense after that exacted, serves only to gratifie the two great Idols of our Souls, *Pride* and *Vanity*, and gives no real satisfaction either to Reason or Reputation.

Cler. Nay, proves often a piece of Policy very fatal to the Proud and Scornful of your Sex ; for sheer Vanity forcing thus a pining Lover to spend his whole stock of love in Courtship, the Consequence of it is, That he has none left for marriage.

C, Page 142.

The second and third Scenes of the second Act of Moliere's *Learned Ladies* are imitated, as follows, by Thomas Wright, in the *Female Virtuosos* (Act ii.) Chrysale is called Sir Maurice, Ariste, Meanwell, and Bélise, Catchat.

Sir Maurice. I am overjoy'd at the News, Brother ; for his father and I were intimate Friends, and fellow Soldiers under *Monk*. You may assure *Clerimont* that I shall be Proud of the Honour of his Alliance. But here comes my Sister [*Enter Catchat*] Let's hear what she says to it. You come in very good time, Sister, to give your Opinion about a Match for my Daughter. *Clerimont* is the Man my Brother proposes : And I am so far satisfied with his Character, that I give my Consent to it.

Catchat. My Brother *Meanwell* cannot be in Earnest sure. I know the thing is impossible.

Meanwell. How now, Sister, what do you mean by that ?

Catch. Nothing, Brother, but only that you are imposed, prettily imposed upon ; that's all. The Gentleman's Heart, to my knowledge, is deeply engaged somewhere else.

Mean. You are in a merry Humour, Sister : What's the meaning of this Fooling ? Pray, is not *Clerimont* in Love with my Niece ?

Catch. I have Reason to think he is not.

Mean. D'Zlife! I have it from his own Mouth, Sister.

Catch. [*Laughing*] Ah! ah! ah! poor Brother! How I pity your Ignorance.

Mean. What . . . Did not he just now desire me to propose the Match, Sir *Maurice*? you doat surely.

Catch. [*Laughing*] Ah, ah, ah, this Plot won't take, Brother, you must think again.

Sir M. The Woman is mad with her Laughing. Where's the jest of it pray?

Catch. No Jest at all, but very good Earnest I assure you. Will you have it? Here it is. *Clerimont's* Love is a Mystery, revealed, as yet, to none but me: But I'll be so kind, perhaps, as to open your Eyes, that you may see your Errour.

Mean. Ay, do: Since you pretend to know things so well, let's hear a little, where it is his Affections are so deeply engag'd?

Catch. But tell me first, Have you a Curiosity to know it?

Sir M. Surely, I think it do's concern us all to be better inform'd about it.

Catch. Shall I name the very Person?

Mean. Ay, ay, by all means; I'm impatient.

Catch. Well, since you desire it so earnestly, know Brothers, 'tis myself. [*Fanning herself and looking big.*]

Sir M. What, you! that's a very good Jest, in troth! Sister, Sister, Do you know nobody in Town to put this upon, but your own Brothers? ha! ha! ha!

[*Sir Maurice and Meanwell fall a laughing.*]

Catch. Bless me, Sirs! What means all this Wonder. You laugh and stare, just as if I had said something extraordinary. What do you see in me pray, that's so very despicable? I am, thank God, so made, as not to need complain of Nature.

Sir M. I vow, Brother, we have been under a sad Mistake all this while; we never knew before we had a Beauty in our Family.

Catch. I know, poor souls, if you don't, who it is can yet kill with a Frown, and Fetter with a Smile.

Mean. I am sorry, Sister, the World is blind.

Catch. All the World is not, Brother,—*Freeman, Belair, Courtall, Valentin, Beaugard, Dorimant, Belamour*, stand, I think, in spite of Envy, as so many living Trophies to my conquering Charms.

Sir M. Ha! ha! ha! all these love you, Sister, don't they?

Catch. Love me! yes, I think they do;—and besides these, a great many more, tho' I say it. I could once have muster'd a whole regiment of 'em; for besides those, my Scorns have despatch'd, the Wars have robb'd me of some, and the rest I have discarded.

Mean. But pray, once in your Life, deal ingeniously with us. Did ever any of these Gentlemen tell you they were really in Love with you?

Catch. None ever durst take so much Freedom with me.

Sir M. Freeman, I hear, gives the worst Characters of you, and ridicules you in all Companies.

Catch. That's only to disguise his Passion, and deceive the World the better.

Mean. But what's the Reason we never see *Courtall* here?

Catch. 'Tis to show the greatest Respect.

Sir M. Valentin, of late, makes violent love to *Florimel*.

Catch. The Gentleman was forward, and that's the Penance I impose on him for a Month.

Mean. But what if she should fall to it in earnest, and bid adieu to your conquering Charms?

Catch. I don't fear him, Brother; he values Beauty too much to forsake me.

Sir M. Belamour, to my knowledge, is married to *Philinda*.

Catch. 'Twas Despair drove him to it.

Mean. *Beaugard*, I hear, keeps a Miss at Greenwich.

Catch. I allow him to acquaint himself with Vice, that he may value my Virtue the more.

Sir M. As for *Dorimont*, there is but little Hopes of him: He was always a desperate Woman Hater.

Catch. He was so, Brother, before he saw me: He is not the first Convert my looks have made.

Mean. And as for *Belair*, you know well enough, Sister, that he professes himself an inveterate Enemy to stale Virginities.

Catch. The more hopes for me then.

Sir M. O my Conscience, Sister, these are all Visions.

Mean. Nothing but Chimeras of her own.

Catch. Ay, Chimeras! Visions! Visions and Chimeras! nothing but Chimeras! Very well; I am glad of the Chimeras; I did not know before, that I had Visions and Chimeras. [Exit *Catchat*.]

Sir M. O my Conscience, Women's Heads now-a-days are so stuff'd up with their Trash of Romances and Poetry, that there is no room left in 'em for Reason, or Common Sense: Our Sister is Mad: Stark Mad, Brother.

Mean. She has got the Trick of Old Maids, poor Creature; she builds imaginary Trophies of Love upon the Ruins of her Beauty; and sets as good a Face as she can upon her Sorrows, whilst inwardly she is a continual Prey to uneasie Thoughts and consuming Desires; to knowing Despair, and tearing Remorse: I pity her with all my Heart. But to return; I have engag'd to give *Clerimont* an Answer: Shall he have *Mariana*, or shall he not?

Sir M. Why do you ask again, Brother? I have consented to it already.

Mean. Then let's in, and joyn your Lady's Consent to yours.

Sir M. What need of that, pray? Have I not passed my Word to you?

Mean. That's true, Brother ; but still 'twould not be amiss, I think, before I deliver my Message, I were sure of her Approbation too ; for you, know, she is——

Sir M. 'Tis needless, I tell you ; I'll answer for my Wife, and take the thing upon myself : Go you, and acquaint *Clerimont*, that he has my free Consent, while I discourse with *Mariana*, who comes out seasonably for that purpose. [*Exit Meanwell.*]

D, Page 143.

Cibber, in *The Refusal* (Act iii.), has imitated as follows the sixth Scene of the second Act of Molière's *Learned Ladies*. Lady Wrangle represents Philaminte, and Sir Gilbert Chrysale.

Enter LADY WRANGLE, driving a maid-servant in before her.

Lady Wrangle. Out of my Doors, you Dunce ! you illiterate Monster ! What ! Could you not read ? Could you not spell ? Where were your Eyes, you brainless Idiot ?

Sir Gilbert. Hey-dey ! hey-dey ! what's the matter now ?

Lady W. Go ! you Eleventh Plague of *Egypt*.

Maid. Indeed, Madam, I did not know it was of any use, it was so blotted and blurred, I took it for waste paper.

Lady W. Blurred ! you Driveler ! Was ever any Piece perfect that had not Corrections, Rasures, Inter-lineations, and Improvements ? Does not the very Original shew, that when the Mind is warmest, it's never satisfied with its words ?

Incipit, et dubitat ; scribit, damnatque tabellas,

Et notat, et delet ; mutat, culpatque probatque.

Sir G. O Lord ! now the Learned Fit's upon her, the Devil won't be able to deal with her. [*Aside.*]

Lady W. What have you done with it, you Dolthead ? Where is it ? Fetch it, let me see it, I say.

Sir G. Pray, my Lady *Wrangle*, what is all this Rout about ?

Lady W. O, nothing to be sure ! I am always unreasonable.

Sir G. Why, look you now, did I say any such thing ?

Lady W. I don't care if you did.

Sir G. It's very hard a Man may not ask a civil Question in his own House.

Lady W. Ay, do, side with her, take her part ; do, do, uphold her in her Impudence.

Sir G. Why, my Lady, did I say a Word to her ?

Lady W. Pray, Mr *Wrangle*, give me leave to govern my own Servants. Don't you know, when I am out of Temper, I won't be talked to ? Have not I plague enough here, do you think ?

Sir G. Why, ay, that's true, too—Why you confident jade ! how dare you put my Lady into such a violent Passion ?

Maid. Indeed, Sir, I don't know, not I. [*Whimpering.*]

Lady W. Pray Mr *Wrangle*, meddle with your own Business—the Fault's to me, and, sure, I am old enough to correct her myself.

Sir G. Why, what a dickens, mayn't I be of your Mind neither? S'heart? I can't be on the wrong in both sides.

Lady W. I don't know any Business you have on either side.

Sir G. Nay, if a Man must not speak at all, it's another Case.

Lady W. Lord! you are strangely teizing—well, come, speak,—what! what! what is't you would say now?

Sir G. Nay, nothing, not I; I only ask what's the Matter?

Lady W. I can't tell you, the Provocation's too great for Words.

Sir G. Well! well! well!

Lady W. What, here still? Am I to have no account of it then? What have you done with it, you Monster?

Maid. Madam, the Cook took it out of my Hand, as I was coming down Stairs with it; he said he wanted it.

Lady W. The Cook! run! fly, and bid the Villain send it me this moment. [*Exit Maid.*]

Sir G. Why, what the dickens! the senseless jade has not given him a *Flanders* lace-head to boil the Cabbage in, has she?

Lady W. Shah! do you ever see me concern'd for such Trifles?

Sir G. Or has she let the Rascal singe his Fowls with a Bank Bill?

Lady W. If she had, do you think I would give myself such Pain about either?

Sir G. Hah! this must be some abominable thing indeed then.

Lady W. The Loss, for aught I know, may be irreparable.

Sir G. Oh! then, she has lost your Diamond Necklace, I suppose.

Lady W. Pray, don't plague me, 'tis impossible to express the wickedness of it.

Sir G. What! the Devil! Worse! what then playing the . . . or Thief? Then the Jade has certainly committed Murder.

Lady W. The most barbarous that ever was.

Sir G. Hah! then she has broken Pug's Neck, to be sure.

[*Aside.*]
Lady W. The changeling Innocent has given that savage Beast, the Cook, my whole new Translation of the Passion of *Byblis*, for waste Paper, to be torn or tortur'd to a thousand sordid Uses.

Sir G. Nay then—

Lady W. And I have not another Copy in the World, if it were to save Mankind from Extirpation.

Sir G. I am glad on't with all my Heart; now could I laugh (if I durst) most immoderately. [*Aside.*]

Lady W. How, Mistress, have you brought it?

E, Page 147.

J. Miller, in *The Man of Taste* (Act iv., Scene 1), has imitated as follows the seventh Scene of the second Act of Molière's *Learned Ladies*. Chrysale is called Sir Humphrey Henpeck, and Philaminte Lady Henpeck.

Sir Humphrey Henpeck. Soh ! Wife ! I'm glad you are come, for I've something to . . .

Lady Henpeck. Pray, Sir Humphrey, learn to speak to me in a more civil manner. Will you never leave off that barbarous Rusticity of Behaviour ? I must tell you, Sir, I don't understand being treated so familiarly. *Soh, Wife*, indeed !

Sir H. Well, my Lady, then, if it must be so. . . . I have an Affair of Importance to talk to you about, and therefore, laying aside Ceremony, heark you me a little.

Lady H. *Heark you me a little !* O horrible ! was there ever such a Phrase ? Why, Sir Humphrey, will you be always murdering of all Grammar and Construction thus ?

Sir H. S'bobs and Budakins, I can bear no longer ; I must spit my Venom, let what will come of it. D'ye see me, Wife ? This ridiculous Nicety, and farcical Affectation of Learning and Taste, and the Duce knows what, makes you laugh'd at everywhere for a downright Madwoman.

Lady H. How ?

Sir H. Yes, you being always poring over Books thus, is a mere Frenzy : and except a great Plutarch, that I keep my Bands in, you ought to burn all this useless Trumpery, and remove out of the Garret that monstrous Telescope, that's enough to frighten one. You should not meddle with what's done in the Moon, but what's done in your own Family a little more. In short this Humour of yours has infatuated the whole House. They know the Motions of Venus, Saturn, and Mars, all whom I have nothing to do with ; and understand everything but what they ought to understand.

Lady H. Very well, Sir.

Sir H. To reason, forsooth, is the Business of my House ; so that Reasoning has banished all Reason out of it . . . and I have a Heap of Servants, without ever being serv'd. One, in reading Poetry, burns my Meat ; another, when I call for Drink, squeaks in Recitation.

Lady H. How this grossness of Imagination shocks me ? Is the Body, that Rag, of any Importance ? No, our only Concern ought to be nourishing the Mind, with the Food of Learning.

Sir H. My Body is my self, and I'll take care on't. You may call it a Rag, if you please, but that Rag is dear to me ; and that same Food of the Mind is but airy Nourishment for't. But I say again, Wife, that

a Woman's Library ought to be nothing but a Thimble or two, a Thread-Paper, and a sufficient quantity of Pins and Needles.

Lady H. Mighty well, wise Sir ; won't you please to go on ? Have you ne'er another Bolt to shoot ?

Sir H. S' bud she begins to look like herself, I must give over in time, or we shall be all in the Suds here. No, Love, let's talk no more of this, but come to the Business I wanted to consult you upon. Our girl, you know, is now ripe for Matrimony, and I think we should do well to find out a Match for her.

Lady H. Oh, don't you take any Care about that——. I have provided a Husband for her already.

Sir H. But I have one proposed to me that I have a great Respect for, and that is young Harcourt ; you know him, my Dear.

Lady H. Yes, Sir Humphrey, better than you know him, or than he knows himself. I know him to be an Ignoramus, Sir.

Sir H. In troth, that may be, but however, he's allowed by every Body to be a Gentleman of Honour, Wit, Courage, and Discretion.

Lady H. How, Sir ! I have no Judgment at all then, I suppose.

Sir H. Softly, Duck, I don't say that.

Lady H. What, are you resolv'd to maintain his Cause ?

Sir H. No not I, —— but what's his Fault ?

Lady H. Are you so sottish, as to take his part against all Sense and Reason ?

Sir H. By no Means, my Lady. But what's his Crime ?

Lady H. I'll warrant, you'd represent it as a thing of no Consequence, instead of being in a Rage with him, as you ought to be.

Sir H. No, no, my Jewel, I am in a Rage, in a horrible Rage ; and I wish I had the Rascal here. But after all, what has he done tho' ?

Lady H. Done ! Why, he had the Impudence to say in my Hearing, that Learning in Women was like Drunkenness in men—only made 'em both ridiculous and impertinent.

Sir H. Is that all ?

Lady H. What, don't you think it an unpardonable Affront ?

Sir H. Yes, yes, yes to be sure.

Lady H. I should have been glad to have seen you go about to excuse it.

Sir H. Lack-a-day, Love ! I don't intend to do any such thing.

Lady H. Or after this, would you so much as think of giving him your Daughter ? No, but there's a young Nobleman now in the House, Lord Apemode he calls himself. He's a Man something like a Man ; a Man of Wit, a Man of Politeness, a Man of Judgment, and a Man of Gallantry. And I hope, Sir Humphrey, you'll give me leave to be a better Judge of these things than you are.

Sir H. To be sure, you are, Wife. Ay, ay, to be sure.

Lady H. Very well, Sir, then don't offer to speak a Word against my choice. I'll go and settle it with our Daughter directly. Don't pretend to argue with me, for I'm resolved, and that's Reason enough.

F, page 151.

J. Miller, in *The Man of Taste* (Act iv., Scene 1), has imitated, as follows, the ninth Scene of the second Act of Molière's *Learned Ladies*. Ariste is called Freelove.

Freelove. Well, Sir Humphrey, my Lady's gone I perceive—you have open'd the Affair to her?

Sir H. Yes, yes.

Free. With what Success? has she given her Consent?

Sir H. Not quite, yet.

Free. Does she refuse?

Sir H. No.

Free. Does she take Time to consider?

Sir H. No, no, she never takes Time to consider. But she has propos'd another Man.

Free. Another Man!

Sir H. Yes, one Lord Apemode, I think, that she's mighty fond of.

Free. What! that insignificant Coxcomb, that Retailer of other People's Wit and Verses. I'd as soon marry my Daughter to an Echo—Pray, what Answer did you make her?

Sir H. None at all—for if I had, I should have pull'd an old House about my Ears.

Free. A fine Reason. [*Aside*] However, you insisted upon Harcourt's being the Man?

Sir H. No, for finding she was resolv'd on t' other, I thought it was better let alone.

Free. Is it possible, Sir Humphrey, a Man can be so irresolute as to give his Wife such an absolute Power over him, and be afraid to contradict whatever she's set on.

Sir H. You speak of it with a great deal of Ease, Mr Freelove; but you don't know what a Fury she is when she once gets into the Humour. She makes a great stir about Philosophy, but she's never the less passionate for it; and if she's cross'd never so little in any of her Whims, a horrible Tempest ensues for a Fortnight at least. Whenever she begins her Noise, I know not where to hide me, she's such a Dragon; and yet notwithstanding all this, I'm forced to call her my Heart and my Life.

Free. Her Power, Sir Humphrey, is founded upon nothing but your Weakness. Can't you for once resolve to show yourself a Man, and be so bold as to say—I will have it so. Will you let your Daughter be sacrific'd to her Whims, and give all your Wealth to a ridiculous Ninny, for six Lines of other People's Poetry scurvily repeated?

Sir H. What you say, is true, Mr Freelove; and I'm resolv'd for the future to pluck up Courage.

Free. That's well said.

Sir H. 'Tis a shameful thing to be under a Wife's Command.

Free. Right.

Sir H. She has play'd upon my easy Temper.

Free.

Sir H. Led me by the Nose like an Ass.

Free. She has so.

Sir H. But I'll presently make her know that my Daughter's my Daughter; that I am her Master, and will give her to whom I please.

Free. Ay, now you talk something like.

Sir H. Come along with me, Mr Freelove, and you shall be Witness of my Resolution. I have borne it too long, but will now show myself a Man in spite of all the Wives in Christendom. But come, we'll go in, and take a Bumper or two first, that we may stand out the stouter.

Free. With all my Heart, Sir Humphrey; it is providently thought of.

Sir H. Ay, Sir, and then you shall see what I am. You shall judge who wears the Breeches here.

G, Page 155.

The second Scene of the third Act of Molière's *Learned Ladies* is imitated as follows by Wright in his *Female Virtuosoës*. Trissotin is called Sir Maggot Jingle.

Catchat. Make room, make room for the Virgil of our Age.

Lovewitt. What! my old Lover, Sir *Maggot Jingle*, I am in an Extasie for Joy.

Sir Maurice. . . . their *Jingle*, and his scandalous Title: Must that starving parasitical Knight be always rhiming and bawling at my Table. Curse on him! One may know by his Visits, better than by the Clock, when 'tis Dinner-time at my House. Sir *Timothy*, I think you and I have nothing to do here, Had not we best go in and take a Pipe in my little Room?

Sir Timothy. With all my Heart, Sir *Maurice*.

Sir M. The Ladies will take care of Mr *Witless*.

[*Exeunt Sir Maurice and Sir Timothy.*]

Lady Maurice. Mr *Witless*, let me have the Honour of presenting you to this Darling of the Muses, this younger Brother of *Apollo*, Sir *Maggot Jingle*.

Witless. What, Madam, the Famous Sir *Maggot Jingle* that writ that Incomparable Poem of the Fox?

Lady M. The very same, Sir.

Wit. Oh Sir! for the sake of the Fox let me embrace you, as long as there are Men that love to hunt after Wit and Fancy; your Fox will be sure to be run to Posterity.

[*Embraces Sir Maggot Jingle.*]

Sir Maggot Jingle. Sir your most Humble : I do not love to commend myself ; but I take that Piece to be a *non ultra* in the kind.

Wit. What pity 'tis, Sir, the Court does not understand your merit.

Sir M. J. I am now favouring the ungrateful World, with a rare Collection of my Songs ; for without Vanity let it be spoken, I am the best Lyric Poet in *England*.

Catch. How Wittily his Muse expresses herself.

Lady M. I'm now in my Element. Nimble bring chairs. There lies a Booby now, for want of understanding the *Æquilibrium* of Things.

[*Nimble brings a Chair and falls with it.*]

Nimble. And so this, I saw it, as soon as I was down.

Sir M. J. 'Tis well for you, Son of an Ass,

Nature did not make you of Glass.

Lov. What ! an Impromptu with so much Wit ! Wonderful !

Catch. Surely this Man is the Phoenix of Poetry.

[*Chairs are brought, all sit.*]

Sir M. J. Well Ladies, Is the day fixed for the opening of your Academy of *Beaux Esprits*.

Lady M. *Tuesday* is the Day, Sir *Maggot*.

Sir M. J. Woe then to the Royal Society ; the Glory of it will suffer a manifest Eclipse.

Catch. Nay, Sir *Maggot*, we will not be so Cruel neither to those gentlemen as to refuse to join to our Learned Body, the most able Mathematicians amongst 'em ; to the end, that by a free Communication of our Discoveries, we may penetrate together into such dark secrets of Nature, as have hitherto been deem'd unfathomable by human Capacity.

Lady M. Our Society shall be as the Inquisition, a Tribunal without Appeal, or Mercy ; where, with a Sovereign Authority, we shall Judge of all Books that come up ; No Authors shall write well, but those we approve of ; and nobody pretend to Wit, but we, and our Friends.

Lov. But you, Sir *Maggot*, has your Witty Muse conceiv'd of late : What News pray from *Apollo's Levee* ?

Sir M. J. Very little, Madam, that deserves to be named to such Sapphos of our Age, as I see here.

Lov. Come, Sir *Maggot*, no Compliments : You know we had rather hear fine things, than ourselves commended.

Sir M. J. This is another Impromptu, Ladies, only made at Leisure.

[*Pulling out a Paper.*]

Catch. Oh ! I shall fall into a Swoon.

Sir M. J. Hum, Hum, Hum.

To the Countess of Squeezingham upon her Agree,

Your Prudence surely, is asleep,

Whilst you magnificently treat ;

And in your rich Apartment keep

Your cruel Enemy in State.

Lady M. Oh! the *Jantee* Beginning!

Catch. What a gallant Turn is there!

Lov. Nothing can be more *degage*.

Sir M. J. *Ah force it out, say what they will,
From your apartment, rich and rare;
The Ungrateful that attempts to kill,
And rob you of a Life so fair.*

Lady M. Oh give me leave to breath.

Lov. I am all Rapture, I vow.

Catch. Bless me! what a pretty Metaphor that rich Apartment is.

Lady M. The Parenthesis, in my mind, is worth a Million. *Force it out, say what they will*, it implies a Challenge, a Defiance to Criticks.

Lov. I'd freely give my Portion to be the Author of a Thing, so much out of the common Road.

Sr M. J. What follows, Ladies, will not disgrace the beginning I'm sure.

*What! thus regardless of your Race,
In your high Blood itself to place!
And Night and Day torment you so.*

*Though it has all this Favour found,
Oh, yet at length some Anger show;
And when next to the Bath you go,
With your own hands let it be drown'd.*

Lady M. I can hold no longer.

Catch I die away! Support me! Oh, Support me, some body!
Alas! Alas!

Lov. I'm lost in Pleasure!

Lady M. Though it has all this Favour found; though you have indulg'd it, humour'd it so long.

Lov. Oh, yet at length some Anger show; some Passions, some Indignation, some Resentment for its Ingratitude.

Catch. With your own Hands let it be drown'd: That is, Take hold of it, Madam, and plunge it into the Water. Oh! Oh!

Lady M. Well, Mr *Witless*, did you ever hear the like? What do you think now the Author of so excellent a Piece deserves?

Wit. What he deserves, Madam? He deserves to be Hang'd.

H. Page 181.

Cibber has, in *The Refusal* (Act iv., Scene 1), only very distantly imitated Molière's *Learned Ladies* (Act iv., Scene 6). Henriette is called Charlotte, and Witling is a new character.

Sir Gilbert. You are a very merry Grig, Sir; but have a care you are not bobb'd yourself. Stay till you win, before you laugh; for you are not yet married I presume.

Willing. Why, no, nor you have not supp'd yet; yet I hold gold to silver, we both eat before we sleep.

Sir G. Why, dost thou think the Girl is in haste, to marry thee to-night?

Wit. I don't say that neither. But, Sir, as long as I have a sufficient Deposit of the Lady's Inclinations, to answer for the rest of her Premises, you will give me leave not to be afraid of her looking out for a new Chap in the meantime, Sir.

Sir G. A Deposit? why, wouldst thou persuade me the Girl can be Fool enough to like thee?

Wit. I-gad, I don't know how 'tis, but she has Wit enough, it seems, to make me think so,—but if you won't take my Word, let her answer for herself.

Sir G. Ay, that I should be glad to hear.

Wit. Ha! ha! I-gad this is a pleasant Question indeed—Madam, are not you willing (as soon as the Church Books can be open), to make a Transfer of your whole Stock of Beauty, for the conjugal Uses of your humble Servant?

Ch. Indeed, Papa, I won't suppose that can be a Question.

Wit. A Hum! your humble Servant, Sir.

Ch. Beside, are not you oblig'd to sign a further Deed of Consent to Mr *Willing*?

Sir G. Yes, Child: but the same deed reserves to you a right of Refusal, as well as to him.

Ch. That I understand, Sir; and there's one can witness for whom I have reserv'd that Right of Refusal. [*Pointing to Fran.*]

Wit. Your humble Servant again, Sir; ha! ha! ha!

Lady W. I am amazed, Mr *Wrangle*, you could think she could be under the least difficulty in the Choice.

Fran. And yet, Madam, there are very innocent Ladies, that have made a difficulty of changing their Inclinations in half-an-hour.

Lady W. A Woman of Strict Virtue, Sir, ought to have no Inclinations at all; or, if any, those only of being obedient to the will of her Parents.

Wit. O! let him alone, Madam, the more he rails, the more I shall laugh, depend upon't; the Pain of a Rival is the pleasantest Game in the World; his wishing me at the Devil, is just the same thing as if he wish'd me joy! ha! ha!

Sir G. Well Sir, all I shall say is, that if the Girl has Common Sense, thy Contract must still be good for nothing.

Wit. Right! and if you had had Common Sense, I am sure you would never have made it; not but to do you justice, Sir *Gilbert*, I must own you have Wit in your way too, though it's of a very odd Turn, I grant you.

Sir G. Sir, I disown my Pretensions to any, if ever you had Sense enough to find it out.

Wit. Sure you forget, my dear Sir *Gilbert*. Don't you remember once I did find it out? Did not I slyly catch you in St *What-de-callum's* Church-yard, with your Table book, taking dead People's Names from the Tombstones, to fill up your List of your third Subscription, that you might be sure of those that would never come to claim it? And then pretended to all your Friends that you were full? There, at least, you had more Wit to keep People out, than any Man living had to get in: for I grant you, your List was dead sure! ha! ha! ha!

Sir G. Why, ay, this nonsensical Story now passes for Wit, I warrant, among your Cockade and Velvet Sparks at *Garraway's*; but much good may do you with your Jest, as long as we have your Money among us. I believe it will be no hard Matter to bite most of your soft Heads off before it be long; and if you drive on as you seem to do, we shall make bold to set some of you down where we took you up, odds-heartlikins.

Wit. Nay, I grant you to do you own business, you must do other People's too; but if all the young Fellows of Dress and Pleasure would follow me, I would undertake to lead you a dance for all that.

Sir G. And, pray, what would you have them do?

Wit. Why? do as you do, nothing that you pretend to do; or as I did, every thing as you whisper'd me not to do. I minded what your Broker *did*, not what you *said*, my Dear! and if every Gentleman would but buy, when you advise him to sell; or sell when you advise him to buy, 'twould be impossible to go out of the way. Why, 'tis as plain a Road, Man, as from *Hide-Park* Corner to *Kensington*.

Sir G. Sir, you take a great deal of Liberty with my Character; insomuch, that I must tell you, I am not sure I won't pay the Forfeit of my Contract, rather than part with my Daughter to a Coxcombe—and so take it as you will.

Lady W. Mr *Wrangle*, what do you mean by this Brutality?

Fran. Mr *Willing*, Madam, will take nothing ill, that I think fit to justify, I'm sure.

Wit. No, faith! you need not fear it; I'll marry before I'll fight, depend upon't. Ha! ha!

Lady W. Mr *Willing*, I beg you come away this moment. I'll undertake to do your Merit Justice. I'll see who dares pretend to govern in this Family beside myself. *Charlotte*, give him your hand. Come, Sir.

[*Exit Lady Wrangle.*]

Wit. I am all Obedience, Madam—your humble Servant, Mr *Frankly*—Would you woo her.

[*Exit singing with Charlotte.*]

Fran. Admirably well done, Sir! you have work'd his Insolence to rare Order. Now, if you can but stand it out as stoutly with my Lady, our Business is done.

Sir G. If!—Will you stand by me?

Fran. Will you give me your Authority, Sir, to haundle her roundly, and make her know who ought to be her Master?

Sir G. My Authority ! ay, and Thanks into the Bargain—come, along, I'll send for the Lawyer now—Mr *Frankly*, my Blood rises at her, she shall find I'll vindicate the Honour of the City, and, from this Moment, demolish her Petticoat Government.

Fran. Well said ; I'll warrant you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

I, Page 188.

Cibber, in *The Refusal* (Act v.), has partly imitated Molière's *Learned Ladies* (Act v., Scene 3).

Lady Wrangle. Mr *Wrangle*, what do you mean by this Usage ? How dare you affront me thus ?

Sir Gilbert. I affront you ! my Lady.

Lady W. Ay, Sir, by bringing these Roysters here, to insult me in my own Family.

Sir G. *Frankly*—stand by me.

Gran. Roysters ! Madam.

Lady W. Sir, I am not speaking to you—I say Mr *Wrangle*, how dare you do this ?

Sir G. Do, Madam ! I don't do anything, not I ; if the Gentlemen have done any Harm, you had best talk to them ; I believe they have both Tongues in their Heads, and will be able to answer you.

Fran. Ay, ay, Madam, if you have receiv'd an Injury from either of us, we are the proper Persons to talk with you.

Lady W. What ! will you stand by, and tamely see me abus'd in my own House ?

Sir G. Odzines, Madam, don't abuse yourself ; the Gentlemen are civil Gentlemen, and Men of Honour ; but if you don't know how to behave yourself to them, that's none of their Fault.

Lady W. Prodigious ! behave myself ! do you presume to teach me, you rude illiterate Monster ?

Sir G. Hold her fast, pray, Gentlemen.

Gran. [*Interposing*] Come, come, be composed, Madam, consider how these violent Emotions dishonour your Philosophy.

Sir G. Ay, Madam, if you are a Philosopher, now let's see a Sample of it.

Lady W. Yes, Sir, I'll give you one Instance of it immediately ; before you stir out of this Room, I'll make you do Justice to this Gentleman, I'll make you keep your Contract, Sir.

Sir G. Why, Madam, you need not be in a Passion about that ; I don't design any other ; I'll do him Justice immediately.

Lady W. Oh ! will you so ?—come then, where's the Deed, Sir ?

Wit. A hum ! your humble Servant ! how dost thou do now, my little *Tommy* ?

Fran. I'll tell you presently, Sir.

Wit. Ha ! ha ! I-gad thou art resolved to die hard, I find.

Law. Here, Madam, this is the Deed ; there is nothing wanting but the Blanks to be fill'd up with the Bridegroom's Name : Pray which is the Gentleman ?

Lady W. Here, Sir, this is he—put in *William Witting*, Esq.

Sir G. Hold, Madam, two Words to that Bargain, that is not the Gentleman I have resolv'd upon.

Lady W. Come, come, Mr *Wrangle*, don't be a Fool, I say.

Sir G. And pray, Madam, don't you pretend to be wiser than I am.

Lady W. What stupid Fetch have you got into your Head now ?

Wit. Heyday ! what time of the Moon is this ? Why have not I your Contract here in my hand, Sir *Gilbert* ?

Sir G. With all my Heart, make your best on't ; I'll pay the Penalty, and what have you to say now ? And so, Sir [*To the Lawyer*] I say put me in *Thomas Frankly*, Esq.

Lady W. Mr *Wrangle* ! don't provoke me ? do you know that the Penalty of your refusing Mr *Witting*, is above six and twenty thousand Pound Difference, Sir ?

Sir G. Yes, Madam ; but to let you see that I am not the Fool you take me for, neither ; there's that will secure me against paying a Farthing of it. [*Sir Gilbert shews a Bond.*]

Lady W. What do you mean ?

Sir G. Why that this, Madam, is a Joint-Bond from Mr *Granger* and *Frankly*, to indemnify me from all Demands, Costs, and Consequences of Mr *Witting's* Contract. [*Lady Wrangle peruses the Bond.*]

Ch. Now, Mr *Witting*, you see upon what a shallow Foundation *Frankly* built all his Vanity and Assurance—but, poor Man ! he did not consider it was still in my Power to marry you, tho' you had no Contract at all with my Father.

Wit. Right, my pretty Soul ! I suppose he thought the Merit and frank Air of this Bond, forsooth, would have made you cock-sure to him ; but I'll let him see presently, that I know how to pay a handsome Compliment to a fair Lady, as well as himself : I-gad, I will bite his Head off.

Ch. Ay, do, Mr *Witting*, you touch my Heart with the very Thought of it.

Wit. Ah ! you charming Devil :

Lady W. [*To Sir Gilbert*] Is this then your Expedient ? Is this your sordid way of evading all Right and Justice ; Go ! you vile Scandal to the Board you sit at ; but you shall find that I have a superior Sense of Honour. And thus ! thus ! thus ! I'll force you to be just.

[*Tears the Bond.*]

Fran. Confusion !

Sir G. Oons ! Madam ! what do you mean by this Outrage ?

Lady W. Now where's your Security? where is your vile Evasion now, Sir? what Trick? what Shift have you now to save you?

Sir G. *Frankly*—stand by me.

Fran. Was ever such a Devil?

Gran. Fear nothing—I'll warrant you—come, Sir, don't be dishearten'd, your Security shall be renew'd to your Content: Let the Lawyer draw it up this Instant, and I give my Word of Honour to sign it over again before all this Company.

Sir G. Say'st thou so, my Lad, why then, Ods heartlikins—*Frankly*, stand by me.

Fran. Generous Granger!

Lady W. Let the Lawyer draw up any such thing in my House if he dares.

Gran. Nay, then, Madam, I'll see who dares molest him.

Fran. I-gad, whoever does, shall have more than one to deal with.

Sir G. Well said, stand your Ground—write away, Man.

[*To Lawyer.*]

Ch. Now, Mr *Willing*.

Wit. Nay, nay, if that's your Play, Gentlemen—come, come, I'll shew you a shorter way to make an end of this matter—and to let you see you are all in the wrong Box, and that now I am secure of the Lady's Inclination, I think it a Dishonour to her Beauty to make use of any other Advantage, than the naked Merit of her humble Servant. There, Sir *Gilbert*, there's your Contract back again, tear it, cancel it, or light your Pipe with it—and Madam—

[*To Charlotte.*]

Ch. Ay now Mr *Willing*, you have made me the happiest Creature living! And now, Mr Lawyer—

Wit. Ay now, Gentlemen—

Ch. Put in *Thomas Frankly, Esq.*

Wit. Fire and Brimstone!

Fran. Ay now, Mr *Willing*—

Sir G. Odsheart, in with him—

Lady W. Come, come, Mr *Wrangle*—

Sir G. Oons! Wife be quiet—

Lady W. Wife! What, am I abus'd! insulted then!

Sir G. Ah *Charlotte*! let me hug thee! and buss thee! and bless thee to death! But here, Hussy! here's a pair of Lips that will make better Work with thee!

Wit. But, by the Powers!

Ch. Nay, don't say that of me, Mr *Willing*; 'twas even all your own doing: for you can't reproach me with having once told you I ever loved, or liked you: How then could you think of marrying me?

Wit. Not reproach you, Madam? Oons and Death! Did you not as good as—

Fran. Hold, Sir, when you speak to my Wife, I must beg you to soften the Tone of your Voice a little.

Wit. Heyday ! what a Box, must not Losers have leave to speak neither ?

Fran. No, no, my dear *Billy*, thou art no loser at all : for you have made your Call, you see—and now have fairly had your Refusal too.

Wit. Ha ! ha ! that's pleasantly said, however, I-gad ! I can't help laughing at a good Thing though, tho' I am half-ready to hang myself.

Fran. Nay then, *Witling*, henceforth I'll allow thee a Man of Parts, tho', at the same time you must grant me, there are no Fools like your Wits : But since thou hast Wit enough to laugh at thyself, I think nobody else ought to do it.

Wit. Why then, dear *Tom*, I give you Joy ; for to say the Truth, I believe I was a little over-hasty in this matter : But, as thou say'st he that has not Wit enough to find himself sometimes a Fool, is in danger of being Fool enough, to have nobody think him a wit but himself.

Fran. [*To Lady Wrang.*] And now, Madam, were it but possible to deserve your Pardon.

Lady W. I see you know my weakness—Submission must prevail upon a generous Nature—I forgive you.

Sir G. Why, that's well said on all sides : And now you are part of my Family, Gentlemen, I'll tell you a Secret that concerns your Fortunes—Hark you—in one Word—sell—sell out as fast as you can ; for (among Friends) the Game's up—ask no Questions—but, I tell you, the Jest is over—but Money down ! (d'yes observe me) Money down ! don't meddle for Time ; for the Time's a-coming, when those that buy will not be able to pay ; and so the Devil take the hindmost, and Heaven bless you all together.

Gran. And now, *Sophronia*, set me forward to the promis'd Land of Love.

Soph. *In vain, against the force of Nature's Law,
Would rigid Moral keep our Hearts in awe ;
All our lost Labours of the Brain but prove
In life there's no Philosophy like Love.*

LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

(COMÉDIE.)

THE IMAGINARY INVALID,

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

INTERSPERSED WITH MUSIC AND DANCING.

(THE ORIGINAL IN PROSE)

FEBRUARY 10TH, 1673.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

WHILST Molière was very ill and nearly dying, when he felt every day his strength failing him, and his life passing away rapidly, he wrote a comedy, *The Imaginary Invalid*, in which he depicts the folly of a man who, though in good health, believes himself ill, blindly obeys his doctor, and swallows and takes what he prescribes for him; in other words, the very counterpart of Molière himself. This comedy was first performed at the theatre of the Palais Royal, on the 10th of February, 1673. During the fourth representation, Molière became ill and died on the same evening, the 17th of February. The theatre did not open until the 24th of that month, with *The Misanthrope*, and with Baron in the part of Alceste. *The Imaginary Invalid* was performed again, with La Thorillière in the character of Argan, and was acted nine times. On the 4th of May 1674, it was acted anew, and had thirty-seven consecutive representations, whilst it was played before the court on the 19th of July of the same year. On the 19th of November it was brought out again, and played eleven times; so that it was represented in all sixty-two times—a proof that the public was not tired in admiring the last work of France's great dramatist.

In the character of Argan Molière endeavoured to sketch the excessive dread of death and its consequences, harshness of heart, tyrannical egotism, and an extreme facility for being deceived. Argan's wife, Béline, tyrannizes over him, Mr Purgon and Mr Fleurant rule him with a rod of iron, whilst Béralde, Argan's brother, is a sceptic in medicine, and probably is only the mouth-piece of the very arguments of Molière himself. The burlesque reception of Argan as a doctor, in the last interlude, is very similar to the real reception of a doctor, and it seems that some of Molière's medical friends assisted him in this description. John Locke, who passed three years after Molière's death through Montpellier, was present at the examination of a physician, and the conferring of his degree, and describes a procession of the doctors dressed in red, with black caps on their heads, and followed by ten violin-players, the speech of the president against the circulation of the blood, the different compliments of the newly made doctor, and his putting on a cap, a ring on his finger, and a golden chain round his loins. In Paris there was no music when a doctor's degree was conferred.

Molière had flattered himself that *The Imaginary Invalid* should be

represented at court during the carnival of 1673, and the Prologue is sufficient evidence of this. But Louis XIV., who, during the preceding summer, had made his first campaign in Holland, had probably his mind filled with more or less heroic thoughts, and ordered the *Mithridates* of Racine, to be performed by the comedians of the hotel de Bourgogne ; Lulli also made some opposition with regard to the music, which was forbidden to be played on any other stage than the Opera.

Dr Martin Lister, an Englishman who was in Paris in 1698, says :—¹

“ It is said Molière died suddenly in acting the *Malade Imaginaire* ; which is a good instance of his well personating the play he made, and how he could really put himself into any passion he had in his head. . . . He is reported to have said, going off the stage, ‘ *Messieurs, J’ai joué le Malade Imaginaire, mais je suis véritablement fort malade ;* ’ and he died two hours after. This account of Molière is not in his life by Perrault ; but it is true ; and yet he has blamed him for his folly, in persecuting the art of physic, not the men, in divers of his plays.

“ Molière sent for Dr M——, a physician of Paris of great esteem and worth, and now in London a refugee. Dr M—— sent him word he would come to him, upon two conditions ; the one, that he should answer him only to such questions as he should ask him, and not otherwise discourse him ; the other, that he should oblige himself to take the medicines he should prescribe for him. But Molière finding the doctor too hard for him, and not easily to be duped, refused them. His business, it seems, was to make a comical scene in exposing one of the most learned men of the profession, as he had done the quacks. If this was his intention, as in all probability it was, Molière had as much malice as wit ; which is only to be used to correct the viciousness and folly of men pretending to knowledge, and not the arts themselves.”

The words which Dr Lister attributes to Molière as having been uttered by him on the stage, have never had any corroborative evidence. Who the Doctor M. may be, whom the learned English physician mentions, and who appears to have told him a cock-and-bull story, it is now impossible to find out ; but the animus of Dr Lister, and his spite against Molière, twenty-five years after the dramatist’s death, is distinctly shown in the extract given above.

As the king had early in the year 1674 forbidden *The Imaginary Invalid* to become public property, until it was printed, and as the troupe of Molière did not hasten to publish it, several spurious editions soon saw the light. The first published at Amsterdam by D. Elzevir, in 1674, and probably written by some one who had seen the play in Paris, and wrote it down from memory, is absolutely valueless, except as indicating some stage play, and describing the dresses. A second surreptitious edition was published the same year, at Cologne, by J. Sambin, and appears to be so well done that it seems possible that the

¹ *A Journey to Paris in the year 1698.*

original manuscript has been consulted. But the comedy, as we now know it, was first published in the collected edition of Molière's works of La Grange and Vinot, in 1682. They were both friends of Molière, the first even a fellow-actor, and had consulted the manuscripts lent to them by his widow. The book of the ballet and the words of the physician's admission, that is the last interlude, had been separately published several times before.

In the eighth volume of "Select Comedies of M. de Molière," London, 1732, this play is translated under the name of the *Hypochondriack*, and dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Argyle, in the following words:—

My LORD,—By prefixing Your Grace's Name to this Performance I have quite ruined my Dedication, for both my Author's Character as a Writer, and your Grace's for fine Sense, Humanity, and Politeness, are so thoroughly known and so strongly established in the World, that it would be Impertinence and Presumption to say any thing of either. Thus deprived of the two great Sources of an Epistle dedicatory, what can I do? why agreeable to the common Practice of my cotemporary Brethren I should have recourse to my own Abilities and the Merit of my Translation: But those, your Grace, I fear, will be too readily acquainted with, if You should give Yourself the trouble to cast an Eye upon what I have done; I shall therefore say one Word only in behalf of the Bookseller, and then give your Grace no further Trouble. This Volume completes the Select Collection of Molière's Comedies in French and English, to the Success of which your Grace's Favour and Protection are absolutely necessary, and most humbly intreated. As the Intention of this Work is to introduce pure Nature and true Wit once more in our Diversions, and to chase Folly and Vice from our Conversations and Practice; a more proper Patron could not possibly be found to recommend it to the World, than one of your Grace's Taste and Virtues.—I am, my Lord, Your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

Several English dramatists have borrowed from Molière. Mrs Aphra Behn has, in *Sir Patient Fancy*, acted at the theatre Dorset Garden, in 1678 (see Introductory Notice to *Love is the best Doctor*, Vol. III., p. 192), partly imitated Argan in *Sir Patient Fancy*. A great portion of the fifth act is also taken from Molière; but the whole is so fully indecent that nothing can be quoted from it.

J. Miller's *Mother-in-Law, or the Doctor the Disease* (see Introductory Notice to *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, Vol. V., page 111), which was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre on the 12th of February 1734, is based chiefly on Molière's play *The Imaginary Invalid*.

Isaac Bickerstaffe wrote *Dr Last in his Chariot*, a comedy performed at the Haymarket Theatre, on the 25th of August 1769 (see Introductory Notice to *Love is the best Doctor*, Vol. III., p. 193), of which the bulk is taken from *The Imaginary Invalid*. Argan is called Ailwou'd; Béralde, Friendly; Cléante, Hargrave; Béline, Mrs Ailwou'd; Angélique, Nancy; Louison, Polly; and Toinette is changed into a man-servant, called Wag.

Almost everything imitated from Molière will be found in the Appendix.

PROLOGUE.

After the glorious fatigues and the victorious exploits of our august monarch, it is quite right that those who write should labour either to praise or to amuse him. That is what we have wished to do here ; and this prologue is an attempt to praise this grand prince, which serves to introduce the comedy of *The Imaginary Invalid*, of which the purpose was to give him relief from his noble works.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IN THE COMEDY.

ARGAN, <i>an imaginary invalid.</i> ²	MR FLEURANT, <i>an apothecary.</i> ⁶
BÉRALDE, <i>his brother.</i> ³	MR DE BONNEFOI, <i>a notary.</i>
CLÉANTE, <i>Angélique's lover.</i> ⁴	BÉLINE, <i>Argan's second wife.</i>
MR PURGON, <i>Argan's physician.</i>	ANGÉLIQUE, <i>Argan's daughter.</i>
MR DIAFOIRUS, <i>a physician.</i>	LOUISON (<i>a little girl</i>), <i>Argan's daughter.</i>
THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, <i>his son,</i> <i>betrothed to Angélique.</i> ⁵	TOINETTE, <i>a servant.</i>

IN THE PROLOGUE.

FLORA. TWO DANCING ZEPHYRS. CLIMÈNE. DAPHNÉ.
TIRCIS, *Climène's lover, chief of a troop of shepherds.*
DORILAS, *Daphné's lover, chief of a troop of shepherds.*
SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES *of the suite of Tircis.*
SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES *of the suite of Dorilas.*
PAN.
FAUNS (*dancing*).

IN THE INTERLUDES.

First Act.

PUNCH. AN OLD WOMAN. VIOLIN-PLAYERS.
ARCHERS (*dancing and singing*).

Second Act.

FOUR SINGING GIPSIES. OTHER SINGING AND DANCING GIPSIES.

Third Act.

SINGING UPHOLSTERERS.	BACHELOR.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY.	APOTHECARIES (<i>with their mortars and pestles.</i>)
PHYSICIANS.	SURGEONS.
ARGAN.	SYRINGE-BEARERS.

Scene—PARIS.

² This part was played by Molière. According to the description of the dresses given in the first surreptitious publication of this comedy, by Daniel Elzevir, Amsterdam, 1674, "Argan was arrayed as an invalid, coarse stockings, slippers, a tight pair of breeches, a red waistcoat with some embroidery or lace, a neckerchief with old lace negligently fastened, a night-cap with a lace skull-cap."

³ Dressed as a modest cavalier.

⁴ Dressed as a gallant and a lover.

⁵ Mr Diafoirus, his son, and Mr Purgon are all dressed in black; the first two as ordinary physicians, and the last with a large smooth collar, having long sleek hair, and a cloak coming below his knees.

⁶ He is also dressed in black or brownish grey, with a short apron, and a clyster in his hand, without a hat.

THE IMAGINARY INVALID.

(*LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE*).

ECLOGUE WITH MUSIC AND DANCING.

The Scene represents a rustic, pleasant spot.

Scene I.—Flora, Two Zephyrs, dancing.

Flo. Leave, leave your flocks ;
Come shepherds, shepherdesses all ;
Assemble 'neath these youthful elms :
I have come to announce to you sweet tidings,
Wherewith these hamlets to rejoice.
Leave, leave your flocks ;
Come shepherds, shepherdesses all ;
Assemble 'neath these youthful elms.

*Scene II.—Flora, Two Zephyrs dancing ; Climène,
Daphné, Tircis, Dorilas.*

Cli. [*To Tircis*], *Daph.* [*To Dorilas*]
Leave your protestations, shepherd :
It is Flora who now calls.

Tir. [*To Climène*], *Dor.* [*To Daphné*]
But cruel one, tell me at least,
If by a little friendship, you will repay my vows.

Tir. If you will be sensible of my faithful ardour.

Cli. and Daph. It is Flora who now calls.

Tir. and Dor. It is but a word, a word, a word only
that I crave.

Tir. Shall I for ever languish in my mortal pain ?

Dor. May I hope that one day you shall make me happy ?

Cli. and Daph. It is Flora who now calls.

Scene III.—Flora, Two Zephyrs dancing; Climène, Daphné, Tircis, Dorilas, Shepherds and Shepherdesses, of the suite of Tircis and Dorilas, dancing and singing.

First Entry of the Ballet.

All the Shepherds and Shepherdesses place themselves around Flora, keeping time to the music.

Cli. What news is that, O goddess,
That amongst us is to diffuse so much joy ?

Daph. We burn to learn from you,
These important tidings.

Dor. Eagerly we all sigh for it.

Cli., Daph., Tir., Dor.

With impatience we die for it.

Flo. Here it is ; silence, silence,
Your prayers have been granted, Louis is
returned ;

In these spots he brings back pleasures and love,
And you behold an end to your mortal alarms.

By his vast exploits, he sees everything sub-
jected :

He lays down his arms,
Failing foes.

Chorus. Ah ! what sweet news !

How grand it is, how beautiful it is !

What pleasures ! what laughter ! what sports !
what happy success !

And how well Heaven has fulfilled our wishes !

Ah ! what sweet news !

How grand it is ! how beautiful it is !

Second Entry of the Ballet.

All the Shepherds and Shepherdesses express by their dances, the transports of their joy.

Flo. From your rural pipes
Evoke the sweetest sounds ;

Louis offers to your songs
 The most beautiful subject.
 After a hundred battles,
 In which his arm
 Reaps an ample victory,
 Form amongst you
 A hundred battles still more sweet,
 To sing his glory.

Chorus. Let us form amongst us
 A hundred battles still more sweet,
 To sing his glory.

Flo. My youthful lover, in these woods,
 From my empire prepares a present,
 As a prize for the voice
 Who shall best succeed in telling us
 The virtue and the exploits
 Of the most august of kings.

Oli. If Tircis has the advantage.

Daph. If Dorilas conqueror be.

Oli. To cherish him I promise.

Daph. To his ardour I will give myself.

Tir. Oh hope too dear !

Dor. Oh word replete with sweetness !

Tir. and Dor. Could grander subject, sweeter reward
 animate a heart ?

The violins play an air to animate the two shepherds to the competition, while Flora, as umpire, places herself, with two Zephyrs, at the foot of a beautiful tree in the middle of the stage, and the rest occupy the two sides, as spectators.

Tir. When the melted snow swells a famous torrent,
 Against the sudden effort of its frothy waves
 There is nothing sufficiently solid ;
 Dykes, castles, towns, and woods,
 Men and flocks at one and the same time,
 All things bend to the current which guides it :
 Such, and fiercer, and more rapid still
 Louis marches in his exploits.

Third Entry of the Ballet.

The Shepherds and Shepherdesses at Tircis's side dance round him, to the measure of a ritornello, to express their applause.

Dor. The threatening lightning that with fury pierces
The horrible darkness, by a fiery glow,
Causes, with fear and terror,
The most steadfast heart to tremble ;
But, at the head of an army,
Louis inspires more terror still.

Fourth Entry of the Ballet.

The Shepherds and Shepherdesses at Dorilas' side do the same thing as the others have done.

Tir. We see the fabulous exploits which Greece has
sung,
Effaced by many grander truths ;
And all these famous demi-gods
Whom past history vaunts,
Are not even to our thoughts
What Louis is in our eyes.

Fifth Entry of the Ballet.

The Shepherds and Shepherdesses once more do the same thing that the others have done.

Dor. In our days, Louis, by his astonishing feats,
Makes us believe the grand deeds which history
has sung
Of by-gone ages ;
But our nephews, in their glory,
Shall have nothing that can make believe
All the grand feats of Louis.

Sixth Entry of the Ballet.

The Shepherds and Shepherdesses at Dorilas' side again do the same things.

Seventh Entry of the Ballet.

The Shepherds and Shepherdesses on both sides mingle and dance together.

Scene VI.—Flora, Pan; Two Zephyrs dancing; Climène, Daphné, Tircis, Dorilas, Fauns dancing, Shepherds and Shepherdesses dancing and singing.

- Pan.* Abandon, abandon, shepherds, this bold design,
 Eh ! what would you do ?
 Sing on your pipes
 What Apollo, on his lyre,
 With his most lovely songs,
 Would not undertake to say ?
 It is giving too much flight to the fire that in-
 spires you,
 It is mounting towards the sky on waxen wings,
 To drop down to the bottom of the deep.
 To sing the intrepid courage of Louis,
 There is no voice that is learned enough,
 There are no words grand enough to describe it ;
 Silence is the language
 That must laud his exploits.
 Consecrate other cares to his signal victory ;
 Your praises have naught that flatters his desires :
 Leave, leave his glory ;
 Think of nothing but his pleasures.
- Chor.* Leave, leave his glory ;
 Think of nothing but his pleasures.
- Flo.* [*To Tircis and to Dorilas*]
 Although, to laud his immortal virtues,
 Strength may fail your minds,
 Both may receive the prize.
 In grand and beauteous things
 It is sufficient to have tried.

Eighth Entry of the Ballet.

*The two Zephyrs dance with two chaplets of flowers in their hands,
which they afterwards give to the two Shepherds.*

Cli. and Daph. [*Giving their lovers their hands*]

In grand and beauteous things,
It is sufficient to have tried.

Tir. and Dor. Ah ! with what sweet rewards our boldness
has been crowned !

Flo. and Pan. What one does for Louis is never lost.

Cli., Daph., Tir., Dor.

Let us give ourselves henceforth to the care
for his pleasures.

Flo. and Pan. Happy, happy, who can devote his life to
him !

Chorus.

In these woods let us mingle
Our flutes and our voices ;
This day invites us to it.
And let us make the echoes resound a
thousand times,
Louis is the greatest of kings,
Happy, happy who can devote his life to
him !

Ninth Entry of the Ballet.

*Fauns, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses all mingle together to execute a
dance ; after which they go to prepare themselves for the Comedy.*

*ANOTHER PROLOGUE.⁷**Scene I. A Shepherdess singing.*

Your highest knowledge is but pure chimera,
 Vain and not very learned doctors ;
 You cannot cure, by your grand Latin words,
 The grief that causes my despair.
 Your highest knowledge is but pure chimera,

Alas ! alas ! I dare not reveal
 My love-sick martyrdom
 To the shepherd for whom I sigh,
 And who alone can relieve me.
 Do not pretend to put an end to it,
 Ignorant doctors, you would not know how to do it :
 Your highest knowledge is but pure chimera.

These uncertain remedies, of which the simple people
 Think that you know the admirable virtue,
 Cannot cure the ills I feel :
 And all your gibberish can be received
 Only by an *Imaginary Invalid*.
 Your highest knowledge is but pure chimera,
 Vain and little informed doctors, etc.

The Scene changes, and represents an apartment.

⁷ This second prologue is not in the libretto of the ballet. It was probably often used, both for shortness' sake, and because it announces the subject of the Comedy, and is to be found in the Amsterdam edition. It is preceded by the following description :—

The theatre represents a forest. When the stage is seen, an agreeable noise of instruments is heard. Afterwards, a Shepherdess comes to complain tenderly that she finds no remedy for the pangs which she suffers. Several Fauns and Ægyptians, assembled for their peculiar festivals and games, meet the Shepherdess. They listen to her complaints, and form a very amusing spectacle. Complaint of the Shepherdess :—

ACT I. SCENE I.

ARGAN, *seated before a table, is adding up his apothecary's bill with counters.*⁸

Ar. Three and two make five, and five make ten, and ten make twenty; three and two make five. "Besides, on the twenty-fourth,⁹ a small clyster, mild, preparative and soothing, to soothe, moisten, and refresh Mr Argan's inward parts." What pleases me in Mr Fleurant, my apothecary, is that his bills are always so civil. "Mr Argan's inward parts, thirty sols." Yes; but, Mr Fleurant, to be civil is not everything; you should also be moderate, and not flay your patients. Thirty sols an enema! I am your humble servant, I have already told you; in your other bills you have put them at only twenty sols; and twenty sols in apothecary's language means ten sols; here they are, ten sols. "Besides, on the said date, a good cleaning clyster, composed of double catholicon, rhubarb, with honey of roses, and other ingredients, according to prescription, to scour, wash and clean the lower abdomen of Mr Argan, thirty sols." By your leave, ten sols. "Besides, on the said date, in the evening, a julep for the liver, soporative and soporific, composed to make Mr Argan sleep, thirty-five sols." I do not complain of this, for it made me sleep very well. Ten, fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen sols, six deniers.¹⁰ "Besides, on the twenty-fifth, a good purgative and strengthening draught, composed of fresh cassia, with Levantine senna, and other ingredients, according to the prescription of Mr Purgon, to

⁸ See Appendix, Note A.

⁹ As Argan's verification of medicine delivered during the entire month would be too long, the curtain rises when he is at the twenty-fourth day.

¹⁰ Argan always puts down half of what the apothecary asks. Although the julep has done him good, he puts down only seventeen sous, six deniers,—half of Mr Fleurant's charge, which was thirty-five sous.

expel and evacuate Mr Argan's bile, four francs." Ah ! Mr Fleurant, this is too much of a joke : one should give and take with patients. Mr Purgon did not order you to put down four francs. Put down, put down three francs, if you please. Twenty and thirty sols.¹¹ " Besides, on the same date, an anodyne and astringent potion, to procure Mr Argan some rest, thirty sols." Good, ten and fifteen sols.¹² " Besides, on the twenty-sixth, a carminative clyster, to drive away Mr Argan's flatulence, thirty sols." Ten sols, Mr Fleurant. " Besides the same clyster, repeated in the evening, as above, thirty sols." Mr Fleurant, ten sols. " Besides, on the twenty-seventh, a good draught to hasten and drive out the bad humours of Mr Argan, three livres." Good, twenty and thirty sols ; I am glad that you are reasonable. " Besides, on the twenty-eighth, a small dose of clarified and edulcorated milk, to soften, temper, refresh, and purify Mr Argan's blood, twenty sols." Good, ten sols.¹³ " Besides, a cordial and preservative potion, composed of twelve grains of bezoar, syrup of lemon and pomegranates, and other ingredients, according to prescription, five livres." Ah ! Mr Fleurant, gently if you please, if you go on thus, one would no longer care to be ill : be satisfied with four francs ; twenty and forty sols. Three and two make five, and five make ten, and ten make twenty. Sixty-three livres, four sols, and six deniers. So that, this month, I have taken, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight remedies ; and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven and twelve enemas ; and the other month, there were twelve remedies and twenty

¹¹ Here Argan puts down again the half of the three francs, the apothecary's charge, and says "thirty sols." He first marks with his counters twenty sous, and then adds ten more, which make thirty, but never thought of putting down fifty.

¹² See note above.

¹³ See note above.

enemas. I am not surprised that I am not so well this month as the other. I had better tell this to Mr Purgon, so that he may set this matter to rights. Come, take all this away. [*Seeing that no one comes, that there are none of his servants in the room*]. There is no one here. I may say what I like, I am always left alone : there is no means of making them stay here. [*After having rung a bell that is on the table*] They do not hear, and my bell does not make sufficient noise. Tingle, tingle, tingle.¹⁴ Not a bit of use. Tingle, tingle, tingle ! They are deaf. . . . Toinette ! Tingle, tingle, tingle. Just as if I did not ring at all. You wretch ! you slut ! Tingle, tingle, tingle.¹⁵ I am in a rage ! Tingle, tingle, tingle ! To the devil with you, baggage ! Is it possible that they can leave a poor invalid by himself in this way ? Tingle, tingle, tingle. This is most wretched. Tingle, tingle, tingle ! Ah ! good Heavens ! they will leave me to die here ! tingle, tingle, tingle.

SCENE II.

ARGAN, TOINETTE.¹⁶

Toi. [*Entering*], Coming, coming.

Arg. Ah ! slut ! ah ! baggage. . .

Toi. [*Pretends to have knocked her head*] The deuce take your impatience ! You hurry people so, that I have given myself a great knock on the head against the outside corner of the shutter.

Arg. [*Angry*] Ah ! you wretch ! . . .

Toi. [*Interrupting him*] Ah !

Arg. It is an . . .

¹⁴ In the original, *Drelin*, a word invented to imitate the sound of a bell when rung.

¹⁵ Argan no longer rings his bell, but shouts.

¹⁶ See Appendix, Note B.

Toi. Ah ! . . .

Arg. It is an hour . . .

Toi. Ah !

Arg. That you have left me . . .

Toi. Ah !

Arg. Hold your tongue, you slut, that I may scold you.

Toi. Upon my word, I like that. I should advise you to do so, after what I have just done to myself.

Arg. You have given me a sore throat, you slut.

Toi. And you have given me a broken head : one is as good as the other. We are quits, if you like.

Arg. What ! you baggage . . .

Toi. If you scold, I shall cry.

Arg. To leave me, you wretch . . .

Toi. [*Once more interrupting Argan*] Ah !

Arg. You slut ! . . . you wish me to . . .

Toi. Ah !

Arg. What ! I am not to have the pleasure of scolding her !

Toi. Scold as much as you like : I am agreeable.

Arg. You prevent me, you slut, by interrupting me at every point.

Toi. If you have the pleasure of scolding, I may, on my side, have the pleasure of crying : each his own ; that is not too much. Ah !

Arg. Come, I shall have to do without it. Take this away, you wretch, take this away. [*After having risen*] Has my enema of to-day acted well ?

Toi. Your enema ?

Arg. Yes. Had I much bile ?

Toi. Upon my word, I do not meddle with these things, it is for Mr Fleurant to put his nose into them, since he profits by them.

Arg. Let them take care to keep some beef-tea ready for me, for the other which I am to take by-and-bye.

Toi. This Mr Fleurant, and this Mr Purgon amuse themselves very much with your body; they have a good milch-cow in you; and I should much like to ask them what disease you have, to want so many remedies.

Arg. Hold your tongue, you ignorant woman; it is not for you to control the prescriptions of the faculty. Send my daughter Angélique to me: I have something to say to her.

Toi. Here she comes of her own accord; she has guessed your thought.

SCENE III.

ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.

Arg. Come here, Angélique: you come opportunely; I wished to speak to you.

An. Behold me ready to listen to you.

Arg. Wait. [*To Toinette*] Give me my stick. I shall be back in a moment.

Toi. Go quickly, Sir, go. Mr Fleurant gives us some work.

SCENE IV.

ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.

An. Toinette!

Toi. What?

An. Just look at me.

Toi. Well! I am looking at you.

An. Toinette!

Toi. Well! what, Toinette?

An. Cannot you guess what I wish to speak about?

Toi. I have my doubts about it: of our young lover; for it is on him that for six days all our conversations turn; and you are not at your ease, unless you talk of him at every moment.

An. Since you know that, why are you not the first to converse with me about it? And why do you not save me the trouble of dragging you into this conversation?

Toi. You do not give me time to do so; and you are so anxious about it, that it becomes difficult to forestall you.

An. I confess to you that I cannot tire of speaking of him to you, and that my heart warmly takes advantage of every moment to open itself to you. But tell me, Toinette, do you condemn the sentiments which I have for him?

Toi. I have no such thoughts.

An. Am I wrong in abandoning myself to these sweet impressions?

Toi. I do not say so.

An. And would you have me be insensible to the tender protestations of this ardent passion which he shows for me?

Toi. Heaven forbid!

An. Just tell me; do not you see, with me, something from Heaven, some working of destiny, in the unexpected adventure of our acquaintance?

Toi. Yes.

An. Do not you find that this action of taking up my defence, without knowing me, is altogether that of a gentleman?

Toi. Yes.

An. That one could not have behaved more generously?

Toi. Agreed.

An. And that he did all this with the best possible grace?

Toi. Oh! yes.

An. Do not you think, Toinette, that he is well made in person?

Toi. Assuredly.

An. That he has the finest appearance in the world?

VI.

Q

Toi. No doubt.

An. That his conversations, like his actions, have something noble ?

Toi. That is certain.

An. That there could be nothing more passionate than what he says to me ?

Toi. It is true.

An. And that there is nothing more annoying than the restraint under which I am kept, which stops all interchange of the sweet eagerness of this mutual affection with which Heaven inspires us ?

Toi. You are right.

An. But, my dear Toinette, think you that he loves me as well as he says to me ?

Toi. Eh ! eh ! these things are sometimes a little to be doubted. The vain pretences of love are very like the truth ; and I have seen some great actors on that subject.

An. Ah ! Toinette, what are you saying there ? Alas ! from the way he speaks, could it well be possible that he does not tell me the truth ?

Toi. At any rate, you will be soon enlightened ; and the resolve, of which he wrote to you yesterday, that he had taken to ask for your hand, is a prompt way to show you whether he loves you or not.¹⁷ That will be the right proof.

An. Ah ! Toinette, if this one deceives me, I shall never in my life believe another man.

Toi. Here is your father coming back.

¹⁷ Toinette prepares us for the mistake of the next scene, by informing us that Cléante had asked for the hand of Angélique. In the third act we shall see, however, that he had asked Béralde to do so.

SCENE V.

ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.¹⁸

Arg. Daughter, I am going to tell you some news which, perhaps, you did not expect. You are being asked in marriage. What is this? You laugh? That is pleasant, yes, this word marriage! There is nothing more funny to young girls. Ah! nature, nature! From what I can perceive, daughter, I need hardly ask you, whether you would like to get married.

An. I must do all, father, that it pleases you to order me.

Arg. I am glad to have so obedient a daughter: so the matter is settled, and I have promised your hand.

An. It is for me, father, blindly to follow all your wishes.

Arg. My wife, your step-mother, wished me to make you a nun, as well as your little sister Louison; and she has always persisted in it.

Toi. [*Aside*] The innocent has her reasons.

Arg. She would not consent to this marriage; but I have carried the day, and I have given my word.

An. Ah! father, how obliged I am to you for all your goodness!

Toi. [*To Argan*] Truly, I like you for this; and this is the most sensible thing you ever did in all your life.

Arg. I have not yet seen the gentleman; but I have been told that I should be satisfied with him, and you also.

An. Assuredly, father.

Arg. How! have you seen him?

An. Since your consent authorises me to open my heart to you, I will not dissemble, but tell you that accident made us acquainted six days ago, and that the request which

¹⁸ See Appendix, Note C.

has been made to you is the result of the inclination, which we, at this first sight, have conceived for each other,

Arg. They did not tell me this : but I am very glad of it, and it is much better that matters are so. They tell me that he is a tall young man, well made.

An. Yes, father.

Arg. Of good stature.

An. No doubt.

Arg. Agreeable in person.

An. Assuredly.

Arg. Good looking.

An. Very much so.

Arg. Steady and well born.

An. Quite.

Arg. Well bred.

An. Could not possibly be better.

Arg. Who speaks Latin and Greek well.

An. That is what I do not know.

Arg. And that he will take his diploma as a physician in three days.

An. He, father ?

Arg. Yes. Has he not told you ?

An. No indeed. Who told you ?

Arg. Mr Purgon.

An. Does Mr Purgon know him ?

Arg. A pretty question ! He should know him, seeing that he is his nephew.

An. Cléante, the nephew of Mr Purgon ?

Arg. Which Cléante ? We are speaking of the one who has asked you in marriage.

An. Well ! yes.

Arg. Well ! he is the nephew of Mr Purgon, the son of his brother-in-law Dr Diafoirus ; and this son's name is Thomas Diafoirus, and not Cléante ; and we have settled

this match this morning, Mr Purgon, Mr Fleurant, and I ; and to-morrow this intended son-in-law is to be brought to me by his father. What is the matter ? You look altogether amazed !

An. It is father, because I find that you have been speaking of one person, and that I understood another.

Toi. What ! Sir, you could have formed that ridiculous design ? And, with all the wealth you have, you would marry your daughter to a physican ?

Arg. Yes. What are you interfering with, you slut, impudent hussy that you are ?

Toi. Good gracious ! gently. You begin immediately with invectives. Can we not argue together without getting into a passion ? There, let us speak in cool blood. What is your reason, if you please, for such a match ?

Arg. My reason is that, seeing myself infirm and ill as I am, I wish to have a son-in-law and relations who are physicians, so as to have the support of good assistance against my illness, to have in my own family the sources of the remedies which are necessary to me, and to be in a position of having consultations and prescriptions.

Toi. Well ! that is giving your reason, and it is a pleasure to answer each other gently. But, Sir, consult your own conscience. Are you ill ?

Arg. How ! you wretch ! am I ill ! Am I ill, impudent hussy !

Toi. Well ! yes, Sir ; you are ill, let us not quarrel about that. Yes, you are very ill, I am agreed, and more ill than you imagine ; that is settled. But your daughter must marry a husband for herself ; and, not being ill, it is not necessary to give her a doctor.

Arg. It is for me that I give her this doctor ; and a well disposed daughter ought to be delighted to marry that which is useful to the health of her father.

Toi. Upon my word, Sir, shall I as a friend give you an advice ?

Arg. What is it, this advice ?

Toi. Not to think of this marriage.

Arg. And the reason ?

Toi. The reason is, that your daughter will not consent to it.

Arg. She will not consent to it ?

Toi. No.

Arg. My daughter ?

Toi. Your daughter. She will tell you that she has nothing to do with Mr Diafoirus, nor with his son Thomas Diafoirus, nor with any of the Diafoiruses in the world.

Arg. I have to do with them, besides that the match is more advantageous than the world imagines. Mr Diafoirus has no other heir than this son ; and, what is more, Mr Purgon, who has neither wife nor child, leaves him all his property in consideration of this marriage, and Mr Purgon is a man who has eight thousand livres a-year.

Toi. He must have killed a good many people, to have made himself so rich !

Arg. Eight thousand livres a-year are something, without reckoning the father's property.

Toi. All that is well and good, Sir ; but I am always coming back to this : I advise you, between ourselves, to choose her another husband ; and she is not made to be Mrs Diafoirus.

Arg. And I wish it to be so.

Toi. Eh, fie ! do not say so.

Arg. How ! do not say so.

Toi. Eh, no.

Arg. And why should I not say so ?

Toi. One would say you are not thinking of what you are saying.

Arg. One may say what one likes ; but I tell you that it is my wish that she shall fulfil my given promise.

Toi. No ; I am sure that she will not do so.

Arg. I will force her to do so.

Toi. She will not do so, I tell you.

Arg. She shall do so, or I shall put her in a convent.

Toi. You ?

Arg. I.

Toi. Good !

Arg. How ! good ?

Toi. You will not put her in a convent.

Arg. I will not put her in a convent ?

Toi. No.

Arg. No ?

Toi. No.

Arg. Hoity toity ! This is pleasant ! I shall not put my daughter in a convent, if I wish it ?

Toi. No ; I tell you.

Arg. Who shall prevent me ?

Toi. Yourself.

Arg. I !

Toi. Yes. You will not have the heart.

Arg. I shall have it.

Toi. You are jesting.

Arg. I am not jesting at all.

Toi. Your paternal tenderness will prevent you.

Arg. It will not prevent me.

Toi. A little tear or two, arms thrown round the neck, " My darling little papa," tenderly pronounced, will be enough to touch you.

Arg. All that will have no effect.

Toi. Yes, yes.

Arg. I tell you that I shall not go back from it.

Toi. Nonsense.

Arg. You must not say, Nonsense.

Toi. Good Heavens ! I know you, you are naturally kind-hearted.

Arg. [*Getting angry*] I am not kind-hearted, and I am very spiteful when I wish to be so.¹⁹

Toi. Gently, Sir. You forget that you are ill.

Arg. I absolutely command her to prepare herself to take the husband I tell her.

Toi. And I absolutely forbid her to do anything of the kind.

Arg. Where in the world are we ? and what sort of audacity is this, for a slut of a servant to talk in this manner before her master ?

Toi. When a master forgets what he is doing, a sensible servant has a right to correct him.

Arg. [*Running after Toinette*] Ah ! you insolent hussy, I shall have to knock you down.

Toi. [*Avoiding Argan, placing a chair between herself and him*] It is my duty to oppose myself to things which might disgrace you.

Arg. [*Running round the chair, with his stick, after Toinette*] Come here, come, that I may teach you how to speak.

Toi. [*Dodging away at the opposite side*] I interest myself, as I ought to do, not to let you commit any folly.

Arg. [*Same business*] You slut !

Toi. [*Same business*] No, I shall never consent to this marriage.

Arg. [*Same business*] You good-for-nothing !

Toi. [*Same business*] I will not have her marry your Thomas Diafoirus.

¹⁹ This dialogue is copied almost literally from the Sixth Scene of the First Act of *The Rogueries of Scapin*.

Arg. [*Same business*] Baggage !

Toi. [*Same business*] She will obey me rather than you.

Arg. [*Stopping*] Angélique, will you not stop this slut for me ?

An. Eh ! father, do not make yourself ill.

Arg. [*To Angélique*] If you do not stop her for me, I will give you my curse.

Toi. [*Going*] And I shall disinherit her, if she obeys you.

Arg. [*Throwing himself in his chair*] Ah ! Ah ! I am exhausted. This is enough to kill me.²⁰

SCENE VI.

BÉLINE, ARGAN.²¹

Arg. Ah ! wife, come here.

Bél. What ails you, my poor husband ?

Arg. Come here to my assistance.

Bél. But what is the matter, dear ?

Arg. My darling !

Bél. My pet !

Arg. I have been put into a passion.

Bél. Alas ! poor dear husband ! But how, my friend ?

Arg. Your slut of a Toinette has been more insolent than ever.

Bél. Do not excite yourself.

Arg. She has put me into a rage, my dear.

Bél. Gently, my son.

Arg. During an hour, she has opposed the things which I wish to do.

²⁰ Compare the Second Scene of Second Act of *Tartuffe*. (See Vol. IV. p. 149.)

²¹ See Appendix, Note D.

Bél. There, there, gently.

Arg. And she has had the effrontery to tell me that I am not ill.

Bél. She is an impertinent hussy.

Arg. You know, my heart, what is the case.

Bél. Yes, my heart, she is wrong.

Arg. My love, this wretch will kill me.

Bél. Eh ! eh !

Arg. She is the cause of all my bile.

Bél. Do not get so angry.

Arg. And I have told you, I do not know how often, to get rid of her.

Bél. Good Heavens ! child, there are neither men nor women servants who have not their faults. One is often obliged to put up with their bad qualities, for the sake of their good ones. This one is handy, careful, diligent, and above all faithful ; and you know that we must be very cautious now-a-days with the folks we take.²² Hullo ! Toinette !

SCENE VII.

ARGAN, BÉLINE, TOINETTE.

Toi. Madam.

Bél. Why do you put my husband into a passion ?

Toi. [*In a coaxing tone*] I, Madam ? Alas ! I do not know what you mean, and I strive to please master in everything.

Arg. Oh ! the wretch !

Toi. He told us that he wished to give his daughter in marriage to the son of Mr Diafoirus : I answered him that

²² This defence of Toinette by Béline shows that she afterwards intends to use her ; but we have already seen in the servant's exclamation "What an innocent woman !" that Toinette knows her well.

I thought that the match was advantageous to her, but that I believed he would do better to put her into a convent.

Bél. There is not much harm in that, and I think that she is right.

Arg. Ah ! my love, do you believe her ? She is a good-for-nothing ; she has said a hundred insolent things to me.

Bél. Well ! I believe you, my friend. There, calm yourself. Listen, Toinette : if ever you vex my husband, I will put you out of the house. There, now give me his furred cloak and some pillows, that I may make him comfortable in his chair. You are I do not know how. Pull your cap well over your ears : there is nothing that gives cold like catching a draught in the ears.

Arg. Ah ! my dear, how obliged I am for all the care you take of me.

Bél. [*Arranging the pillows, which she puts round Argan*] Just lift yourself, that I may put this under you. Let us place this one to lean upon, and that one on the other side. Let us put this one behind your back, and the other one to support your head.

Toi. [*Rudely putting a pillow on his head*] And this one to keep the night dew away from you.

Arg. [*Rising and throwing his pillows at Toinette, who runs away*] Ah, you wretch ! you want to stifle me.

SCENE VIII.

ARGAN, BÉLINE.

Bél. Hullo ! hullo ! What is the matter now ?

Arg. [*Throwing himself into his chair*] Ah ! ah ! ah ! I am exhausted.

Bél. Why get into such a passion ? She thought of doing right.

Arg. My love, you do not know the spitefulness of the

good-for-nothing. Ah! she has entirely put me out; and I shall want more than eight doses of medicine and twelve enemas to put all this right.

Bél. There, there, my little dear, try to quiet yourself a little.

Arg. My darling, you are my only consolation.

Bél. Poor dear child!

Arg. To try to acknowledge the love which you have for me, my heart, I wish, as I have told you, to make my will.

Bél. Ah, my friend, do not let us speak of this, I pray: I cannot bear the thought; and the very word, will, makes me shudder with pain.

Arg. I had told you to speak about it to your notary.

Bél. He is just inside. I brought him with me.

Arg. Make him come in, my love.

Bél. Alas! my friend, when one loves a husband well, one is hardly able to think of all this.

SCENE IX.

MR DE BONNEFOI, BÉLINE, ARGAN.²³

Arg. Draw near, Mr de Bonnefoi; draw near. Take a seat, if you please. My wife has told me, Sir, that you are a very honest man, and altogether her friend; and I have told her to speak to you about a will which I wish to make.

Bél. Alas! I am not able to talk of these matters.

Mr de B. She has explained your intentions to me, Sir, and what you purpose to do for her; and I must tell you on this score that you cannot give anything to your wife by your will.

Arg. But why?

Mr de B. Common law is opposed to it. If you were

²³ See Appendix, Note E.

in a country where there is statute law, it could be done : but in Paris, and in all the countries where common law exists, at least in most of them, this cannot be ; and the disposition would be invalid. All the good which man and woman joined in wedlock can do to each other, is a mutual gift while living ; and then there must be no children, either of the two contracting parties, or of one of them, at the time of decease of the one who dies first.²⁴

Arg. This is a very impertinent custom, that a husband can leave nothing to a wife by whom he is tenderly beloved, and who takes so much care of him ! I would feel inclined to consult my barrister, to see how I might act.

Mr de B. It is not to barristers that you must go ; for they are, as a rule, very strict on these matters, and imagine that it is a great crime to dispose of property contrary to law : they are people of difficulties, who are ignorant of the intricacies of one's conscience. There are other people to consult, who are very much more accommodating, who have expedients to glide gently over the law, and to make that right which is not allowed ; who know how to smooth the difficulties of an affair, and to find means of eluding custom by some indirect advantage. Without this, where should we be every day ? There must be some elasticity in affairs ; otherwise we should do nothing, and I would not give a halfpenny for our profession.

Arg. My wife has indeed told me, Sir, that you are a very able and a very honest man. How am I to do, if you please, to give her my property, and to deprive my children of it ?

Mr de B. How are you to do ? You can quietly choose an intimate friend of your wife's, to whom you will give, in due form, by your will, all that you can ; and this friend

²⁴ This is according to articles 280 and 282 of the ancient Common Law of Paris.

shall afterwards give it all back to her. You can also contract a great many plausible obligations for the benefit of various creditors who will lend their names to your wife, and into whose hands they will put a declaration that what they did was only to benefit her. You can also, while you are alive, put into her hands ready money, or bills which you may make payable to the bearer.

Bél. Good Heavens ! you must not torment yourself about all that. If you should happen to die, I should no longer remain in this world.

Arg. My darling !

Bél. Yes, my friend, if I am unfortunate enough to lose you. .

Arg. My dear wife !

Bél. Life will no longer be anything to me.

Arg. My love !

Bél. And I shall follow you, to show the tenderness I have for you.

Arg. My darling, you rend my heart ! Console yourself, I pray you.

Mr de B. [*To Béline*] These tears are unseasonable. Matters have not come to that yet.

Bél. Ah ! Sir, you do not know what a husband is whom one loves tenderly.

Arg. All the regret which I shall have, if I die, my dear, is not to have a child by you. Mr Purgon had told me that I should have one.

Mr de B. This may come yet.

Arg. I must make my will, love, in the manner this gentleman says ; but as a precaution, I will put into your hands the twenty thousand francs in gold which I have in the wainscoting of the recess of my bed, and two bills payable to the bearer, one from Mr Damon, and the other from Mr Gérante.

Bél. No, no, I will have nothing of all this. By the bye ! . . . how much say you is there in your recess ?

Arg. Twenty thousand francs, my love.

Bél. Do not speak to me of property, I pray you. By the bye ! . . . for how much are the two bills.

Arg. They are, my dear, one for four thousand francs, and the other for six.

Bél. All the riches in the world, my friend, are nothing compared with you.

Mr de B. [*To Argan*] Shall we proceed to the making of the will ?

Arg. Yes, Sir ; but we shall be more at ease in my little study. Pray, my love, conduct me.

Bél. Come, my poor dear child.

SCENE X.

ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.

Toi. They are with a notary, and I heard them speaking about a will. Your step-mother does not go to sleep ; and it is no doubt some conspiracy against your interests to which she drives your father.

An. Let him dispose of his property according as he likes, provided he does not dispose of my heart. You see, Toinette, the violent designs which they have upon it. Do not abandon me, I pray you, in the strait I am in.

Toi. I, abandon you ! I would rather die. Your step-mother may make me her confidante, and draw me in to her interests as much as she likes, I was never able to like her ; and have always been on your side. Let me manage ; I shall do everything to serve you ; but, to do so with more effect, I shall change my tactics, conceal the interest I take in you, and pretend to enter into the feelings of your father and step-mother.

An. Try, I beseech you, to send Cléante word of the marriage that has been resolved upon.

Toi. I have no one that I can employ for this errand but the old usurer, Punch, my lover ; and it will cost me some sweet words, which I do not begrudge for your sake.²⁵ To-day it is too late, but the first thing to-morrow I shall send for him, and he will be delighted to . . .

SCENE XI.

BÉLINE *in the house*, ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.

Bél. Toinette !

Toi. [*To Angélique*] I am being called. Good-night. Rely upon me.

FIRST INTERLUDE.

The Scene changes, and represents a town.

Punch, in the night, comes to serenade his mistress. He is first of all interrupted by the violins, with which he gets into a passion, and afterwards by the watch, composed of dancers and musicians.

Punch. [*Alone*] O, love, love, love, love ! Poor Punch, what the deuce of a fancy has got into your brain ! What are you amusing yourself with, wretched idiot that you are ? You leave the care of your business, and let your affairs go anyhow ; you no longer eat, you do hardly drink, you lose your rest at night ; and all this, for whom ? For a dragon, a downright dragon ; a she-devil who repulses you, and mocks at all you say to her. But it is no good arguing on that point. You will it so, Cupid ; one must be a fool, like many others. It is not the wisest thing for a man of

²⁵ Toinette mentions Punch only to introduce the following interlude.

my age ; but what can I do to it ? One cannot be wise when one will, and old brains get out of order as well as young ones. I have come to see if I cannot soften my tigress by a serenade. At times, there is nothing so touching as a lover who comes to sing his complaints to the bolts and bars of his mistress's door. [*After having taken his lute*] Here is something to accompany my voice with. O night ! O dear night ! carry my love-sick complaints to the bed of my obdurate one.

Night and day I love and adore you.
I seek a yes that shall restore me ;
But if you answer, No,
Fair ingrate, I shall die.

Hope deferred
Makes the heart sick ;
And far from you
It consumes its hours.
This sweet error
That does persuade me
That my grief is about to end,
Alas ! lasts too long.
Thus, through loving you too much, I languish and
I die.

Night and day I love and adore you.
I seek a yes that shall restore me ;
But if you answer, No,
Fair ingrate, I shall die.

If you are not asleep,
Think at least
Of the wounds
You give to my heart.
Ah ! pretend at least,
For my consolation,
If you will kill me,
To be in the wrong ;
Your pity will assuage my martyrdom.

Night and day I love and adore you.
 I seek a yes that shall restore me ;
 But if you answer, No
 Fair ingrate, I shall die.²⁶

Scene II. Punch, An Old Woman, showing herself at the window, and answering Punch, mocking him.

Old Woman. [*Sings*—

Gallants, who, at every moment, with deceitful looks,
 And lying wishes,
 And false sighs,
 And perfidious tones,
 Pride yourselves on being faithful,
 Ah ! do not deceive yourselves.
 From experience I know
 That neither constancy nor faithfulness
 Is to be found in you.

Ah ! how foolish is she who believes you !

These languishing regards
 Do not inspire me with any love,
 These ardent sighs
 Do not inflame me,
 I swear to you on my faith.
 Unhappy gallant !
 My heart, insensible to your complaint,
 Will ever laugh at it :
 Believe me ;
 For from experience I know
 That neither constancy nor faithfulness
 Is to be found in you.

Ah ! how foolish is she who believes you !²⁷

Scene III. Punch, Violins behind the scenes.

The violins commence an air.

Punch. What impertinent harmony comes to interrupt my song !

²⁶ The original is in Italian.

²⁷ The original is also in Italian.

The violins continue to play.

Punch. Peace, there ! be still, you violins. Let me bewail at my ease the cruelties of my inexorable fair one.

The violins continue.

Punch. Keep still, I tell you : it is I who wish to sing.

The violins continue.

Punch. Silence then !

The violins continue.

Punch. Good gracious !

The violins continue.

Punch. Ah !

The violins continue.

Punch. Is this in fun ?

The violins continue.

Punch. Ah ! what a noise !

The violins continue.

Punch. May the devil take you !

The violins continue.

Punch. I am bursting with rage !

The violins continue.

Punch. You will not be still then ! Ah ! Heaven be praised !

The violins continue.

Punch. What ! again ?

The violins continue.

Punch. A plague upon these violins !

The violins continue.

Punch. What silly music this !

The violins continue.

Punch. [*Singing, in imitation of the violins*] La, la, la, la, la, la.

The violins continue.

Punch. [*Same*] La, la, la, la, la, la.

The violins continue.

Punch. [*Same*] La, la, la, la, la, la.

The violins continue.

Punch. [*Same*] La, la, la, la, la, la.

The violins continue.

Punch. [Same] La, la, la, la, la, la.

The violins continue.

Punch. Upon my word this amuses me. Go on, gentlemen violin-players; you are giving me great pleasure. [No longer hearing anything] But continue, I pray you.

Scene IV. Punch, alone.

This is the way to quiet them. Music is accustomed not to do what we wish. And now, it is my turn. I must prelude a bit, and play a little piece before singing, so as the better to catch my tone. [He takes his lute, upon which he pretends to play, imitating with his lips and tongue the sound of that instrument] Plan, plan, plan, plin, plin, plin. This is a nasty time to tune a lute to. Plin, plin, plin. Plin, tan, plan. Plin, plan. The strings do not hold in such weather. Plin, plin. I hear some noise. Let us put our lute against the door.

Scene V. Punch; Archers passing in the street, attracted by the noise which they hear.

Arch. [Singing] Who goes there! who goes there?

Punch. [Softly] What the devil is that? Is it the fashion to speak in music?

Arch. Who goes there? who goes there? who goes there?

Punch. [Frightened] I, I, I.

Arch. Who goes there? who goes there? I ask you.

Punch. I, I, I tell you.

Arch. And who are you? who are you?

Punch. I, I, I, I, I, I.

Arch. Tell your name, tell your name, without delaying longer.

Punch. [Pretending to be courageous] My name is, Go and get yourself hanged.

Arch. Here, comrades, here.

And seize the insolent who answers us thus.

*First Entry of the Ballet.**The whole of the watch come, seeking for Punch in the dark.**Violins and Dancers.**Punch.* Who goes there ?*Violins and Dancers.**Punch.* Who are the scoundrels whom I hear ?*Violins and Dancers.**Punch.* Ugh !*Violins and Dancers.**Punch.* Hullo ! my servants ! my lacqueys !*Violins and Dancers.**Punch.* S'death !*Violins and Dancers.**Punch.* S'blood !*Violins and Dancers.**Punch.* I shall knock some of them down.*Violins and Dancers.**Punch.* Here ! Champagne, Poitevin, Picard, Basque, Breton,²⁸*Violins and Dancers.**Punch.* Just hand me my musket. . . .*Violins and Dancers.**Punch.* [*Pretending to discharge a pistol*] Paff.*[They all fall down, and run away afterwards.]**Scene VI. Punch, alone.*

Ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! what a fright I have given them ! They must be silly people to be afraid of me, who am afraid of others. Upon my word, there is nothing like being artful in this world. If I had not imitated the grand nobleman, and pretended to be brave, they would not have failed to lock me up. Ah ! ah ! ah ! [*The Archers draw near, and having heard what he said, catch him by the collar.*]

²⁸ See *The Pretentious Young Ladies*, Vol. I., page 245, note 45.

Scene VII. Punch ; Archers, singing.

Arch. [Seizing Punch]

We have got him. Here, comrades, here !

Make haste ; bring a light.

[*The whole of the watch come with lanterns.*]

Scene VIII. Punch ; Archers, dancing and singing.

Arch. Ah ! traitor ; ah ! rogue, it is you ?

Wretch, cur, hangdog, impudent, audacious,

Insolent, brazen-faced fellow, scoundrel, cut-purse
thief,

You dare give us a fright !

Punch. Gentlemen, it is because I was drunk.

Arch. No, no, no ; no arguing :

We must teach you to behave.

To prison, quick, to prison.

Punch. Gentlemen, I am not a thief.

Arch. To prison.

Punch. I am a citizen of the town.

Arch. To prison.

Punch. What have I done ?

Arch. To prison, quick, to prison.

Punch. Let me go, gentlemen.

Arch. No.

Punch. I beseech you !

Arch. No.

Punch. Eh !

Arch. No.

Punch. I beseech you.

Arch. No, no.

Punch. Gentlemen!

Arch. No, no, no.

Punch. If you please !

Arch. No, no.

Punch. For charity !

Arch. No, no.

Punch. In Heaven's name !

Arch. No, no.

Punch. Have mercy.

Arch. No, no, no arguing,
We must teach you to behave.
To prison, quick, to prison.

Punch. Eh ! gentlemen, is there nothing capable of softening your hearts ?

Arch. It is easy to move us ;
And we are more tender-hearted than you
would believe.
Only give us six pistoles to drink your health
with,
And we will let you go.

Punch. Alas ! gentlemen, I assure you that I have not a penny upon me.

Arch. In default of six pistoles,
Choose then without ado
To receive thirty fillips,
Or twelve blows with the stick.

Punch. If it must be, and that I must pass through that,
I choose the fillips.

Arch. Come then, prepare yourself,
And count the fillips well.

Second Entry of the Ballet.

The dancing archers give him the fillips, keeping time with the music.

Punch. [*Counting the fillips which they are giving him*] One and two, three and four, five and six, seven and eight, nine and ten, eleven and twelve, and thirteen, and fourteen, and fifteen.

Arch. Ah ! ah ! you will pass through it !
Let us begin once more.

Punch. Ah ! gentlemen, my poor head can stand this no longer, and you have just made it like a cooked apple. I prefer the blows with the stick to your beginning again.

Arch. Be it so. Since the stick has more charms for you,
You shall be satisfied.

Third Entry of the Ballet.

The dancing archers give him blows with the stick, keeping time to the music.

Punch. [*Counting the blows of the stick*] One, two, three, four, five, six. Ah ! ah ! ah ! I can resist this no longer. Here, gentlemen, here are six pistoles which I give you.

Arch. Ah ! what a gentleman ! Ah ! what a great and generous soul ;

Good-bye, Sir ; good-bye, Mr Punch.

Punch. Gentlemen, I wish you good-night.

Arch. Good-bye, Sir ; good-bye, Mr Punch.

Punch. Your servant.

Arch. Good-bye, Sir ; good-bye, Mr Punch.

Punch. Your very humble servant.

Arch. Good-bye, Sir ; good-bye, Mr Punch.

Punch. Until we meet again.

Fourth Entry of the Ballet.

They all dance from joy, at the money they have received.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The scene represents Argan's room.

CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.

Toi. [*Not recognising Cléante*] What is your pleasure, Sir ?

Clé. What is my pleasure ?

Toi. Ah ! ah ! it is you ! What surprise ! What come you to do here ?

Clé. To learn my fate, to speak to the amiable Angélique, to consult the sentiments of her heart, and to ask her decision about this fatal match of which I have been informed.

Toi. Yes ; but you cannot speak so inconsiderately to

Angélique : it requires secrecy, and you have been told of the careful watch that is kept over her, that she is never allowed to go out, nor to speak to any one ; and that it was only the curiosity of an old aunt, who obtained permission for us to go to this comedy, which gave rise to your passion ; and we have taken good care not to speak of this adventure.

Clé. For this reason do I not come as Cléante, and in the guise of her lover ; but as a friend of her music-teacher, of whom I have obtained leave to say that he sends me in his stead.

Toi. Here comes her father. Just retire a little, and let me tell him that you are there.

SCENE II.

ARGAN, TOINETTE.

Arg. [*Believing himself alone, and not noticing Toinette*] Mr Purgon has told me to walk about this morning, in my room, a dozen times up and a dozen times down, but I have forgotten to ask him whether it should be the length or the breadth of the room.

Toi. Sir, here is a . . .

Arg. Speak low, you hang-dog. You shake my brain, and you forget that invalids should not be spoken to so loudly.

Toi. I wished to say to you, Sir . . .

Arg. Speak low, I tell you.

Toi. Sir . . .

[*She pretends to speak.*]

Arg. Eh ?

Toi. I was telling you that . . .

[*She again pretends to speak.*]

Arg. What do you say ?

Toi. [*Loud*] I say that there is a man who wishes to speak to you.

Arg. Let him come here. [*Toinette beckons Cléante to draw near.*]

SCENE III.

ARGAN, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.

Clé. Sir . . .*Toi.* [*To Cléante*] Do not speak so loud, for fear of shaking master's brain.*Clé.* Sir, I am charmed to find you up, and to see that you are convalescent.*Toi.* [*Pretending to be angry*] How ! convalescent ! That is false. Master is always ill.*Clé.* I heard it said that Mr Argan was getting better ; and I find that he looks well.*Toi.* What do you mean by "he looks well ?" Master looks very bad ; and they are impertinent fellows who have told you that he was better. He has never been worse.*Arg.* She is right.*Toi.* He walks, sleeps, eats and drinks like other people ; but that does not prevent him from being very ill.*Arg.* That is true.*Clé.* I am sorely grieved, Sir. I come from your daughter's singing-master ; he has been obliged to go into the country for a few days, and, as his intimate friend, he sends me in his stead to continue the lessons, for fear that, in interrupting them, she should forget what she already knows.*Arg.* Very good. [*To Toinette*] Call Angélique.*Toi.* I think, Sir, that it would be better to take this gentleman to her room.*Arg.* No. Fetch her here.*Toi.* He could not give her a proper lesson, if they be not alone.*Arg.* Yes, yes.*Toi.* It will only upset you, Sir ; and there should be

nothing to excite you, and to shake your brain, in the state you are in.

Arg. Not at all, not at all : I love music, and I shall be glad to Ah ! here she is. [*To Toinette*] Go you and see, you, whether my wife is dressed.

SCENE IV.

ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE.²⁹

Arg. Come here, daughter. Your music-master is gone to the country ; and here is some one whom he sends in his stead to teach you.

An. [*Recognising Cléante*] Oh Heavens !

Arg. What is the matter ? Whence this surprise ?

An. It is . . .

Arg. What ? What moves you in this manner ?

An. It is a most surprising adventure that is happening here, father.

Arg. How ?

An. I dreamt last night that I was in the greatest difficulty, and that some one, just like this gentleman, presented himself to me, of whom I implored assistance, and who came to deliver me from the trouble in which I was ; and my surprise was great to see unexpectedly, on arriving here, what was in my mind all night.

Clé. It is being very fortunate to occupy your thoughts, whether sleeping or waking ; and my happiness would be great, no doubt, if you were in some danger, from which you deemed me worthy to extricate you. There is nothing I would not do to . . .³⁰

²⁹ See Appendix, Note F.

³⁰ See Appendix, Note G.

SCENE V.

ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.

Toi. [*To Argan*] Upon my word, Sir, I am entirely on your side this time, and I retract everything which I said yesterday. Here are Mr Diafoirus, the father, and Mr Diafoirus, his son, who come to pay you a visit. What a nice son-in-law you will have! You shall see the handsomest young fellow possible, and the wittiest. He has said but two words which have delighted me, and your daughter will be charmed with him.

Arg. [*To Cléante, who pretends to go*] Do not go, Sir. My daughter is about to be married, and her intended, whom she has not seen as yet, has just come.

Clé. It is doing me a great honour, Sir, to wish me to assist at so pleasant an interview.

Arg. He is the son of a very able physician; and the marriage is to take place in four days.

Clé. Very good.

Arg. Just mention it to her music-master, so that he may be at the wedding.

Clé. I will not fail to do so.

Arg. I invite you also.

Clé. You are doing me much honour.

Toi. Come, let us place ourselves in position; here they are.

SCENE VI.

MR DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE,
CLÉANTE, TOINETTE, A LACQUEY.

Arg. [*Putting his hand to his cap, without taking it off*] Mr Purgon, Sir, has forbidden me to uncover my head. You belong to the profession: you know the consequences.

Mr D. In all our visits we aim at bringing help to those who are ill, and not inconvenience.

[*Argan and Mr Diafoirus speak at the same time.*

Arg. I receive, Sir,

Mr D. We come here, Sir,

Arg. With great joy,

Mr D. My son Thomas, and I,

Arg. The honour which you do me,

Mr D. To assure you, Sir,

Arg. And I should have wished . . .

Mr D. How delighted we are . . .

Arg. To be able to go to you . . .

Mr D. At the graciousness you show us . . .

Arg. To assure you of it ;

Mr D. In receiving us . . .

Arg. But you know, Sir,

Mr D. To the honour, Sir,

Arg. What it is to be a poor invalid,

Mr D. Of your alliance ;

Arg. Who can do nothing else . . .

Mr D. And to assure you . .

Arg. Than to tell you in this spot . . .

Mr D. That, in all things pertaining to our profession,

Arg. That he will seek every opportunity . . .

Mr D. As well as in everything else,

Arg. To tell you, Sir,

Mr D. We shall always be prepared, Sir,

Arg. That he is entirely at your service.

Mr D. To prove our zeal to you. [*To his son*] Come Thomas, approach and pay your respects.

Thom. [*To Mr Diafoirus*] Is it not with the father that I ought to begin ?³¹

³¹ In the edition of Molière's works of 1682 is the following note :
"Mr Thomas Diafoirus is a great booby, having newly left the schools,
and doing everything awkwardly and at the wrong time."

Mr D. Yes.

Thom. [*To Argan*] Sir, I come to salute, to acknowledge, to cherish, and to revere in you a second father, but a second father to whom, I make bold to say, I find myself more indebted than to the first. The first engendered me ; but you have chosen me ; he received me through necessity, but you accepted me out of kindness.³² What I have from him is the work of his body ; but what I have from you is the work of your will : and inasmuch as the spiritual faculties are above the corporal, so much the more do I owe you, and so much the more do I hold precious this future filiation, of which I come this day to render to you, beforehand, the very humble and very respectful homage.

Toi. Long life to the colleges which turn out so able a man !

Thom. [*To Mr Diafoirus*] Has this been right, father ?

Mr D. Optime.

Arg. [*To Angélique*] Come, salute this gentleman.

Thom. [*To Mr Diafoirus*] Shall I kiss her ?³³

Mr D. Yes, yes.

Thom. [*To Angélique*] Madam, it is with justice that Heaven has conceded you the title of step-mother, since we . . .

Arg. [*To Thomas Diafoirus*] This is not my wife, it is my daughter to whom you are speaking.

Thom. Where is she then ?

Arg. She will be here directly.

Thom. Shall I wait, father, until she comes ?

³² This beginning seems imitated from a passage of a speech of Cicero—*Ad Quirites, post reditum*.

³³ In the Elzevir edition of this play we find here : "He first makes a bow, and then turns his face towards his father. Isabelle (Angélique) receives the kiss with great disdain, while turning her head towards Cato (Toinette)."

Mr D. Offer your compliments to the young lady.

Thom. Miss, neither more nor less than the statue of Memnon gave forth an harmonious sound, when it was illuminated by the rays of the sun, so do I feel myself animated with a sweet transport at the appearance of the sun of your charms;³⁴ and as naturalists observe that the flower named heliotrope turns incessantly towards that star of the day, so shall my heart henceforth turn towards the resplendent star of your adorable eyes, as to its only pole. Permit me then, Miss, to bring to-day to the altar of your charms the offer of that heart which aspires and aims at no other glory than to be, all its life, Miss, your very humble, very obedient, and very faithful servant and husband.

Toin. See what it is to study ! one learns to say beautiful things.

Arg. [*To Cléante*] Eh ! What say you to this ?

Clé. That this gentleman does wonders, and that, if he be as good a physician as he is an orator, it would be a pleasure to be counted among his patients.

Toi. Assuredly. It will be something admirable, if his cures are as good as the speeches which he makes.

Arg. Come, quick, my chair, and seats for everybody. [*Servants hand chairs*] Place yourself there, daughter. [*To Mr Diafoirus*] You see, Sir, that everyone admires your son ; and I think you very fortunate in finding yourself possessed of such a boy.

Mr D. Sir, it is not because I am his father ; but I can say that I have reason to be satisfied with him, and that all who see him speak of him as a youth who has no harm in him. He never had a very lively imagination, nor that brilliant wit which is noticed in some ; but it is exactly on this account that I have augured well of his judgment, a

³⁴ The Abbé d'Aubignac, in a dissertation against Corneille, uses nearly the same simile.

quality requisite for the exercise of our art. He never was, when little, what they call sharp and wide-awake; he was always seen to be gentle, peaceable and taciturn, never saying a word, and never playing at those little games which are called infantine. They had all the difficulty in the world in teaching him to read, and at nine years of age, he did not yet know his letters. Good, said I to myself, the backward trees are those that bear the best fruit. One cuts into marble with far more difficulty than into sand; but things are preserved much longer there; and that slowness of apprehension, that dulness of imagination, is the sign of a future good judgment. When I sent him to college, he found it very hard, but he bore up against the difficulties; and his tutors always praised him to me for his assiduity and his application. In short, by dint of hammering, he has gloriously obtained his diplomas; and I may say, without vanity, that in the two years after he took his degree, there is no candidate who has made more noise than he in all the disputes of our school. He has rendered himself formidable; and there is no act propounded upon which he does not argue as long as he can for the contrary proposition. He is firm in a dispute, strenuous as a Turk in his principles, and pursues an argument into the farthest recesses of logic. But, that which above all pleases me in him, and in which he follows my example, is that he attaches himself blindly to the opinions of the ancients, and that he never would understand or listen to the reasonings and experiments of the pretended discoveries of our age in reference to the circulation of the blood, and other opinions of the same kind.³⁵

³⁵ Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood in 1619, and many discussions took place in France on that subject, which were not completely ended when Molière's last play was performed. This same year (1673) Louis XIV. instituted at the *Jardin des Plantes* a special chair for anatomy.

Thom. [*Drawing from his pocket a large thesis rolled up, which he presents to Angélique*] I have defended a thesis against the circulators, which, with the permission of your father [*Bowing to Argan*], I make bold to offer to this young lady, as a homage which I owe to her of the first fruits of my mind.

An. It is a useless piece of furniture to me, Sir, and I am no judge in these matters.

Toi. [*Taking the thesis*] Give it all the same ; it is worth taking for the picture ; it will do to decorate our room.

Thom. [*Again bowing to Argan*] Once more, with the permission of your father, I invite you to come and see, one of these days, for your amusement, the dissection of a woman, upon which I am to lecture.

Toi. The entertainment will be pleasant. There are some people who treat their mistresses to a comedy ; but to provide a dissection is more gallant.

Mr D. For the rest, as regards the requisite qualities for wedlock and propagation, I assure you that, according to the rules of our physicians, he is such as could be wished for ; that he possesses in a praiseworthy degree the prolific virtue, and that he is of the proper temperament to engender and procreate well-conditioned children.

Arg. Is it not your intention, Sir, to push him at Court, and to procure for him the place of a physician in ordinary ?

Mr D. To speak frankly to you, our profession when near the great has never appeared pleasant to me ; and I have always found that it does better for us to remain with the public. The public is easy to deal with ; you are responsible for your actions to no one ; and provided you follow the current of the rules of your art, you need not be uneasy about what may happen. But what is vexatious

with the great, is that, when they fall ill, they absolutely wish their physicians to cure them.

Toi. That is funny ! and they are very impertinent to wish you gentlemen to cure them ! You are not near them for that ; you are there only to receive your fees, and to order them remedies ; it is for them to get better, if they can.

Mr D. That is true ; one is only obliged to treat people according to the rules.

Arg. [*To Cléante*] Just make my daughter sing a little before the company, Sir.

Clé. I was awaiting your orders, Sir ; and an idea has just struck me, to entertain the company, to sing with the lady a scene from an operetta which has lately been composed. [*To Angélique, giving her a paper*] There, this is your part.

An. I ?

Clé. [*Softly to Angélique*] Do not make any objection to it, pray, and let me make you understand what the scene is which we are to sing. [*Aloud*] I have no voice for singing ; but in this case it is sufficient that I can make myself heard ; and you will have the kindness to excuse me, by the necessity under which I find myself to make the young lady sing.³⁶

Arg. Is the poetry good ?

Clé. It is properly called a little improvised opera ; and you will only hear sung rhythmical prose, or some sort of blank verse, such as affection and necessity might suggest to two persons, who say those things out of their own heads, and speak on the spur of the moment.

Arg. Very good. Let us listen.

³⁶ A similar scene is also to be found in *The Blunderer* (see Vol. I.), *The School for Husbands* (see Vol. II.), *Love is the Physician* (see Vol. III.), *The Sicilian* (see Vol. IV.), and *The Miser* (see Vol. IV.).



Clé. This is the plot of the scene : A shepherd was attentively watching the beauties of a spectacle which had just commenced, when his attention was disturbed by a noise which he heard at his side. He turns round, and sees a coarse fellow, who with insolent words insults a shepherdess. Immediately he espouses the interests of that sex to which all men owe homage; and after having given the coarse fellow the punishment due to his insolence, he comes back to the shepherdess, and beholds a young person, who, from the most lovely eyes which he had ever seen, drops tears which he thinks the most beautiful in the world. Alas ! says he to himself, can people be capable of insulting so amiable a being ! and what inhuman monster, what barbarian would not be touched by such tears ? He busies himself to stop them, these tears which he thinks so beautiful ; and the gentle shepherdess takes care at the same time to thank him for his slight service, but in a manner so charming, so tender and so impassioned, that the shepherd cannot resist it ; and every word, every glance, is a dart full of fire with which his heart feels itself pierced. Is there ought, said he, that could deserve the sweet words of such an acknowledgment ? And what would we not do, to what services, to what dangers would we not feel delighted to run, to attract to ourselves, but for one moment, the moving tenderness of so grateful a heart ! The whole of the spectacle is enacted without his paying the least attention to it ; but he complains that it is too short, for the end will separate him from his adorable shepherdess ; and from this first sight, from this first moment, he brings back with him all that can be most intense in a passion of several years duration. Behold him immediately experiencing all the ills of absence, and he is tortured by seeing no longer her whom he has seen such a short time. He does all he can to enjoy this sight once more, of which he preserves night and day so

precious a recollection ; but the great restraint under which his shepherdess is kept deprives him of every opportunity. The violence of his passion makes him resolve to ask for the hand of the adorable fair one, without whom he can no longer live ; and he obtains her permission by means of a note which he has the skill to have conveyed to her. But, at the same time, he is informed that the father of his fair one has projected a marriage with some one else, and that everything is being prepared to celebrate the ceremony.³⁷ Judge how cruel is the blow to the heart of this sad shepherd ! Behold him overwhelmed by a mortal grief ; he cannot bear the horrible thought of seeing all he loves in the arms of another ; and in despair, his love makes him find the means of introducing himself into the house of his shepherdess to learn her feelings, and to know from her the fate to which he is to submit. He there meets with the preparations for all that he fears ; he witnesses the coming of the unworthy rival whom the whims of a father oppose to the tenderness of his love ; he sees him triumphant, this ridiculous rival, near the gentle shepherdess, as if the conquest were sure ; and this sight fills him with anger which he can scarcely master ; he darts painful glances at her whom he adores ; and the respect for her, and the presence of her father, prevent his saying anything to her except by his looks ; but at last he breaks through all restraint, and the transport of his passion obliges him thus to speak—[*He sings*]

Beauteous Philis, it is too much, it is too much
to suffer ;
Let us break this cruel silence, and bare your
thoughts to me.

³⁷ Molière has borrowed this tale of Cléante most probably from the Spanish of Francisco de Roxas, which had already been used by Thomas Corneille, in *Don Bertrand de Cigarral*, a comedy, performed in 1650.

Tell me my fate :

Am I to live ? am I to die ?

An. [*Singing*] You behold me, Tircis, sad and melancholy,

At the preparations for the marriage which alarms you.

To Heaven I lift my eyes, I look at you, I sigh ;

Need I to tell you more ?

Arg. Lack-a-day ! I did not think that my daughter was so clever as to sing thus at first sight, without hesitating.

Clé. Alas ! fair Philis,

Can it be that the enamoured Tircis

Could be happy enough

To find a place in your heart ?

An. I do not refuse to acknowledge it, in this exceeding grief ;

Yes, Tircis, I love you.

Clé. O word full of charms !

Have I heard rightly ? Alas !

Say it once more, Philis, so that I may not doubt.

An. Yes, Tircis, I love you.

Clé. For mercy's sake, once more, Philis.

An. I love you.

Clé. Repeat it a hundred times ; do not get weary.

An. I love you, I love you ;

Yes, Tircis, I love you.

Clé. Ye gods, ye kings, who look down upon the world beneath your feet,

Can you compare your happiness with mine ?

But, Philis, one thought

Comes to trouble this sweet bliss.

A rival, a rival . . .

An. Ah ! I hate him more than death ;
And his presence is to me, as it is to you,
A cruel torture.

Clé. But a father wishes to compel you to obey his wishes.

An. Sooner, sooner will I die
Than ever consent to it ;
Sooner, sooner will I die, sooner will I die.³⁸

Arg. And what says the father to all this ?

Clé. He says nothing.

Arg. That is an idiot of a father, to suffer all this nonsense without saying anything.

Clé. [*Wishing to continue to sing*]

Ah ! my love . . .

Arg. No, no ; this is enough of it. This comedy sets a very bad example. The shepherd Tircis is an impertinent fellow, and the shepherdess Philis is an impudent hussy to speak in that way before her father. [*To Angélique*] Show me this paper. Ah ! ah ! but where are the words which you have spoken ? There is nothing but music written there ?

Clé. Do not you know, Sir, that it has been recently invented to write the words with the notes in one ?³⁹

Arg. Very good. I am your servant, Sir ; good-bye. We could have very well dispensed with your impertinent opera.

Clé. I thought to amuse you.

Arg. Nonsense does not amuse. Ah ! here comes my wife.

³⁸ La Grange and the wife of Molière had a great success in this scene, as it is said in the Sixth of the *Entretiens Galants, about Music*, published in Paris in 1681.

³⁹ In the Elzevir edition of the play, Cléante pretends that the words of the duet are old and well known.

SCENE VII.

BÉLINE, ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, MR DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS
DIAFOIRUS, TOINETTE.⁴⁰

Arg. My love, this is the son of Mr Diafoirus.

Thom. Madam, it is with justice that Heaven has granted you the title of stepmother, for we see in your face . . .⁴¹

Bél. Sir, I am delighted to have come here opportunely, to enjoy the honour of seeing you.

Thom. For we see in your face . . . for we see in your face . . . Madam, you have interrupted me in the midst of my period, and that has confused my memory.

Mr D. Thomas, reserve this for another opportunity.

Arg. My pet, I would have wished you to be here just now.

Toi. Ah ! Madam, you have lost a great deal in not having been here at the second father, at the statue of Memnon, and at the flower called heliotrope.

Arg. Come, daughter, put your hand in this gentleman's, and pledge him your faith, as to your husband.

An. Father . . .

Arg. Well ! father ! What does this mean ?

An. Pray, do not hurry matters. Give us at least time to know each other, and to see grow up in us that inclination for one another which is so necessary to form a perfect union.

Thom. As for me, Miss, it is already entirely grown up in me ; and I have no need to wait any longer.

An. If you are so prompt, Sir, it is not the same with

⁴⁰ See Appendix, Note H.

⁴¹ Thomas Diafoirus utters a compliment which he has studied, but cannot finish it. *Belle-mère* means stepmother, but *belle mère* handsome mother.

me ; and I confess to you that your merit has not as yet made any impression on my heart.

Arg. Oh ! well, well ; there will be ample leisure for that when you are married.

An. Ah ! father, give me some time, I pray you. Wedlock is a chain to which we should never subject a heart by force ; and if this gentleman is a man of honour, he ought not to wish to accept a person who would be his by coercion.

Thom. *Nego consequentiam*, Miss ; and I may be a man of honour, and still wish to accept you from the hands of your father.

An. It is a bad means of making yourself beloved by any one by doing her violence.

Thom. We read of the ancients, Miss, that their custom was to carry away by force, from the homes of their fathers, the daughters who were led to marriage, so that it might not appear to be by their own consent that they flew into the arms of a man.

An. The ancients, Sir, are the ancients ; and we are the people of the present day. Pretences are not at all necessary in our age ; and when a marriage pleases us, we know well enough how to go to it, without being dragged to it. Have patience ; if you love me, Sir, you ought to wish everything that I wish.

Thom. Yes, Miss, up to the interests of my love, exclusively.

An. But the great sign of love is to submit to the wishes of her whom we love.

Thom. *Distinguo*, Miss. In what concerns not her possession, *concedo* ; but in what concerns it, *nego*.

Toi. You may argue as much as you please. The gentleman is fresh from college, and he will always give you your answer. Why resist so much, and refuse the glory of being attached to the body of the faculty ?

Bél. Perhaps she has some other inclination in her mind.

An. If I had, Madam, it should be such as reason and honour would allow.

Arg. Good gracious ! I am acting a pretty part here.

Bél. If I were you, child, I should not force her to marry ; and I know well enough what I should do.

An. I am aware, Madam, of what you mean, and of the kind feelings which you have towards me ; but your designs may not perhaps be so happy as to be executed.

Bél. It is because very circumspect and very respectable girls, like you, do not care to be obedient and submissive to the wishes of their fathers. That was very well in times gone by.

An. The duty of a daughter has its limits, Madam ; and neither reason nor the laws extend it to all matters.

Bél. This means that your ideas are not averse to marriage ; but that you wish to choose a husband according to your own fancy.

An. If my father will not give me a husband whom I like, I shall beseech him, at least, not to force me to marry one whom I cannot love.

Arg. Gentlemen, I ask your pardon for all this.

An. Every one has his own motive for marrying. As for me, who wish no husband but to truly love him, and who intend to make it a life-long attachment, I confess to you that I am somewhat cautious about it. There are some who take husbands only to emancipate themselves from the restraint of their parents, and to place themselves in a position to do as they like. There are others, Madam, who make marriage a commerce of sheer interest, who only wed in order to obtain jointures, to enrich themselves by the death of those whom they espouse, and run without scruple from husband to husband, to appropriate to them-

selves their spoils. These persons, in truth, do not stand upon so many ceremonies, and have little regard to the persons themselves.

Bél. I find you in a great mood for arguing to-day, and I should like to know what you mean by this.

An. I, Madam? What should I mean but what I say?

Bél. You are so silly, my dear, that there is no enduring you any longer.

An. You would like to provoke me, Madam, into answering you by some impertinence; but I warn you that you shall not have that advantage.

Bél. Your insolence is matchless.

An. No, Madam, you may say your best.

Bél. And you have a ridiculous pride, an impertinent presumption, which causes every one to shrug their shoulders.

An. All this will be of no avail, Madam. I shall be prudent in spite of you; and to take away all hope of your succeeding in what you wish, I shall retire from your presence.⁴²

SCENE VIII.

ARGAN, BÉLINE, MR DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS DIAFOIRUS,
TOINETTE.

Arg. [*To Angélique, who is going*] Hark ye. There is no middle way in this case: make up your mind to marry this gentleman in four days, or a convent. [*To Béline*] Do not trouble yourself: I shall manage her properly.

Bél. I am sorry to leave you, child; but I have some business in town, which I cannot delay. I shall soon be back again.

⁴² See Appendix, Note I.

Arg. Go, my love, and call in at your notary, that he may attend to what you know.

Bél. Farewell, my little dear.

Arg. Good bye, darling.

SCENE IX.

ARGAN, MR DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, TOINETTE.

Arg. There is a woman who loves me . . . it is not to be believed.

Mr D. We are going to take leave of you, Sir.

Arg. Pray, Sir, just tell me in what condition I am.

Mr D. [*Feeling the pulse of Argan*] Come, Thomas, take hold of the other arm of this gentleman, to see whether you can form a good judgment of his pulse. *Quid dicis?*

Thom. *Dico*, that this gentleman's pulse is the pulse of a man who is not in good health.

Mr D. Good.

Thom. That it is hardish, not to say hard.

Mr D. Very well.

Thom. That it acts by fits and starts.

Mr D. *Bene*.

Thom. And even a little irregular.

Mr D. *Optime*.

Thom. Which is a sign of intemperature in the *splenetic parenchyma*, which means the milt.

Mr D. Very good.

Arg. No ; Mr Purgon says that it is my liver which is not right.

Mr D. Well, yes : whosoever says *parenchyma*, says the one and the other, on account of the close sympathy there is between them through the *vas breve*, the *pylorus*, and often through the *meatus cholidici*. He no doubt orders you to eat much roast meat.

Arg. No ; nothing but boiled.

Mr D. Well, yes : roast, boiled, the same thing. He prescribes very carefully for you, and you cannot be in better hands.

Arg. Sir, how many grains of salt ought there to be put in an egg ?

Mr D. Six, eight, ten, in even numbers, just as in medicine in odd numbers.

Arg. Until we meet again, Sir.

SCENE X.

BÉLINE, ARGAN.

Bél. I have come, child, before going out, to inform you of something to which you ought to look. In passing by Angélique's room, I noticed a young man with her, who ran away the moment he saw me.

Arg. A young man with my daughter !

Bél. Yes. Your little daughter Louison was with them, who can tell you particulars about it.

Arg. Send her here, my love, send her here. Ah ! the bold hussy. [*Alone*] I am no longer astonished at her resistance.

SCENE XI.

ARGAN, LOUISON.

Lou. What do you wish with me, papa ? My stepmother has told me that you want me.

Arg. Yes. Come here. Come closer. Turn round. Turn up your eyes. Look at me. Eh ?

Lou. What, papa ?

Arg. So ?

Lou. What ?

Arg. Have you nothing to tell me ?

Lou. I will tell you, if you like, to amuse you, the story of *The Donkey's Skin*, or the fable of *The Raven and the Fox*, which I have been taught lately.⁴³

Arg. That is not what I ask you.

Lou. What then?

Arg. Ah! you sly girl, you know very well what I mean!

Lou. I beg your pardon, papa.

Arg. Is it thus that you obey me?

Lou. What?

Arg. Did I not recommend you to come and tell me directly all that you see?

Lou. Yes, papa.

Arg. Have you done so?

Lou. Yes, papa. I have come and told you everything I saw.

Arg. And have you seen nothing to-day?

Lou. No, papa.

Arg. No?

Lou. No, papa.

Arg. You are sure?

Lou. I am sure.

Arg. Oh! very well; I shall let you see something.

Lou. [*Noticing some switches which Argan has taken up*] Oh! papa.

Arg. Ah! Ah! you little deceiver, you do not tell me that you have seen a man in your sister's room!

Lou. [*Crying*] Papa!

Arg. [*Taking Louison by the arm*] This will teach you to tell lies.

Lou. [*Throwing herself at his knees*] Ah! papa, I ask

⁴³ Perrault published the story of *Peau d'Ane* (the Donkey's Skin), in 1694, and as *The Imaginary Invalid* was performed in 1673, it is a proof that it was well known long before it was published.

your pardon. It is because my sister told me not to tell you ; but I am going to tell you all.

Arg. First of all you must be whipped for having told a lie. Afterwards we shall see about the rest.

Lou. Pardon, papa.

Arg. No, no.

Lou. Dear papa, do not whip me.

Arg. You shall be whipped.

Lou. In Heaven's name, papa, do not whip me !

Arg. [*Wanting to whip her*] You shall, you shall.

Lou. Ah ! papa, you have hurt me. Wait : I am dead. [*She pretends to be dead.*]

Arg. Hullo ! What is this ? Louison, Louison ! Ah ! great Heaven ! Louison ! Ah ! my daughter. Ah ! unhappy being that I am ! my dear daughter is dead ! What have I done, wretch that I am ! Ah ! these cursed switches ! The plague take the switches ! Ah ! my poor daughter, my poor little Louison !

Lou. There, there, papa do not cry so : I am not entirely dead.

Arg. Do you see the artful little girl ! Well, I forgive you this time, provided you really tell me everything.

Lou. Oh ! yes, papa.

Arg. You had better be careful in any case ; for this little finger knows everything, and will tell me if you tell lies.

Lou. But, papa, do not tell sister that I have told you.

Arg. No, no.

Lou. [*After having made sure that no one is listening*] A man came into sister's room while I was there.

Arg. Well ?

Lou. I asked him what he wanted, and he told me that he was her singing-master.

Arg. [*Aside*] Hem, hem ! that is it. [*To Louison*] Well ?

Lou. Sister came in afterwards.

Arg. Well ?

Lou. She said to him : begone, begone, begone. Great Heavens, begone ; you will drive me desperate.

Arg. Well ?

Lou. And he, he would not go.

Arg. What did he say to her ?

Lou. He said to her I do not know how many things.

Arg. And what more ?

Lou. He said this, that, and the other, that he loved her dearly, and that she was the prettiest girl in the world.

Arg. And after that ?

Lou. And after that, he fell down on his knees before her.

Arg. And after that ?

Lou. And after that, he kissed her hands.

Arg. And after that ?

Lou. And after that, stepmother came to the door, and he ran away.

Arg. There is nothing else ?

Lou. No, papa.

Arg. My little finger, however, mutters something, [*Placing his finger to his ear*] Wait. Eh ! ah ! ah ! Yes ? oh ! oh ! Here is my little finger, which tells me of something that you have seen, but which you have not told me.

Lou. Ah ! papa, your little finger is a story-teller.

Arg. Take care.

Lou. No, papa ; do not believe it : it tells a story, I assure you.

Arg. Oh ! very well, very well, we shall see. Go now, and take notice of everything : go. [*Alone*] Ah ! there are no longer any children ! Ah ! what perplexity ! I have not even so much leisure as to think about my illness. Really, I can hold out no longer [*He drops into a chair*].

SCENE XII.

BÉRALDE, ARGAN.

Bér. Well, brother! what is the matter? How do you do?

Ar. Ah! brother, very poorly.

Bér. How! very poorly?

Ar. Yes. I am in so weak a state, that it is incredible.

Bér. That is sad.

Ar. I have not even the strength to be able to speak.

Bér. I came hither, brother, to propose to you a match for my niece Angélique.

Ar. [*Speaking excitedly, and rising from his chair*] Brother, do not speak to me about this hussy. She is a wretch, an impertinent, impudent girl, whom I shall place in a convent before two days are over.

Bér. Ah! that is right! I am very glad that your strength is coming back a little, and that my visit is doing you good. Well, we will talk of business by-and-by. I have brought you an entertainment with which I fell in, which will dissipate your chagrin, and make you better disposed for what we are to talk about. They are Gipsies dressed as Moors, who perform dances intermixed with songs, with which I am sure you will be pleased; and this will be as good for you as a prescription of Mr Purgon. Come.

SECOND INTERLUDE.

The brother of the Imaginary Invalid brings, to amuse him, several Gipsies of both sexes, dressed as Moors, who perform some dances intermixed with music.

1st Moorish Woman—

Sweet youth,
Take advantage of the spring
Of your best years ;
Take advantage of the spring
Of your best years ;
Abandon yourself to the tender passion.

Without the amorous flame,
The most charming pleasures
Have not sufficient powerful attractions
To satisfy the heart.

Sweet youth,
Take advantage of the spring
Of your best years ;
Abandon yourself to the tender passion.

Do not lose these precious moments,
Beauty vanishes,
Time effaces it ;
The age of coldness
Comes in its stead,
Which takes away our taste for these sweet
pastimes.

Take advantage of the spring
Of your best years,
Sweet youth ;
Take advantage of the spring
Of your best years ;
Abandon yourself to the tender passion.

First Entry of the Ballet.

Dance of the Gipsies.

2d Moorish Woman—

What are you thinking of,
 When you press us to love ?
 Towards the tender passion
 Our hearts, in our youth,
 Have but too great an inclination.
 Love has, to catch us,
 Such sweet attractions,
 That, from our own will, without waiting,
 We would give ourselves up
 To its first solicitations ;
 But all that we hear
 Of the poignant griefs
 And the tears which it costs us,
 Makes us fear
 All its sweetness.

3d Moorish Woman—

It is sweet, at our age,
 To love tenderly
 A lover
 Who is faithful :
 But, if he be fickle,
 Alas ! what torture !

4th Moorish Woman—

It is not the unhappiness
 At the lover who breaks his vows
 The pain
 And the rage
 Is that the fickle one
 Keeps possession of our heart.

2d Moorish Woman—

What part are we to take,
 To defend our young hearts ?

3d Moorish Woman—

Must we deny ourselves to it,
 And flee from its delights.

4th Moorish Woman—

Are we to surrender to them,
Notwithstanding their rigours ?

Together—

Yes, let us abandon ourselves to its ardours,
Its transports, its whims,
Its sweet languors,
If it have some tortures,
It has a thousand delights
That charm the heart.

Second Entry of the Ballet.

All the Moors dance together, and make the apes, which they have brought with them, perform some jumping.

ACT III. SCENE I.

BÉRALDE, ARGAN, TOINETTE.

Bér. Well ! brother, what say you of this ? Is it not better than a dose of cassia ?

Toi. Humph ! good cassia is good.

Bér. Well ! shall we talk a little together ?

Arg. A little patience, brother : I shall be back directly.

Toi. Stay, Sir, you forget that you cannot walk without a stick.

Arg. You are right.

SCENE II.

BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.

Toi. Do not lose sight, if you please, of the interests of your niece.

Bér. I shall try everything to obtain for her what she wishes.

Toi. We must absolutely prevent this extravagant match which he has taken into his head ; and I have thought to myself that it would be a good thing to introduce into the place a doctor of our own choosing,⁴⁴ to disgust him with his Mr Purgon, and to cry down his treatment of him. But as we have no one at hand to do this, I have made up my mind to play a trick of my own.

Bér. How ?

Toi. It is a whimsical idea. It may perhaps turn out more lucky than prudent. Let me manage. Act you on your side. Here comes our man.

SCENE III.

ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

Bér. You will allow me, brother, to ask you, before all things, not to excite yourself in our conversation.

Arg. Agreed.

Bér. To reply without bitterness, to the things I may say to you.

Arg. Yes.

Bér. And to argue together the matters which we have to discuss, with a mind free from all passion.

Arg. Good Heavens ! yes. What a deal of preamble.

Bér. Whence comes it, brother, that having the property which you possess, and having no children but one daughter, for I do not reckon the little one ; whence comes it, I say, that you talk of placing her in a convent ?

Arg. Whence comes it brother, that I am master in my family, to do as I think best ?

Bér. Your wife does not fail to advise you to get rid, in that way, of your two daughters, and I have no doubt that,

⁴⁴ In the original *un médecin à notre poste*.

through a spirit of charity, she would be delighted to see them both good nuns.

Arg. There now ! there we are. There is the poor woman at once brought up. It is she who does all the harm, and every one has a grudge against her.

Bér. No, brother ; let us leave her out of the question. She is a woman who has the best possible intentions towards your family, and who is devoid of all self-interest ; who has a wonderful tenderness towards you, and who shows an inconceivable affection and kindness for your children : that is certain. Let us not speak of that, and let us go back to your daughter. What is the idea, brother, of wishing to make her marry the son of a doctor ?

Arg. The idea is, of giving myself such a son-in-law as I want, brother.

Bér. This is not your daughter's case, brother ; and a more suitable match offers itself for her.

Arg. Yes ; but this one, brother, is more suitable to me.

Bér. But must the husband she is to take, brother, be for her, or for you ?

Arg. He must be both for her and for me, brother ; and I wish to get into my family the people of whom I may be in need.

Bér. For this reason, if your little girl were grown up, you would marry her to an apothecary.

Arg. Why not ?

Bér. Is it possible that you can always be wrapt up in your apothecaries and your doctors, and that you wish to be ill in spite of mankind and of nature ?

Arg. How do you make that out, brother ?

Bér. I make it out, brother, that I see no man who is less ill than you, and that I wish for no better constitution than your own. A great proof that you are in good health, and that you have a perfectly sound body is, that with all

the pains you have taken, you have not been able to succeed as yet in spoiling the goodness of your constitution, and that you are not dead yet with all the physic which they have made you take.

Arg. But, do you know, brother, that it is this which preserves me ; and that Mr Purgon says that I should succumb, if he were only three days without taking care of me ?

Bér. If you do not look to it, he will take so much care of you, that he shall send you into the next world.

Arg. But let us reason a little, brother. You do not believe then in physic ?

Bér. No, brother ; and I do not see that it is necessary to salvation to believe in it.

Arg. What ! you do not hold true a matter established throughout the whole world, and which all ages have revered.

Bér. Far from holding it true, I consider it, between ourselves, one of the greatest follies of mankind ; and to look philosophically at things, I do not see a more amusing mummery ; I do not see anything more ridiculous than for one man to undertake to cure another.

Arg. Why cannot you admit, brother, that one man may be able to cure another ?

Bér. For this reason, brother, that the springs of our machine are a mystery, of which, up to the present, men can see nothing ; and that nature has placed too thick a veil before our eyes for our knowing anything about it.

Arg. Then, in your opinion, doctors know nothing ?

Bér. True, brother. Most of them have a deal of classical learning, know how to speak in good Latin, can name all the diseases in Greek, define and classify them ; but as regards curing them, that is what they do not know at all.⁴⁵

⁴⁵ Béralde's attack on the physicians should be compared with the thirty-seventh chapter of the Second Book of the *Essays* of Montaigne.

Arg. But, nevertheless, you must agree that, on this head, doctors know more than other people.

Bér. They know, brother, what I have told you, which does not cure much; and the whole excellence of their art consists in a pompous gibberish, in a specious verbiage, which gives you words instead of reasons, and promises instead of effects.

Arg. But after all, brother, there are people as learned and as clever as you; and we find that, in case of illness, everyone has recourse to doctors.

Bér. It is a sign of human weakness, and not of the truth of their art.

Arg. But doctors must believe in the truth of their art, inasmuch as they make use of it for themselves.

Bér. That is because there are some among them who themselves share in the popular error by which they profit; and others who profit by it without sharing in it. Your Mr Purgon, for instance, does not discriminate very clearly; he is a thorough physician from head to foot; a man who believes in his rules more than in all mathematical demonstrations, and who would think it a crime to wish to examine them; who sees nothing obscure in physic, nothing dubious, nothing difficult, and who, with an impetuosity of prejudice, a stiff-necked assurance, a coarse common sense and reasoning, rushes into purging and bleeding, and hesitates at nothing. You must not owe him a grudge for all he might do to you: he would despatch you with the most implicit faith; and he would, in killing you, only do what he has done to his wife and children, and what, if there were any need, he would do to himself.

Arg. That is because you bear him a grudge from infancy, brother.⁴⁶ But to cut it short, let us come to the fact. What must we do, then, when we are ill?

⁴⁶ The original has *vous avez, mon frère, une dent de lait contre lui; dent de lait* means literally, a first or shedding tooth.

Bér. Nothing, brother.

Arg. Nothing ?

Bér. Nothing. We must remain quiet. If we leave nature alone, she recovers gently from the disorder into which she has fallen. It is our anxiety, our impatience, which spoils all ; and nearly all men die of their remedies, not of their diseases.

Arg. But you must admit, brother, that this nature may be assisted by certain things.

Bér. Good Heavens ! brother, these are mere ideas with which we love to beguile ourselves ; and, at all times, beautiful fictions have crept in amongst men, in which we believe, because they flatter us, and because it were to be wished that they were true. When a physician speaks to you of aiding, assisting, and supporting nature, to take away from her what is hurtful, and to give her that which she wants, to re-establish her, and to put her in the full possession of her functions ; when he speaks to you of rectifying the blood, of regulating the bowels and the brain, of relieving the spleen, of putting the chest to rights, of mending the liver, of strengthening the heart, of renewing and preserving the natural heat, and of being possessed of secrets to prolong life till an advanced age, he just tells you the romance of physic. But when you come to the truth and to experience, you find nothing of all this ; and it is like those beautiful dreams, which, on awaking, leave you nothing but the regret of having believed in them.

Arg. Which means that all the knowledge of the world is contained in your head, and that you profess to know more about it than all the great physicians of our age.

Bér. In speaking and in reality, your great physicians are two different sorts of persons. Hear them hold forth, they are the cleverest people in the world ; see them act, they are the most ignorant of all men.

Arg. Lack-a-day ! you are a great doctor ; and I should much like to have one of these gentlemen here, to refute your arguments, and to take you down a peg or two.

Bér. I, brother, I do not assume the task of combating the Faculty ; and every one, at his own risk and cost, may believe whatever he pleases. What I say about it is simply between ourselves, and I should have wished to be somewhat able to dispel the error in which you are, and to take you, for your amusement, to see one of the comedies of Molière upon this subject.

Arg. Your Molière, with his comedies, is a fine impertinent fellow ! and I think it is like his impudence to go and bring upon the stage such worthy persons as the physicians.

Bér. He does not make fun of physicians, but of the ridiculousness of physic.

Arg. It is like him to do so, to interfere about controlling the Faculty ! There is a fine booby, a brazen impertinent fellow, to make fun of consultations and prescriptions, to attack the body of physicians, and to put on his stage such venerable persons as these gentlemen !

Bér. What would you have him put there but the various professions of men ? They put princes and kings there every day, who are of quite as good family as physicians.

Arg. Now, by all that is terrible !⁴⁷ if I were the physicians, I would avenge myself of his impertinence ; and would let him die without assistance, whenever he fell ill. He might say and do what he liked ; I would not prescribe even the least bleeding, or the smallest enema ; and I would say to him : die, die ; that will teach you another time to make fun of the Faculty.

Bér. You are very angry with him ?

⁴⁷ The original has *Par la mort non de diable*, used for *Par la mort de Dieu, non, de diable !*

Arg. Yes. He is a foolish fellow ; and if the physicians be wise, they will do what I say.

Bér. He will be wiser still than your physicians, for he will not ask them for their assistance.

Arg. So much the worse for him, if he have no recourse to remedies.

Bér. He has his reasons for not wishing for them, and he maintains that it is permitted only to robust and vigorous people, who have sufficient strength left to bear the remedies with the disease ; but that, as for him, he has just strength enough to bear his illness.

Arg. Silly reasons these ! There, brother, let us talk no more about this man ; for he excites my bile, and you will bring on my illness again.

Bér. Very well, brother ; and to change our conversation, I will tell you, that on account of a trifling repugnance on the part of your daughter, you should not take the violent resolution to place her in a convent ; that in the choice of a son-in-law, you should not blindly yield to a passion which carries you away ; and that, in such a matter, you should accommodate yourself somewhat to the inclination of your child, seeing that it is for her life, and that on it depends the whole happiness of a union.

SCENE IV.

MR FLEURANT, *carrying a syringe* ; ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

Arg. Ah ! by your leave, brother.

Bér. What are you going to do ?

Arg. Take this little enema : it will soon be done.

Bér. You are jesting. Cannot you be a moment without an enema or some physic ? Put it off till another time, and remain quiet a little.

Arg. It will be for to-night or for to-morrow morning, Mr Fleurant.

Mr F. [*To Béralde*] With what do you meddle, to oppose the prescriptions of the Faculty, and to prevent this gentleman from taking my enema ? It is very ridiculous of you to be so rash !

Bér. Begone, Sir ; we see well enough that you are not accustomed to speak to people's faces.

Mr F. One should not thus make fun of physic, and make me waste my time. I have come here only with a good prescription ; and I shall go and tell Mr Purgon how I have been prevented from executing his orders, and from performing my function. You shall see, you shall see . . .

SCENE V.

ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

Arg. You will be the cause of some mishap here, brother.

Bér. A great mishap not to take an enema which Mr Purgon has ordered ! Once more, brother, is it possible that there is no way of curing you of that mania for physicians, and that you wish to be buried all the days of your life in their remedies ?

Arg. Good Heavens ! brother, you talk of it as a man who is in perfect health ; but if you were in my place, you would soon change your language. It is easy to talk against physic, when one is in good health.

Bér. But what illness have you ?

Arg. You will drive me mad. I wish you had it, my illness, just to see whether you would prate so much. Ah ! here comes Mr Purgon.

SCENE VI.

MR PURGON, ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.

Mr P. I have just heard some pretty news at the door ; that people are making a jest of my prescriptions here, and refuse to take the remedies which I have prescribed.

Arg. Sir, it is not. . . .

Mr P. This is a very rash proceeding, a strange revolt of a patient against his physician.

Toi. This is horrible.

Mr P. An enema which I had taken a pleasure in compounding myself.

Arg. It is not I . . .

Mr P. Invented and concocted according to all the rules of the art.

Toi. He is wrong.

Mr P. And which was to produce a marvellous effect on the bowels.

Arg. My brother . . .

Mr P. To send it back with contempt !

Arg. [*Pointing to Béralde*] It is he . . .

Mr P. It is a most daring deed.

Toi. That is true.

Mr P. An enormous outrage against the medical profession.

Arg. [*Pointing to Béralde*] He is the cause . . .

Mr P. A crime of high treason against the Faculty, which cannot be sufficiently punished.

Toi. You are right.

Mr P. I declare that I break off all connection with you.

Arg. It is my brother . . .

Mr P. That I no longer desire an alliance with you.

Toi. You will do well.

Mr P. And that to make an end of all union with you, there is the deed of gift which I made to my nephew, in favour of the marriage. [*He tears the documents to pieces, and throws the pieces furiously about.*]

Arg. It is my brother who has done all the harm.

Mr P. To despise my enema !

Arg. Let it be brought ; I will take it.

Mr P. I would have cured you before long.

Toi. He does not deserve it.

Mr P. I was going to cleanse your body, and drive out all the bad humours.

Arg. Ah ! brother !

Mr P. And it wanted but a dozen more medicines to cure you completely.

Toi. He is unworthy of your care.

Mr P. But as you do not wish to be cured by my hands . . .

Arg. It is not my fault.

Mr P. Since you have withdrawn from the obedience which a man owes to his physician . . .

Toi. That cries for vengeance.

Mr P. Since you have declared yourself a rebel against the remedies which I prescribed for you . . .

Arg. Eh, not at all.

Mr P. I must tell you that I give you up to your bad constitution, to the intemperature of your bowels, to the corruption of your blood, to the acrimony of your bile, and to the feculence of your humours.

Toi. That is very well done.

Arg. Oh, Heavens !

Mr P. And I will that in four days you shall be in an incurable state.

Arg. Ah, mercy !

Mr P. That you fall into a bradypepsia.

Arg. Mr Purgon !

Mr P. From bradypepsia into dyspepsia.

Arg. Mr Purgon !

Mr P. From dyspepsia into apepsy.

Arg. Mr Purgon !

Mr P. From apepsy into lientery.

Arg. Mr Purgon !

Mr P. From lientery into dysentery.

Arg. Mr Purgon !

Mr P. From dysentery into dropsy.

Arg. Mr Purgon !

Mr P. And from dropsy into a privation of life, whither your folly will lead you.⁴⁸

SCENE VII.

ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

Arg. Ah, Heavens ! I am dead. Brother, you have undone me.

Bér. Why ! what is the matter ?

Arg. I can hold out no longer. I already feel the vengeance of the faculty.

Bér. Really, brother, you are mad ; and I would not have people see you act as you do, for a great deal. Just bear up a little, I pray ; be yourself, and do not give way so much to your imagination.

Arg. You see, brother, the strange diseases with which he has threatened me.

Bér. What a simpleton you are !

Arg. He says that I shall become incurable before four days are over.

⁴⁸ Bradypepsia is a slow and imperfect digestion ; apepsy is a defective digestion ; lientery is a diarrhoea, in which the food is discharged only half digested.

Bér. And what does it signify what he says? Is it an oracle that has spoken? To hear you speak, it looks as if Mr Purgon holds in his hands the thread of your life, and that by a supreme authority he lengthens or shortens it for you, as it pleases him. Remember that the springs of your existence are in yourself, and that the wrath of Mr Purgon is as little capable of killing you as his remedies are of keeping you alive. Here is an opportunity, if you wish, to rid yourself of the physicians; or if you were born so as not to be able to do without them, it is easy to have another with whom, brother, you may run a little less risk.

Arg. Ah! brother, he knows my entire constitution, and the way how to treat me.

Bér. I must confess to you that you are a man of great prejudice, and that you look at matters with strange eyes.

SCENE VIII.

ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.

Toi. [*To Argan*] Sir, here is a doctor who wishes to see you.

Arg. And what doctor?

Toi. A doctor of the Faculty.

Arg. I ask you who he is.

Toi. I do not know him, but he is as like me as two drops of water; and if I were not sure that my mother was an honest woman, I should say that this was some little brother which she has given me since my father's death.

Arg. Let him come in.

SCENE IX.

ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

Ber. You are served according to your wish. One physician leaves you ; another presents himself.

Arg. I greatly fear that you may be the cause of some mishap.

Bér. Again ! You will always harp upon this.

Arg. But look you ! All these diseases of which I know nothing weigh on my mind ; these . . .

SCENE X.

ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE, *disguised as a physician.*

Toi. Permit me to pay you this visit, Sir, and to offer you my small services for all the bleedings and purgings of which you may be in want.

Arg. Sir, I am much obliged to you. [*To Béralde*] Upon my word, this is Toinette herself.

Toi. Pray, excuse me, Sir ; I have forgotten to give a message to my servant ; I shall be back immediately.

SCENE XI.

ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

Arg. Eh ! would you not swear that it is really Toinette.

Bér. It is true that the likeness is very great indeed : but it is not the first time that we have seen this kind of things ; and history is full of these freaks of nature.

Arg. As for me, I am amazed at it ; and . . .

SCENE XII.

ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.⁴⁹*Toi.* What do you want, Sir ?*Arg.* How ?*Toi.* Did not you call me ?*Arg.* I ? no.*Toi.* My ears must have tingled then.*Arg.* Just remain here a moment, to see how this physician resembles you.*Toi.* [*Going out*] Yes, indeed ! I have business elsewhere ; and I have seen him enough.

SCENE XIII.

ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

Arg. / If I had not seen them both, / I should have believed it was but one.*Bér.* I have read of surprising instances of these kinds of likenesses ; and we have seen some of them, in our own times, by which the whole world has been deceived.*Arg.* As for me, I should have been deceived by this one ; and I should have sworn that it was the same person.

SCENE XIV.

ARGAN, BÉRALDE ; TOINETTE, *as a physician*.⁵⁰*Toi.* Sir, I ask your pardon with all my heart.*Arg.* [*Softly to Béralde*] This is wonderful.*Toi.* You will not take amiss, pray, the curiosity which

⁴⁹ "Toinette has doffed her physician's dress so soon that it is difficult to believe that she appeared as a doctor before." This note is in the edition of Molière's works of 1682.

⁵⁰ See Appendix, Note J.

I had to see such an illustrious patient as you ; and your reputation, which has spread everywhere, may excuse the liberty which I have taken.

Arg. I am your servant, Sir.

Toi. I perceive, Sir, that you are looking earnestly at me. How old do you really think I am ?

Arg. I think that you may be six or seven and twenty at the most.

Toi. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ! I am ninety.

Arg. Ninety !

Toi. Yes. You observe an effect of the secrets of my art, to keep myself so fresh and vigorous.

Arg. Upon my word, this is a fine youthful old man for ninety !

Toi. I am an itinerant physician who go from town to town, from province to province, from kingdom to kingdom, in search of illustrious materials for my art, to find patients worthy of my attention, capable of having applied to them the grand and beautiful secrets which I have discovered in medicine. I disdain to amuse myself with these small fry of ordinary complaints, with trifling rheumatisms and colds, small agues, vapours, and headaches. I want diseases of importance, real non-intermittent fevers, with a disordered brain, real purple fevers, real plagues, real confirmed dropsies, real pleurisies with inflammations of the lungs ; these are what please me ; that is where I triumph ; and I wish, Sir, that you had all the diseases which I have just mentioned ; that you had been given up by all the physicians, despaired of, at the point of death, that I might show you the excellence of my remedies, and the desire which I have to be of service to you.

Arg. I am obliged to you, Sir, for the kindness you have for me.

Toi. Let me feel your pulse. Come, beat as you should.

Ah ! I shall make you go as you ought. Ho ! this pulse plays the impertinent ; I perceive well enough that you do not know me as yet. Who is your physician ?

Arg. Mr Purgon.

Toi. This man is not in my note-book amongst the great physicians. From what does he say that you suffer ?

Arg. He says it is from the liver, and others say it is from the spleen.

Toi. They are all blockheads. It is from the lungs that you are ill.

Arg. From the lungs ?

Toi. Yes. What do you feel ?

Arg. I feel from time to time qualms.

Toi. Exactly, the lungs.

Arg. I seem to have a mist before my eyes sometimes.

Toi. The lungs.

Arg. I have now and then a pain at the heart.

Toi. The lungs.

Arg. I feel a weariness in my limbs at times.

Toi. The lungs.

Arg. And now and then I am taken with pains in the stomach, just as if it were the colics.

Toi. The lungs. Do you relish your food ?

Arg. Yes, Sir.

Toi. The lungs. You like to take a little wine ?

Arg. Yes, Sir.

Toi. The lungs. You feel an inclination to take a little nap after your meals, and you are glad to go to sleep ?

Arg. Yes, Sir.

Toi. The lungs, the lungs, I tell you. What does the doctor order you to eat ?

Arg. He orders me soup.

Toi. The ignorant fellow !

Arg. Poultry.

Toi. The ignorant fellow !

Arg. Veal.

Toi. The ignorant fellow !

Arg. Broth.

Toi. The ignorant fellow !

Arg. New-laid eggs.

Toi. The ignorant fellow !

Arg. And in the evening some prunes to loosen the belly.

Toi. The ignorant fellow !

Arg. And above all, to take my wine well diluted.

Toi. *Ignorantus, ignoranta, ignorantum.* You must drink your wine pure, and, to thicken your blood which is too thin, you must eat good solid beef, good solid pork, good Dutch cheese; groats and rice, and chesnuts and thin cakes, to thicken and conglutinate. Your doctor is an ass. I shall send you one of my choice ; and I shall come to see you from time to time, while I am in this town.

Arg. You will oblige me very much.

Toi. What the deuce do you want with this arm ?

Arg. How ?

Toi. I would have this arm cut off instanter if I were you.

Arg. And why ?

Toi. Do you not see that it attracts to itself all the nourishment, and that it prevents this side from growing.

Arg. Yes ; but I want my arm.

Toi. You have a right eye there, too, which I would have taken out, if I were in your place.

Arg. An eye taken out ?

Toi. Do you not see that it incommodes the other, and robs it of its nourishment ? Believe me, have it taken out as quickly as possible, you will see all the clearer with the left eye.

Arg. There is no hurry.

Toi. Farewell. I am sorry to leave you so soon ; but I must be present at a great consultation which is to be held about a man who died yesterday.

Arg. About a man who died yesterday ?

Toi. Yes : to consider and see what ought to have been done to cure him. Until we meet again.

Arg. You know that invalids are excused from seeing any one to the door.

SCENE XV.

ARGAN, BÉRALDE.

Bér. This physician really seems very clever.

Arg. Yes ; but he does things a little too quickly.

Bér. All great physicians are like that.

Arg. To cut off an arm, and to take out an eye, so that
* the other may be better ! I much prefer that the other should not be quite so well. A fine operation, to make me one-eyed and one-armed.

SCENE XVI.

ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.

Toi. [*Pretending to speak to some one outside*] Come, come, I am your humble servant, I am in no mood to be merry.

Arg. What is the matter ?

Toi. Your physician, troth, who wished to feel my pulse.

Arg. Look at that, at the age of ninety.

Bér. Well now ! brother, since your Mr Purgon has fallen out with you, will you not give me leave to speak to you about the match which is proposed for my niece.

Arg. No, brother : I mean to place her in a convent, for

having run counter to my wishes. I perceive well enough that there is some love-affair in the case ; and I have discovered a certain secret interview which they do not know that I have discovered.

Bér. Well ! brother ; and suppose there is some slight inclination, would that be so very criminal ? And can there be aught in it to offend you, when all this aims only at what is honourable, marriage.

Arg. Be that as it may, brother, she shall be a nun ; that is a settled thing.

Bér. You wish to please some one.

Arg. I understand you. You always come back to that, and you dislike my wife.

Bér. Well then ! yes, brother : since I am to speak frankly to you, it is your wife I am alluding to ; and I can no more bear your infatuation for physic, than your infatuation for her, and see you running headlong into all the snares which she spreads for you.

Toi. Ah ! Sir, do not talk about my mistress ; she is a woman of whom nothing can be said, a woman without any guile, and who loves my master, who loves him. . . . One cannot express it.

Arg. Just ask her how she caresses me.

Toi. That is true.

Arg. What uneasiness my illness causes her.

Toi. Assuredly.

Arg. And the care and the pains she takes about me.

Toi. To be sure. [*To Béralde*] Do you wish me to convince you, and to show you immediately how my mistress loves master ? [*To Argan*] Allow me to show him his blunder, Sir, and to convince him of his error.⁵¹

Arg. How ?

⁵¹ The original has *souffrez que je lui montre son bec-jaune*. See Vol. III., *Don Juan*, page 127, note 14.

Toi. The mistress is coming back. Put yourself at full length in this chair, and pretend that you are dead. You shall see the grief she will be in, when I tell her the news.

Arg. I will do it.

Toi. Yes ; but do not leave her long in despair ; for she might die of it.

Arg. Leave it to me.

Toi. [*To Béralde*] And you, hide yourself in this corner.

SCENE XVII.

ARGAN, BÉRAËDE.

Arg. Is there not some danger in counterfeiting death ?

Toi. No, no. What danger should there be ? Only stretch yourself out there. [*Softly*] It will be a pleasure to confound your brother. Here comes the mistress. Steady as you are.

SCENE XVIII.

BÉLINE, ARGAN, *stretched out in his chair* ; TOINETTE.⁵²

Toi. [*Pretending not to see Béline*] Ah ! good Heavens ! Ah ! what a misfortune ! What a strange accident !

Bél. What ails you, Toinette ?

Toi. Ah ! mistress !

Bél. What is the matter ?

Toi. Your husband is dead.

Bél. My husband is dead ?

Toi. Alas ! yes ! the poor man is gone.

Bél. Are you sure ?

Toi. I am sure. No one knows the accident as yet ; and I was here all alone. He just now passed away in my arms. Look, there he is at full length in his chair.

⁵² See Appendix, Note K.

Bél. Heaven be praised for it ! I have got rid of a great burden. How silly you are, Toinette, to make yourself miserable about this death !

Toi. I thought, mistress, that I ought to cry.

Bél. Come, come, it is not worth while. What do we lose in him ; and what good was he upon the earth ? A man who was a trouble to everybody, dirty, disgusting, never without some enema or physic in him, always blowing his nose, coughing or spitting ; without sense, tiresome, bad-tempered, for ever fatiguing people, and scolding night and day the maids and the servants.

Toi. This is a pretty* funeral oration !

Bél. You must help me, Toinette, to execute my plan ; and you may depend upon it that, in helping me, your reward shall be sure. Since, by good fortune, no one has as yet been told of the affair, let us carry him to his bed, and keep his death secret, until I have managed my business. There are some papers, there is some money which I wish to get hold of ; and it would not be just that I should have fruitlessly wasted the prime of my years with him. Come, Toinette ; let us first of all take his keys.

Arg. [*Suddenly getting up*] Gently.

Bél. Oh !

Arg. Aha ! my lady, that is how you love me !

Toi. Ah ! ah ! the dead man is not dead.

Arg. [*To Béline, who is going*] I am very glad to see your good feeling, and to have heard the fine panegyric which you have pronounced on me. This is a wholesome advice which will make me more prudent for the future, and which will prevent me from doing many things.⁵³

⁵³ The primary idea of the character of Béline is to be found in a farce, played before Molière came to Paris, and called *The Sick Husband* ;—wherein a wife rejoices, with her lover, on hearing of the death of her spouse.

SCENE XIX.

BÉRALDE, *coming out of the corner where he has been hidden*; ARGAN, TOINETTE.

Bér. Well ! brother, you see now ?

Toi. Upon my word, I should never have believed this. But I hear your daughter. Place yourself again as you were, and let us see in what ^rmanner she will take your death. It is not a bad thing to find out; and, while you are about it, you shall know, by these means, the feelings of your family for you.

[Béralde goes into hiding again.]

SCENE XX.

ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, TOINETTE.

Toi. [*Pretending not to see Angélique*] Oh, Heaven ! Ah, sad event ! Unhappy day !

An. What ails you, Toinette ? and why do you cry ?

Toi. Alas ! I have sad news to tell you.

An. Eh ! what ?

Toi. Your father is dead.

An. My father is dead, Toinette ?

Toi. Yes. There he is. He has just died of a fainting fit that took him.

An. Oh, Heaven ! what a misfortune ! what a cruel blow ! Alas ! am I to lose my father, the only thing I had left in the world ; and, still more, to complete my unhappiness, must I lose him in a moment when he was angry with me ! What is to become of me, unhappy being ? and what consolation shall I find after so great a loss ?

SCENE XXI.

ARGAN, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.

Clé. What is the matter, fair Angélique? and what misfortune are you bewailing?

An. Alas! I am bewailing all that I could lose of what is most dear and precious in life; I am bewailing the death of my father.

Clé. Oh, Heavens! what an accident! what an unforeseen blow. Alas! after the request for your hand which I besought your uncle to make for me, I came to introduce myself to him, and to try, by my respects and entreaties, to dispose his heart to grant you to my love.

An. Ah, Cléante! let us no longer talk of anything; let us leave all thoughts of marriage. After the loss of my father, I will no longer belong to this world, and I renounce it for ever. Yes, father, if I have just now opposed your inclinations, I shall at least carry out one of your intentions, and make amends, by that, for the grief which I accuse myself of having caused you. [*Throwing herself at his feet*] Suffer me, father, now to pledge you my word, and to embrace you, to show you my repentance.

Arg. [*Embracing Angélique*] Ah! daughter.

An. Oh!

Arg. Come. Have no fear; I am not dead. There, you are my own flesh and blood, my own dear daughter; and I am delighted to have seen your good feeling.

SCENE XXII.

ARGAN, TOINETTE, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE, BÉRALDE.⁵⁴

An. Ah! what an agreeable surprise! Father, since, by an extreme good fortune, Heaven has given you back to my

⁵⁴ See Appendix, Note L.

love, suffer me to throw myself at your feet to beseech you for one thing. If you are not favourable to the inclination of my heart; if you refuse me Cléante for a husband, I implore you, at least, not to force me to marry another. This is all the favour I ask of you.

Clé. [*Throwing himself at Argan's feet*] Oh! Sir, allow yourself to be touched by her prayers and mine; and do not show yourself opposed to the mutual ardour of such a fine affection.

Bér. Can you still hold out, brother?

Toi. Can you be insensible to so much love, Sir?

Arg. Let him become a doctor, and I consent to the marriage. [*To Cléante*] Yes, become a physician, and I give you my daughter.

Clé. With all my heart, Sir. If it depends but upon this to be your son-in-law, I shall become a doctor, an apothecary even, if you wish it. It is not much to do, and I would consent to many other things to obtain the fair Angélique.

Bér. But, brother, a thought comes into my head. Become a physician yourself. The convenience will be still greater of having within yourself all that you need.

Toi. That is true. That is the proper way of getting quickly cured; and there is no complaint so daring as to meddle with the person of a physician.

Arg. I think that you are jesting with me, brother. Am I of an age to study?

Bér. To study! that is good. You are learned enough; and there are many among them, who are not more clever than you are.

Arg. But one should know to speak Latin well, understand the diseases, and the remedies to apply.

Bér. In receiving the gown and the cap of a physician, you will learn all that; and you will afterwards be more skilful than you like to be.

Arg. What ! do people know how to discourse upon diseases when they have on that gown ?

Bér. Yes. You have but to speak with a gown and a cap, and any gibberish becomes learned, and all nonsense becomes sense.

Toi. There, Sir, if it was only for your beard, that goes a great way already ; for the beard makes more than half of the physician.

Clé. In any case, I am ready to do everything.

Bér. Will you have the thing done immediately ?

Arg. How, immediately ?

Bér. Yes, and in your own house.

Arg. In my own house ?

Bér. Yes. I know a body of physicians, friends of mine, who will come instantly and perform the ceremony in your hall. It will cost you nothing.

Arg. But I, what am I to say ? what to answer ?

Bér. You will be instructed in two words, and they will give you in writing what you are to say. Go and put on a decent dress. I shall go and fetch them.

Arg. Well, let us see all this.

SCENE XXIII.

BÉRALDE, ANGÉLIQUE, CLÉANTE, TOINETTE.

Clé. What do you mean ? and what do you understand by these physician friends of yours ?

Toi. What is your plan, then ?

Bér. To amuse ourselves a little this evening. The comedians have composed a slight interlude about the installation of a physician with music and dances. I wish that we should enjoy the entertainment together, and that my brother should play the principal personage in it.

An. But, uncle, I think that you are jesting a little too much with my father.

Bér. But, niece, it is rather accommodating ourselves to his whims than jesting with him. All this is only between ourselves. We can each of us take a part in it ourselves, and thus perform the comedy for one another. The carnival authorises all this. Come, let us quickly go and get everything ready.

Clé. [*To Angélique*] Do you consent ?

An. Yes, since my uncle manages the affair.

THIRD INTERLUDE.

A Burlesque Ceremony of admitting a Doctor of Medicine in recitative Music and Dancing.

Several upholsterers enter to prepare the hall, and place the benches to music. After which the whole assembly, composed of eight syringe-bearers, six apothecaries, twenty-two doctors, and the person that is to be admitted physician, eight surgeons dancing, and two singing, enter, and take their places, each according to his rank.

Praeses. Savantissimi Doctores,⁵⁵
 Medicinæ Professores,
 Qui hic assemblati estis ;
 Et vos, altri messiores,
 Sententiarum Facultatis
 Fideles executores ;
 Chirurgiani et apothecari,
 Atque tota compania aussì,
 Salus, honor, et argentum,
 Atque bonum appetitum.

⁵⁵ In this interlude there is such an amount of Latin, dog-Latin, Italian, French, and of words belonging to no language under the sun, that, by rendering any of it into English, the effect of the whole is greatly marred. I have, therefore, left it in the original.

Non possum, docti confreri
 En moi satis admirari,
 Qualis bona inventio,
 Est medici professio ;
 Quàm bella chosa est et benè trovata,
 Medicina illa benedicta,
 Quæ, suo nomine solo,
 Surprenanti miraculo,
 Depuis si longo tempore,
 Facit à gogo vivere
 Tant de gens omni genere.

Per totam terram videmus
 Grandam vogam ubi sumus ;
 Et quod grandes et petiti
 Sunt de nobis infatuti.
 Totus mundus, currens ad nostros remedios,
 Nos regardat sicut deos,
 Et nostris ordonnanciis
 Principes et Reges soumissos videtis.

Doncque il est nostræ sapientiæ,
 Boni sensus atque prudentiæ,
 De fortement travailler
 A nos bene conservare
 In tali credito, voga et honore ;
 Et prendere gardam à non recevoir
 In nostro docto corpore,
 Quam personas capabiles,
 Et totas dignas remplir
 Has plaças honorabiles.
 C'est pour cela que nunc convocatis estis ;
 Et credo quod trovabitis
 Dignam matieram medici
 In savanti homine que voici ;
 Lequel, in chosis omnibus ;
 Dono ad interrogandum,
 Et à fond examinandum
 Vostris capacitatibus.

Primus Doctor.

Si mihi licentiam dat dominus praeses,
 Et tanti docti doctores,
 Et assistantes illustres,
 Très-savanti bacheliero,
 Quem estimo et honoro,
 Domandabo causam et rationem quare
 Opium facit dormire.

Bachelierus. Mihi à docto doctore.

Domandatur causam et rationem quare
 Opium facit dormire.
 A quoi respondeo :
 Quia est in eo
 Virtus dormitiva,
 Cujus est natura
 Sensus assoupire.⁵⁶

Chorus. Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.

Dignus, dignus est intrare
 In nostro docto corpore.
 Bene, bene respondere.

Secundus Doctor.

Cum permissione domini praesidis
 Doctissimæ Facultatis,
 Et totius his nostris actis
 Companiæ assistantis,
 Domandabo tibi, docte bacheliere.
 Quæ sunt remedia
 Quæ, in maladia
 Dite hydropisia
 Convenit facere ?

Bachelierus. Clysterium donare,
 Postea seignare,
 Ensuita purgare.

⁵⁶ In Descartes' time, and before him, everything was explained by forms, virtues, entities, quiddities. A thing was cold because it had a frigorific virtue ; hot because it had a calorific virtue.

Chorus. Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.
 Dignus, dignus est intrare
 In nostro docto corpore.

Tertius Doctor.

Si bonum semblatur domino præsidi,
 Doctissimæ Facultati,
 Et companiæ præsentī,
 Domandabo tibi, docte bacheliere,
 Quæ remedia eticis,
 Pulmonicis atque asmaticis
 Trovas à propos facere.

Bachelierus. Clysterium donare,
 Postea seignare,
 Ensuita purgare.

Chorus. Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.
 Dignus, dignus est intrare
 In nostro docto corpore.

Quartus Doctor.

Super illas maladias,
 Doctus bachelierus dixit maravillas ;
 Mais, si non ennuyo dominum præsidem,
 Doctissimam Facultatem,
 Et totam honorabilem
 Companiam ecoutantem ;
 Faciam illi unam questionem.
 Dès hiero maladus unus
 Tombavit in meas manus ;
 Habet grandam fievram cum redoublamentis,
 Grandam dolorem capitis,
 Et grandum malum au côté.
 Cum granda difficultate
 Et pena de respirare.
 Veillas mihi dire,
 Docte bacheliere
 Quid illi facere.

Bachelierus. Clysterium donare,
 Postea seignare,
 Ensuita purgare.

Quintus Doctor.

Mais, si maladia
Opiniatria
Non vult se garire,
Quid illi facere ?

Bachelierus. Clysterium donare,
Postea seignare,
Ensuita purgare.

Reseignare, repurgare, et reclysterisare.

Chorus. Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere :

Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.

Praeses. Juras gardare statuta
Per Facultatem praescripta,
Cum sensu et jugeamento ?

Bachelierus. Juro.⁵⁷

Praeses. Essere in omnibus
Consultationibus,
Ancieni aviso,
Aut bono,
Aut mauvaiso ?

Bachelierus. Juro.

Praeses. De non jamais te servire
De remediis aucunis,
Quam de ceux seulement doctæ Facultatis,
Maladus dû-t-il crevare
Et mori de suo malo ?

Bachelierus. Juro.

Praeses. Ego, cum isto boneto
Venerabili et docto,
Dono tibi et concedo
Virtutem et puissanciam
Medicandi,
Purgandi,

⁵⁷ It is said that Molière felt so ill on pronouncing these words, at the fourth representation of *The Imaginary Invalid*, that he could not get on any longer, and the curtain was obliged to fall.

Seignandi,
 Perçandi,
 Taillandi,
 Coupandi,
 Et occidendi
 Impune per totam terram.

Entry of the Ballet.

All the Surgeons and Apothecaries come to do him reverence to Music.

Bach. Grandes doctores doctrinæ
 De la rhubarbe et du séné,
 Ce serait sans douta à moi chosa folla,
 Inepta et ridicula,
 Si j'alloibam m' engageare
 Vobis louangeas donare,
 Et entreprendoibam adjoutare
 Des lumieras au soleillo,
 Et des etoilas au cielo,
 Des ondas à l' Oceano ;
 Et des rosas au printano.
 Agreate qu' avec uno moto
 Pro toto remercimiento
 Rendam gratias corpori tam docto.
 Vobis, vobis debeo
 Bien plus qu' à naturæ et qu' à patri meo.
 Natura et pater meus
 Hominem me habent factum ;
 Mais vos me, ce qui est bien plus,
 Avetis factum medicum :
 Honor, favor et gratia,
 Qui, in hoc corde que voilà,
 Imprimant ressentimenta
 Qui dureront in secula.

Chorus. Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, cent fois vivat
 Novus doctor, qui tam bene parlat !
 Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,
 Et seignet et tuat !

Third Entry of the Ballet.

All the Surgeons and Apothecaries dance to the sound of the Instruments and Voices, and clapping of Hands, and Apothecaries' Mortars.

Chirurgus. Puisse-t-il voir doctas
 Suas ordonnancias,
 Omnium chirurgorum,
 Et apothicarum
 Remplire boutiques !

Chorus. Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, cent fois vivat.
 Novus doctor, qui tam bene parlat
 Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,
 Et seignet et tuat !

Chirurgus. Puissent toti anni
 Lui essere boni
 Et favorabiles,
 Et n' habere jamais
 Quam pestas, verolas.
 Fievras, pleuresias
 Fluxus de sang et dyssenterias !

Chorus. Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, cent fois vivat,
 Novus doctor, qui tam bene parlat !
 Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,
 Et seignet et tuat !

*The Doctors, Surgeons, and Apothecaries go out all according to their several ranks, with the same ceremony as they entered.*⁵⁸

⁵⁸ There exists also an addition to the ceremony, namely, speeches of three other doctors, and some variations in those of the physicians who have spoken, as well as in other parts of the ceremony. But as these changes are found only in the editions of Rouen and Amsterdam, and are most probably not by Molière, we do not give them here.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 236.

James Miller, in *The Mother-in-Law* (Act i. Scene 2), has imitated as follows the opening speech of Argan in *The Imaginary Invalid*.

Sir Credulus discover'd in an easy-chair, by a table, on which are phials, galley-pots, boluses, &c., and a large pile of apothecaries' bills—Sir Credulus having a long apothecary's bill in his hand, which he is casting up.

Sir Credulus. Three and two's Five, and five's ten ; Three and two's Five. [*Taking off his spectacles and sighing*] O lack ! O lack ! I profess it is a grievous Fatigue to examine and cast up one's Apothecary's Bills. It does one almost as much harm as all the Physick in 'em did one good, and yet this is but of a moderate Length. But I've just got thro' it. [*Putting on his spectacles again*] *Item* the 29th, an Aperient, Stomack, Corroborative, Bolus, compos'd *secundum Artem*, to expel, dissipate, and evacuate his Worship's ill Humours, 6s. 6d. There's one thing in my Apothecary which pleases me much, and that is, his Bills are always mighty civil :—His Worship's ill Humours, 6s. 6d. Ay, but Mr Galleypot, it is not enough to be civil, you should be a little reasonable too, and not flea your poor Patients ; 6s. 6d. for a Bolus ! your Servant for that ; you never reckon'd me more in your other Bills than 5s. and 5s. in the Language of an Apothecary is as much as to say half a Crown—there it is then, half a Crown. *Item*, the said Day at Night, an Hepatick, Soporifick, Somniferous Julep, compos'd to make his Worship sleep, 2s. 6d. I don't complain of that, for it made me sleep well. *Item*, the 30th, a good detersive Clyster, compos'd of double Catholicon, Rhubarb, Mel Rosatum, etc., according to Dr Mummy's Prescription, to wash, scour, cleanse, and deterge his Worship's Abdomen, 4s. 6d. What ! 4s. 6d. for a Clyster ! You jest, you jest, Mr Galleypot ; you should use your Patients with some Humanity. If this be your way of treating People, one would be sick no longer ; Put down, put down 3s. if you please—Three and two's five, and five's ten, and ten's twenty ; twenty and ten's thirty, and five thirty-five—Sum Total for the Month of December is Thirty-five Pounds seven shilling and six Pence—I'm glad we are so moderate—Let me see then, in this Month I

have taken but one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight Purgative Medicines ; and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve Bottles of Cordial Julep ; and last month I took Twelve of the one and Twenty of the other. I don't wonder that I'm not so well this month as I was the last. Hah ! I feel the Effects of my Omission already ; I'm seiz'd all over with a shivering Fit. Where's Primrose ? Where are they all ? My speaking 's to no purpose. I'm always left alone. [*Rings a bell*] They are deaf ; Primrose ! [*Rings*] My Bell's not loud enough. [*Rings*] Is it possible they could leave a poor sick Creature all alone in this manner ? Oh, miserable ! O Heavens ! they'll let me die here. [*Rings louder*] Why, Primrose ! I say.

B, Page 238.

James Miller has, in *The Mother-in-Law* (Act i. Scene 2), thus imitated the second scene of the first act of Molière's *Imaginary Invalid*. Toinette is called Primrose.

Primrose. Here I am, sir.

Sir C. Ah, you slut ! Ah ! you Baggage !

Prim. [*Pretending to have hurt her head*] The Duce had your Impatience for me, ringing at such a rate. You have made me break my Head against the Window-shutter, I'm sure, hurrying one so.

Sir C. Ah, Traitress !

Prim. Oh ! oh ! [*Crying to prevent his scolding*]

Sir C. 'Tis a——

Prim. Oh ! oh !

Sir C. 'Tis an Hour——

Prim. Oh ! oh !

Sir C. Hold your saucy Tongue, that I may scold at thee, or I'll——

Prim. I like that indeed, after what I have done to my self.

Sir C. Thou hast made me brawl my throat sore, Gipsy.

Prim. And you have made me break my Head ; so set one against t'other, and we are quit.

Sir C. How, Confidence ?

Prim. If you scold I'll cry.

Sir C. To leave me, you Jade——

Prim. Oh ! oh !

Sir C. Again ! I shall run mad ! Why, you pert, brazen, abominable, provoking Monster, shan't I have the Pleasure of Scolding at thee neither ?

Prim. If you have the Pleasure of Scolding, 'tis but fair that I should have the Pleasure of Crying ; one's as reasonable a Pleasure as t'other.

Sir C. Well, well, ha' done. Take away these things here, and see you get me a Gruel ready.

Prim. Ay, this Dr Mummy and Mr Galley-pot divert themselves finely at the Expence of your Carcase. They have a rare milch Cow of you ; and I'd gladly know what Distemper you have that your mow must be perpetually stuffed with Physick.

Sir C. Peace, Ignorance ! 'Tisn't for you to contradict the Prescriptions of Art. Go, call my daughter Belina here, I have something to say to her. *

Prim. She's here already, Sir.

C, Page 243.

James Miller has followed Molière's *Imaginary Invalid* (Act i. Scene 5) in *The Mother-in-Law* (Act i. Scene 2). Angélique is called Belina.

Enter BELINA.

Sir C. Come here, Belina, I want to speak with you.

Bel. I wait your pleasure, Sir.

Sir C. Why, I've a Peace of News to tell you, that perhaps you little expect, Girl. Here's a match proposed to me for you. You smile at but naming Matrimony. Ah, Nature, Nature ! By what I perceive then, Girl, I need not ask you if you are willing or not.

Bel. I'm ready, Sir, to submit to any that you shall command me. I find Beaumont has been with him. [*Aside to Primrose.*]

Sir C. I'm glad to find I've such a dutiful Daughter ; I've resolved on the thing, and give my Word for it.

Prim. Ay, this is something like now ; 'tis the wisest Action you ever did in your Life.

Sir C. I have not seen the Gentleman yet, but I'm told he will be every way to the satisfaction of us both.

Bel. That, Sir, I'm certain of, for I have seen him already.

Sir C. Seen him ! Why, I did not know he was come to Town yet.

Bel. Since your Consent, Sir, encourages me to discover my Inclinations, you must know that good Fortune hath lately brought us acquainted, and that the proposal which has been made to you is the Effect of that Esteem, which at the first Interview we conceiv'd for one another.

Sir C. That's more than I knew ; but I'm glad on't ; so much the better that things go on so smoothly. He's a strapping jolly Youth, I'm told.

Bel. He's well made, Sir.

Sir C. Agreeable in Person.

Bel. Most agreeable.

Sir C. Well accomplished.

Bel. In the highest Degree.

Sir C. Um ! Why, that's surprising in one that has been born and bred in the Land's End.

Bel. Born and bred in the Land's End, Sir !

Sir C. Ay, so Dr Mummy tells me.

Bel. Does Dr Mummy know him, Sir ?

Sir C. A pretty Question, indeed ! He may well know him, I think, when he's his Nephew.

Bel. Beaumont Dr Mummy's Nephew !

Sir C. Beaumont ! I'm talking of the Person you are to marry.

Bel. Very well.

Sir C. And that's the Nephew of Dr Mummy, the young Cornish Squire ; his name is Looby, not Beaumont. Dr Mummy, Mr Gallipot, and myself made up the match ; and this Afternoon he's expected in Town, when he will be introduced to me by his Uncle. Hah ! what's the matter ? why are you surprised ?

Bel. Why, to say the Truth, Sir, you have all this while been talking of one Person and I of another.

Prim. Sure, Sir, you have no such ridiculous Intention. A Lady of her Education and Fortune to be tied to a Cornish Numps !

Sir C. What Business have you to be meddling, Impudence ?

Prim. Lord, Sir, don't fall immediately into your Invectives ; can't we reason the Thing together without being in a Passion ? Let us talk about it in Cool Blood. What Reason can you give for this preposterous match, pray ?

Sir C. My reason is this ; that finding myself infirm and sickly, as I am, I would gladly have so able a Physician as Dr Mummy related to me, that I might have in my own Family some Assistance against my Maladies, and now and then make one at a Consultation myself.

Prim. Very well. But, Sir, tell me, are you, upon Honour, really sick ?

Sir C. How, Hussy ! am I sick ! am I really sick, Impudence !

Prim. Well, well, Sir, you are sick then ; we won't quarrel about that. Yes, you are very sick, and more so than you think for, that's granted. But your Daughter is to marry for herself, and she not being sick, wants no Dr Mummy for her Relation.

Sir C. But I do, Mistress ; are you answer'd now. Besides, this Mr Looby is Dr Mummy's only heir, who'll settle his whole Estate on him, in consideration of the Marriage, and Dr Mummy has a good five thousand a Year.

Prim. Mercy on us ! what a world of People must he have kill'd to get us an Estate !

Sir C. Why, you horrible, impudent—hold your Peace. I'm resolved on this Match, and——

Bel. But, Sir, you won't surely——

Prim. Oh, don't mind it, Madam ; your Father is but in Jest.

Sir C. I am not in Jest, Minx ; I'm resolv'd upon it.

- Prim.* O fy ! Don't talk so.
Sir C. Not talk so !
Prim. No.
Sir C. Why so, Hussy ?
Prim. They'll say you don't know what you talk.
Sir C. They may say what they please, but I'll make her obey.
Prim. You won't indeed.
Sir C. Hey-day ! this is pleasant enough. I shan't dispose of my own Daughter as I please.
Prim. No, I tell you.
Sir C. Who shall hinder me, hussy ?
Prim. Yourself, Sir ; you won't have the Heart to do it ; your Fatherly Tenderness won't let you.
Sir C. Don't let her depend on that.
Prim. Ah ! Dear Sir ; 'Tis but her shedding a few mollifying Tears, throwing her pretty Arms about your Neck, a dear Papa, with a Sigh, a Sob, and a Kiss, and the Business is done.
Sir C. I tell you I'm not to be mov'd.
Prim. Lack-a-day ; don't I know you ; you are naturally good-humour'd.
Sir C. I'm not good-humour'd, I'm ill-humour'd when I've a mind to it, and——
Prim. Softly, softly, Sir ; you are sick, and should not be in a Passion.
Sir C. I command her absolutely to prepare to take the Husband I design for her.
Prim. I absolutely forbid her to do any such thing.
Sir C. Why, you insolent Baggage, I'll cane you heartily.
Prim. 'Tis my Duty to oppose a thing that would make you Ridiculous. *[Running after her.]*
Sir C. Come hither, come hither ; I'll teach you to prate. *[Running from him.]*
Prim. No, she shan't marry this Squire Looby ; she was never made for a Cornish Hug. *[Running round the chair with his cane.]*
Sir C. Belina, hold that Jade for me.
Bel. Dear Sir, don't disorder yourself ; you'll increase your Illness.
Sir C. If you don't hold her, I'll not give you my Blessing.
Prim. And I'll disinherit her if she does.
Sir C. Oh ! oh ! I can hold no longer—I shall faint, I shall die.
* *[Throwing himself into his easy chair.]*

D, Page 249.

Molière's comedy, *The Imaginary Invalid* (Act i. Scene 6) has been imitated, as follows, by Miller in *The Mother-in-Law* (Act i. Scene 3). Béline is called Lady Hippish.

Enter LADY HIPPISH.

Sir C. Ah ! my Dear ; come hither, come hither.

Lady H. What ails my poor Dear ?

Sir C. Ah ! my Love, come hither and help me.

Lady H. What's the matter, my dear Child ?

Sir C. Love.

Lady H. Well, my Love ?

Sir C. Oh ! oh ! they have been teasing a poor infirm and weakly Creature here, out of the small matter of Life and Spirits he has left.

Lady H. Alas ! my poor dear Chucky ; and how pray, my Love ?

Sir C. Your Jade, Primrose, is grown more impudent than ever.

Lady H. Don't put yourself into a passion, my Life.

Sir C. She has made me mad, my Dear.

Lady H. Softly, my Child.

Sir C. She has been contradicting me this Hour about things that—

Lady H. So, so, softly, softly.

Sir C. And has had the Impudence to tell me that I'm not sick, when you know, my Heart, how it is with me.

Lady H. Yes, my Heart, I know you are very feeble and weak.

Sir C. That Jade will kill me ; she's the Cause of all the choler I breed ; and I have desired, I know not how often, that she may be turned away.

Lady H. Alas ! Child, there are no Servants but have their faults ; we must endure their bad Qualities that we may have the use of their good ones. Primrose, come here ; what's the Reason that you put your Master in such a Passion ?

Prim. I, Madam ! Alas ! I don't know what you mean ; I'm sure I think of nothing but how to please him.

Sir C. Ay, my Dear, dost thou believe her ? She's a dissembling Devil ; she has said a thousand insolent things to me.

Lady H. I believe you, my Soul ; but compose yourself a little. Hark'e, Primrose, if you ever provoke your Master thus again, I'll turn you out of Doors. There, give me this Fur Gown and his Pillows, that I may set him easy in his Chair. You sit I don't know how. Pull your Night cap well over your Ears. There, nothing gives people cold so soon as letting the Wind in at their Ears.

Sir C. Ay, my Love ; I'm greatly oblig'd to you for the care you take of me.

Lady H. Raise yourself a little, that I may put this under you.

[*Adjusting the pillows*] Let me put one to support you on this Side, and one on t'other. This behind your Back, and this to support your Head.

Prim. And this to comfort your Brains a little.

[*Clapping a pillow hard over his head.*]

Sir C. Thou Fury ! would'st thou stifle me ?

[*Getting up in a passion, throwing the pillows at her and driving her out of the room.*]

Lady H. Hold, hold ; what's the Matter now ?

Sir C. Ay, my Love, you don't know the malice of the Wretch ; she has quite put me beside myself ; and it's more than a dozen Juleps can do to recover me. Oh ! oh ! I'm faint—I die !

[*Sinking into a chair.*]

Lady H. There, there, my Jewel ; compose yourself a little.

Sir C. My Sweeting, you are the only Comfort I have ; and that I may make some Requit for all this Goodness, I'm determined, my Heart, as I told you before, to make my Will.

Lady H. Oh ! my Precious ! let's not talk on it, I entreat you ; I can't support the thoughts of it : the very name of Will makes me leap for—Grief.

Sir C. I desired you would speak to your Attorney about it.

Lady H. Why—why—I can't speak to him about it, 'twould cut me to the Heart to mention any such thing. But—but you might have been displeased perhaps, and discomposed, if I had not in some way complied with your Request ; so—so I have sent for him ; and then you may speak to him yourself, my Joy. Oh ! here he comes.

Enter CRANNY.

Sir C. Come in, Mr Cranny, come in. Take a chair, if you please. My Wife has told me, Sir, that you are a very honest Man, and one of her particular Friends ; and I have ordered her to speak to you about making my Will.

Lady H. Alas ! my Love, when one's so fond of a Husband as I am of my Jewel, one's but in a poor condition to think of such things.

Sir C. Be pleased, Sir, to inform me by what method I may cut off my Children, and leave all to my Wife. I have been to Counsel about it, but they—

Cra. The worst Persons you could have gone to ; they are generally mighty rigid in these Points, and are for keeping close to the Letter of the Law. Your Attorneys are the only People to have recourse to in such cases. We are always provided with Expedients to pass justly over the Law, and make that legal which is not just ; we know how to smooth the Difficulties of an Affair, and study the Law for no other purpose but to elude it. Without this, alas ! where should we be ? If we were not to make use of a little Dexterity now and then, our Profession would not be worth a Groat.

Sir C. Why truly, my Wife told me, Sir, that you was a very ingenious honest Man.

Cra. Ay, ay, Sir, I am acquainted with the Back door of the Law ; I know the By-ways there are of leading a Conscience ; leave it to me, and I'll dispose matters for you, any way you'd have 'em.

Lady H. Alas ! My dear, don't torment your self any more about it. If you should be taken away, my Child, I'll no longer stay in the World.

Sir C. My poor Dear.

Lady H. Life will be nothing to me then.

Sir C. My Soul !

Lady H. I'll follow thee to let thee see the Tenderness I have for thee. [*Wiping her eyes.*]

Sir C. My Dove, thou breakest my Heart. Pr'ythee be comforted.

Cra. Tears are unseasonable, Madam ; things are not yet come to that.

Sir C. All that grieves me if I did, my Joy, is that I never had a Child by thee. Dr Mummy promised me that I should have one.

Lady H. Oh !

Sir C. Come, Mr Cranny, let us proceed to Business. But by way of Precaution, my Love, I'll put into your Hands Five Thousand Guineas, and as much more in Notes, which I have hid behind the Wainscot.

Lady H. Oh ! oh ! I'll have nothing to do with them. All the goods in the World are nothing to me in comparison of thee, my Love—— How much did'st thou say was hid behind the Wainscot ?

Sir C. Five Thousand Guineas, my Love.

Lady H. Oh ! don't talk to me about Money I beseech you. How much in Notes did'st thou say, my Soul ?

Sir C. As much more, my Precious. But come, let us go into my Closet, and there we'll settle everything. Come, my Love, pr'thee support me.

Lady H. Come then, my poor little dear Child. [*Exeunt.*]

E, Page 252.

Isaac Bickerstaffe, in the first nine Scenes of the first Act of *Dr Last in his Chariot* has followed, pretty literally, the first nine Scenes of the first Act of Molière's *Imaginary Invalid*. Argan is called Ailwou'd ; Béline, Mrs Ailwou'd ; Angélique, Nancy ; and Toinette, Prudence.

Ailwou'd, who comes through the back Scene in a night-gown and Flannel cap, his crutch in one hand, and a small bell in the other.

Ailwou'd. O Lord, O Lord, here's usage for a poor, helpless, sick man ; There's nobody in the house ; sure there can be nobody ; they've all

deserted me, and left me alone to expire without assistance. I made shift to muster all-sufficient strength to crawl thus far : and now I can die here. [*Drops into an arm-chair with a piteous groan; then, after a short pause, starting and staring*] Mercy on me, what's the matter with me ! I'm suddenly seiz'd with a shivering fit ! And now I burn like a red-hot coal of fire !—And now again, shiver, shiver, shiver ! as if my blood was turned into snow water ! Prudence, Nancy, Mrs Ailwou'd, love, wife ! They're all deaf ! and my bell is not loud enough neither ! Prudence, I say.

AILWOOD, PRUDENCE.

Pru. Here Sir, here. What's the matter ?

Ail. Ah, you jade, you slut.

Pru. [*Pretending to have hurt her head*] The deuce take your impatience ; you hurry people so, you have made me break my head against the window-shutter.

Ail. You baggage, you—'tis above an hour——

Pru. [*Crying*] Dear me, how it smarts !

Ail. Above an hour that I have been wanting somebody.

Pru. Oh ! oh !

Ail. Hold your tongue, hussey, till I scold you.

Pru. Very pretty, in troth, after the blow I have got.

Ail. You have left me to bawl and call till I am hoarse again.

Pru. And you have made me get a great bump on my forehead ; so put one against t'other, and we're quits.

Ail. How, Mrs Impudence !

Pru. If you scold, I'll cry.

Ail. To desert me in such a manner ?

Pru. [*Crying*] Oh ! oh ! oh !

Ail. Are you at it again ?—Why, you pert, brazen, audacious, provoking, abominable, insolent—Shan't I be allowed to have the pleasure of finding fault with you !

Pru. You may have that pleasure, if you will ; and it's as fair that I shou'd have the pleasure of crying, if I like it.

Ail. Well, well, I have done. Take away these things, and get me my medicine. It's three hours and two minutes since I took it ; and don't you know the prescription says every three hours ? I feel the bad effects of my omission already.

Pru. Lord, Sir, why will you drench yourself with such nasty slops ! One would think the physicians and apothecaries cou'd find sufficient stuff for your craving bowels ; but you must go to the quacks too ; and this Doctor Last, with his universal, balsamic restorative cordial, that turns water into asses' milk.

Ail. That's a good girl, go on.

Pru. Methinks, if one was to take physick, one wou'd rather choose to go to a regular physician than to a quack.

Ail. And why so, my dainty adviser?

Pru. For the same reason that, if I wanted a pair of shoes, I wou'd rather go to an established shoemaker, than lay out my money at a Yorkshire warehouse.

Ail. If I hear any more of your impudence, I'll break your head to some purpose ; it shan't be a bump in the forehead will serve you.

Pru. Eh, you old fanciful, foolish—— [Aside.

Ail. Go and call my daughter Nancy to me, I have something to say to her.

Pru. She's here, Sir.

AILWOU'D, PRUDENCE, NANCY.

Ail. Come here, Nancy ; I want to speak to you.

Nan. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ail. Stay ; before I say or do anything further, I'll go into the next room and take my medicine—I should be a great fool to forget that.

Pru. Ay, Sir, so you wou'd.

Ail. I should, indeed, for it does me a prodigious deal of good ; though I must take a little cooling physic too, in order to correct the juices. [Exit.

NANCY, PRUDENCE.

Nan. Prudence.

Pru. Madam.

Nan. Look on me a little.

Pru. Well, I do look on you.

Nan. Prudence.

Pru. Well, what would you have with Prudence?

Nan. Can't you guess?

Pru. Some discourse, I suppose, about our new acquaintance, Mr Hargrave, for you have done nothing but talk of him for this week past.

Nan. And can you blame me for the good opinion I have of him?

Pru. Who says I do?

Nan. Or would you have me insensible to the tender protestations which he makes me?

Pru. Heav'n forbid.

Nan. Prithee tell me now, Prudence, don't you really think there was something of destiny in the odd adventure that brought us together?

Pru. Certainly.

Nan. Was there not something uncommonly brave and gentleman-like in that action of rescuing me without knowing anything of me?

Pru. Very genteel and gentleman-like, indeed.

Nan. And was it possible for any one to make a more generous use of it?

Pru. Impossible.

Nan. Then, Prue, he has a most charming person—Don't you think so?

Pru. Who can think otherwise?

Nan. Something very noble in his air?

Pru. Very noble.

Nan. Then he talks like an angel.

Pru. Ay, and writes like an angel too, I dare sware, Ma'am, as this letter will show.

Nan. From Mr Hargrave? You wicked girl, why would you keep it from me so long? [*Snatches it from her and reads it herself.*]

Pru. Well, Ma'am, what does the gentleman say?

Nan. Everything, dear Prue; everything in the world that I could wish or desire. He says he can't live happy without me; and that he will, by the means of a common friend, immediately make a formal proposal for me to my father.

Pru. But do you think, Ma'am, that your father will listen?

Nan. He can have no objection, Prudence.

Pru. No, Ma'am, but your mother-in-law may, who governs him, and I'm sure bears you no good will. The best joke is, she thinks she has wheedled me into her interests——

Nan. Hush! here's my father.

PRUDENCE, NANCY, AILWOU'D.

Ail. Nancy, child, I have a piece of news to tell you that perhaps you little expect. Here's a match proposed to me for you. You smile at that! Ah, nature, nature! By what I perceive, then, I need not ask if you are willing?

Nan. I am ready to submit to your commands in everything, Sir,—Dear Prue, this is beyond my hopes.

Pru. Mr Hargrave has kept his word, Madam.

Ail. What are you whispering about?

Nan. Nothing, Sir.

Ail. Well, child, at any rate I am glad to find you in so complying a disposition, for, to tell you the truth, I was resolved on the thing before I mentioned it to you, and had even given my word to put it as expeditiously as possible into execution.

Pru. I am sure you are very much in the right of it, Sir; it's the wisest thing you ever did in your life.

Ail. I have not seen the gentleman yet, but I am told he will be every way to the satisfaction of us both.

Nan. That, Sir, I am certain of, for I have seen him already.

Ail. Have you?

Nan. Since your consent, Sir, encourages me to discover my inclinations; you must know that good fortune has lately brought us acquainted; and that the proposal which has been made to you, is the effect of that esteem which, at the first interview, we conceived for one another.

Al. That's more than I knew, but no matter ; the smoother things go on, the better I am pleased. He is but a little man, I am told.

Nan. He's well made, Sir.

Al. Agreeable in his person ?

Nan. Very agreeable.

Al. In his address ?

Nan. Perfectly elegant.

Al. Really that's much—very much, 'upon my word, that a man of low birth, and bred up to a mean profession—for, though the Doctor has now fifteen thousand pounds in the funds, and gets eight or nine hundred a-year, he owes all to his medicinal secrets.

Nan. Sir !

Al. At least so Mr Trash, the bookseller that vends his medicines, tells me ; through whose mediation, indeed, this proposal is made.

Nan. Mr Trash ! Has Mr Hargrave anything to do then——

Al. Hargrave ! Who the devil's he ? I am talking of the person you are to marry, Dr Last, whose cordial has done me so much service. It seems he is a widower, and has a mind to get a second wife that may do him some credit ; such as his worldly circumstances entitle him to.

Nan. Well, but my dear Sir——

Al. Yes, child, I know it's very well. The Doctor is to be brought here to-day, to be introduced to me, and I am really concerned that I appointed Dr Coffin, Dr Skeleton, and Dr Balruddery to hold a consultation upon my case this morning ; for I have found so much benefit from Dr Last's medicine, that I think he will be the properest person to find out what's the matter with me.

Nan. Well, but Sir, give me leave to tell you, that Dr Last was very far from my thoughts when we began the conversation. In short, Papa, all the while you have been talking of one person and I of another.

Pru. Poh, poh, Madam, make yourself easy, my master can have no such ridiculous design as he has been mentioning to you. Marry a young lady of family and fortune to a scoundrel quack !

Al. And what business have you to be meddling, impudence.

Pru. No business at all, Sir. But, if you are really serious in your design about this marriage, give me leave to ask you what can have put it into your head ?

Al. You have nothing to do with that. I have told the girl the party I propose for her is rich ; but if you must know what most inclin'd, and indeed determined me, as it were, to accept of Dr Last for a son-in-law, is the number of invaluable secrets he possesses ; and this alliance will entitle me to take his medicines gratis, as my various infirmities require—a thing that we ought all to consider, my last year's apothecaries' bill amounting to two hundred and nineteen pounds four shillings and elevenpence.

Pru. A very pretty reason for marrying your daughter to a quack indeed!—But, after all, Sir, tell me, upon your honour now, does anything ail you?

Ail. Eh! how! anything ail me?

Pru. Ay, Sir, are you sick in earnest; and if so, what's the matter with you?

Ail. It's my misfortune not to know—wou'd to Heaven I did. But to cut short all these impertinences, look you, daughter, I lay my commands on you to prepare yourself to receive the husband I propose for you.

Pru. And I madam, on my part, command you to have nothing to do with him. [Going off.]

Ail. Why, you impertinent slut, shall a chambermaid take the liberty—

Pru. She shan't marry the quack.

Ail. Shan't she! we'll see that, if I get near enough to lay my cane across your shoulders. [Rising in a fury.]

Nan. Dear Sir—

Pru. Oh, don't hinder him, Madam; give him leave to come; he's welcome to do his worst.

Ail. If I lay hold of you— [Following her.]

Pru. I say, I won't let you do a foolish thing if I can help it.

[Getting behind a chair.]

Ail. Come hither, come hither. [Still following her] Nancy, stop her there, don't let her pass.

Pru. I believe no father but yourself ever thought of such a thing.

Ail. Help me to catch her, daughter, or I'll never give you my blessing.

Pru. Never mind him, Madam.

Ail. An audacious, impudent, insolent—

Pru. Ay, ay, you may abuse me if you please; but I won't give my consent to the match for all that.

Ail. Cocatrice, jade, slut. [Chasing her round the stage] Oh, oh! I can support no longer; she has kill'd me, she has murdered me.

[Falls into his chair.]

Pru. Your humble servant, sweet Sir. Come away, Madam.

Ail. Love! wife! Mrs Ailwou'd.

AILWOU'D, Mrs AILWOU'D.

Mrs Ail. How now!

Ail. Oh, lamb, lamb, come hither if you love me.

Mrs Ail. What's the matter with my poor dear?

Ail. Help me, sweetest.

Mrs Ail. I will help thee; what's the matter?

Ail. Lamb!

Mrs Ail. Well, my heart?

VI.

Y

Ail. They have been teasing and fretting me here out of the small portion of life and spirit I have left.

Mrs Ail. No, sweet, I hope not. Who has anger'd thee?

Ail. That jade Prudence. She is grown more saucy and impudent than ever.

Mrs Ail. Don't put yourself in a passion with her, my soul.

Ail. I don't believe I shall ever recover it.

Mrs Ail. Yes, yes, compose yourself.

Ail. She has been contradicting me——

Mrs Ail. Don't mind her.

Ail. And has had the impudence to tell me I am not sick, when you know, my lamb, how it is with me.

Mrs Ail. I know, my heart, very well, you are feeble and weak——Heav'n help thee!

Ail. That jade will bring me to my grave. She is the cause of half the phlegm I breed; and I have desired, a hundred and a hundred times, that you would turn her off.

Mrs Ail. My child, there are no servants but have their faults; and we must endure their bad qualities that we may have the use of their good ones. However, I will give Mrs Prudence a lecture for her impertinence, I assure you.—Who's there? Pru, Prudence, I say.

AILWOU'D, MRS AILWOU'D, PRUDENCE.

Pru. Did you call me, Madam? [*Very demurely.*]

Mrs Ail. Come hither, mistress——What is the meaning that you fret and thwart your master, and put him into passions!

Pru. Who, I, Madam! Bless my soul, I don't know what you mean. I'm sure, my study morning, noon, and night, is how to please and obey him.

Ail. Don't believe her, my dear; she's a liar; she neither pleases nor obeys me, and has behaved in the most insolent manner.

Mrs Ail. Well, my soul, I'm sure what you say is right; but compose yourself. Look you, Prudence, if ever you provoke your master again, I'll turn you out of doors. Here, give me his pillows, and help me to settle him in his chair. He sits I know not how. Pull your nightcap over your ears, my dear. There's nothing gives people cold so much as letting wind in at their ears.

Ail. Ah, my love, I shall never be able to repay all the care you take of me.

Mrs Ail. Raise yourself a little, that I may put this under you—this behind your back—and this to lean your head upon.

Pru. And this to cover your brains.

[*Claps a pillow rudely on his head.*]

Ail. You cursed jade, do you want to stifle me?

[*Gets up in a passion, throws the pillow at her, and drives her out.*]

AILWOU'D, MRS AILWOU'D.

Mrs Ail. Hold, hold, what did she do to you?

Ail. Do to me! the serpent.—She'll be the death of me if you continue to keep her in the house.

Mrs Ail. Well, but jewel, you are too apt to flurry yourself.

Ail. My sweet, you are the only comfort I have; and in order to requite your tenderness in the best manner I am able, I have resolv'd, as I have told you, to make my will.

Mrs Ail. Ah, don't talk to me in that manner? don't, Mr Ailwou'd, I beseech you, unless you have a mind to break my heart.

Ail. Alas, my love, we are mortal! but don't cry, Biddy, for you'll make me weep too.

Mrs Ail. Oh! oh! oh!

Ail. Nay, dearest——

Mrs Ail. You said something of your will, didn't you?

Ail. I desir'd you to speak to your attorney about it.

Mrs Ail. Yes; but I cannot speak to him about any such thing; it wou'd cut me to the heart.

Ail. It must be done, Biddy.

Mrs Ail. No, no, no. However, I have desir'd him to come hither to-day, and you may speak to him yourself.

Ail. I wou'd fain be inform'd in what manner I may cut off my children, and leave all to you.

Mrs Ail. Alas, my dear! if you shou'd be taken away, I'll stay no longer in the world.

Ail. My only concern, when I die, will be . . .

Mrs Ail. But do you think, my dear, that you will be able to cut off your two daughters and leave me all?

Ail. If not my landed estate, at any rate I can leave you my ready money; and, by way of precaution, I will make over to you immediately four thousand pounds which I have in the three per cents, and bonds for near the same sum, which I lent to Sir Timothy Whisky.

Mrs Ail. I will have nothing to do with them, indeed, Mr Ailwou'd; you shan't put them into my hands, I assure you; all the riches in the world will be nothing to me if I lose you. How much do you say you have in the three per cents?

Ail. Four thousand pounds, my love.

Mrs Ail. To talk to me of money when I'm deprived of the only person with whom I cou'd enjoy it? And how much more in bonds?

Ail. About the same sum, my sweet—but don't take on so, Biddy; pray now, don't; you'll throw yourself into some illness; and so have us both sick——

F, Page 267.

James Miller, in *The Mother-in-Law* (Act iii. Scene 1), has imitated, as follows, the fourth, and part of the sixth, scene of the second Act of *The Imaginary Invalid*.

Enter BELINA.

Sir C. Come here, Child. Your musick-master, it seems, is taken ill, and has sent this gentleman to teach you in his stead.

Bel. 'Tis he indeed. [*Aside*] If the Gentleman, Sir, will be so kind as to show me what he'd have me do, I'll comply with his instructions as well as I can.

Beau. Charming Creature ! [*Aside*] My good Fortune would be extraordinary, Madam, if I could inform you of anything that might be of the least Advantage ; and I spare no pains——

Sir C. Very well, Sir ; but will you be pleased to let me hear my Daughter sing ?

Beau. I waited your Commands, Sir. I have just recollected the scene of a little Opera, lately composed, which the Lady and I will sing together.—Here, Madam's your Part.

Bel. My Part, Sir ?

Beau. Pray make no difficulty, Madam, but permit me to instruct you in the Nature of the Scene we are going to sing. I have a very indifferent Voice, but 'twill be sufficient if I can make myself understood ; Sir Credulous will have the Goodness to pardon me——

Sir C. Ay, ay ; are the Verses fine ?

Beau. 'Tis a little Extempore Opera ; so that what you hear sung will be a kind of humorous Prose, such as the Passion and Exigency the two Persons were in, inspired 'em off hand.

Sir C. Very well, begin then.

Beau. The Subject of the Scene is this.—A young Shepherd being debar'd the Sight of the Fair he ador'd, by the Confinement she was under from the Moroseness of a Father, the Violence of his Passion made him speedily resolve to apply for Consent, which he obtained her Permission to do ; but at the same time is informed that another Match was concluded for his Charmer, and all things prepared to celebrate the Ceremony ; thus stung with Anguish and Despair, he resolves on a Stratagem to introduce himself into the House of his Shepherdess, that he might learn from her own mouth her Sentiments and his Destiny. There he meets with Preparations for all that he fears. Judge you, Sir, judge you, Madam, what a cruel stroke this must be to the Heart of our Shepherd. He casts the most languishing looks on the beauty he adores, till the transport of his Passion makes him break thro' all Constraint, and addresses her in this manner.

[*Sings.*

A DIALOGUE SONG.

- Beau.* Oh ! Silvia, 'tis too much to bear ;
Break cruel Silence and reply ;
Your Love, or your Disdain declare ;
Say, must I live, or must I die.
- Bel.* In this Extremity of Pain,
When Looks and Sighs my Passion prove,
To strive to hide it is in vain,
Ah, Thyrsis ! need I say I love !
- Beau.* Oh ! what transporting Words I hear !
Once more, and all my Doubts remove :
Ah ! Silvia, I but dreamt I fear.
- Bel.* Yes, Thyrsis ; I must own I love.
- Beau.* A thousand times those Words repeat.
- Bel.* Yes, Thyrsis ; thee alone I love.
- Beau.* Did ever Music sound so sweet !
- Bel.* Yes, Thyrsis ; thee I love.
But, Shepherd, say, may I believe
That you will ne'er my heart deceive ?
- Beau.* No ; let Experience be the test,
Which loves the longest and the best.
'Tis done—and may the Powers above
{Blast those who first prove false to Love.
- Sir C.* And what says the Father to all this ?
- Beau.* Nothing at all.
- Sir C.* Why then, let me tell you, Sir, the Father was a fool to bear
with such Impertinence and say nothing. In short, your Play is of very
ill example. The Shepherd Thyrsis is an impertinent Coxcomb, and the
Shepherdess Silvia is a saucy Minx, to talk at that rate before her Father.
—Let me see that paper there ? Heyday ; where are the words you
have been singing all this time ? Here's nothing but Notes !
- Beau.* Oh, Sir !—as for that—they—they have lately invented a way
of writing down Words in the Notes themselves.
- Sir C.* O ! have they so ? Your servant for that, Sir——

G, Page 267.

Molière's *Imaginary Invalid* (Act ii., Scene 6) has been imitated by
Bickerstaffe in *Dr Last in his Chariot* (Act ii., Scene 4), as follows :—

AILWOU'D, HARGRAVE, NANCY.

Ail. Nancy, my dear, your Italian Master is gone into the country,
and has sent a gentleman to teach in his room.

Nan. Oh, heavens !

Ail. What's the matter ? Why this astonishment ?

Nan. Because, papa——

Ail. Because what?

Nan. Lord, Sir, the most surprising thing happens here!

Ail. So it seems, indeed.

Nan. I dream't last night, papa, that I was in a crowd coming out of a playhouse, where a rude fellow attempted to lay hold of me; when a gentleman, exactly like this, came to my assistance, and rescu'd me from the ruffian's hands; and I am so surpriz'd, papa, to see before me the very same person I fancy'd in my dream——

Ail. Did you ever hear such an idiot as it is?

Har. I count myself extremely fortunate, Madam, to have employ'd your thoughts either sleeping or waking: and shou'd esteem myself particularly happy to relieve you from any distress which accident might throw you into: for, I assure you, Madam——

Ail. Why, now Sir, you are rather more foolish than she——But, pray, have done with your nonsense, both the one and the other; and you, Sir, if you please, give the girl her lesson.

Har. You know, Ma'am, a great man formerly said, that if he spoke to the gods, he wou'd speak in Spanish; to men, French; but to women, Italian, is the properest language for love.

Ail. A strange round-about way of beginning.

Har. If he was to speak to his horse, indeed, he said he wou'd speak in High Dutch; as for example, *Das dick donder schalg*.

Har. Pray, Sir, give me leave; every master has his method—No doubt, Madam, you have been inform'd, that the adjective must agree with the substantive: as this—*Nanetta bella*, beautiful Nancy [*Softly to her*] That is you, my charmer—*Amant fidèle*, faithful lover [*Softly to her*] That's me, my charmer, who doats upon you more than life [*Ailwou'd coming close to listen, Hargrave raises his voice*] Now, these, Ma'am, must agree in gender, number, and case.

Ail. Ay, that's right enough; I remember that when I was learning grammar myself.

Har. Come, Madam, we'll take a verb active, and begin, if you please, with *Amo*, to love. Have you any objection to that?

Nan. By no means, Sir.

Har. Then, pray give me a little attention, and conjugate after me, that you may catch the accent—*Io amo*, I love.

Nan. *Io amo*, I love.

Har. O fy! that's not a proper tone—You'll pardon me for reprimanding Miss before you. You must pronounce the words with more tenderness, Ma'am. Take notice of me—*Jo amo*, I love.

Nan. [*Very tenderly*] *Io amo*, I love.

Ail. I won't have her pronounce it any more; I don't know what words you'll have the impudence to teach her presently.

H, Page 279.

Molière's seventh Scene of the second Act of *The Imaginary Invalid* has been imitated, as follows, by Bickerstaffe, in the ninth Scene of the second Act of *Dr Last in his Chariot*.

Ail. Mrs Ailwood, this is Dr Last.

Mrs A. I have seen the Doctor before, my dear; but what's the matter with you, eh?

Dr L. Nothing, Madam, nothing; he has only got a little fit of the horrors; let him alone, he'll come to himself again by and by.

Mrs A. I hope, daughter-in-law, you are sensible of the goodness of this gentleman, in taking you without portion.

Dr L. Yes, yes, and I hope my person proves agreeable to her. Have you seen my picture, Miss, that's in the expedition-room at Spring-gardens. Everyone says it's monstrous like me. Take her to see it, do, it will cost but a shilling; you'll easily know it—it's o' the same side with the image that—Venus the Methodist, I think they calls it.

Ail. Well, but Doctor, give me leave to ask you, and don't be offended at my being a little particular on account of my girl; I know you have realiz'd something considerable; but, how have you laid out your money? Have you ever a scrap of land?

Dr L. Why, as far as this here, there's my place by Hounslow, I bought it out and out; the whole concern cost me upwards of fifteen hundred pounds, with my pond and my pigeon-house, and——

Pru. Have you any fish in your pond, Doctor?

Dr L. No, my dear, it's not deep enough; besides, it's in the road, and I'm afraid they'd be stole; but I have pigs and pigeons; and next summer I shall make a new approach to my house, with a fistula that will give us a view of all the gibbets on the heath; then there's a large running ditch that I'll make into a turpentine river.

Ail. Come, Nancy, let me have the satisfaction of seeing you give your hand to Dr Last.

Nan. Sir——

Ail. Nay, nay, no coying.

Nan. Dear Sir, let me beg of you not to be so precipitate, but allow the gentleman and me sufficient time to know one another, and try if our inclinations are mutual.

Dr L. My inclinations are mutual, Miss, and not to be chang'd; for the fire of love, as I may say, is shot from your beautiful eyes into my heart; and I could say more—if it was not out of respect to the company.

Mrs A. Perhaps, my dear, Miss Nancy has fix'd her inclinations somewhere else; and like a dutiful daughter, made a choice for herself.

Nan. If I had, Madam, it would be such a one as neither reason or honour would make me asham'd of.

Mrs A. But if I was in your papa's place, Miss, I wou'd make you take the person I thought proper for your husband, or I know what I'd do.

Nan. O, Ma'am, nobody doubts your affection ; but, perhaps, you may be baulk'd in the favour you design me.

Ail. Well, but stay ; methinks I make but a whimsical sort of a figure between you both.

Nan. The duty of a daughter, Madam, is not unlimited : and there are certain cases to which neither law nor reason can make it extend.

Ail. That is to say, you are very willing to be married, but you are not willing your father shou'd have any hand in the matter.

Ail. Dr Last, I beg your pardon for all this.

Dr L. Let them go on, I likes to hear them.

Mrs A. Your insolence is insufferable child.

Nan. I am very sensible, Madam, you would be glad to provoke me to make you some impertinent answer, but I tell you before-hand, that I shall be careful not to give you that advantage over me.

Mrs A. You don't know, my dear, that you are very silly.

Nan. 'Tis labour lost, Madam ; I shall make no answer.

Mrs A. You have a ridiculous pride about you, a vain self-sufficiency, which makes you shocking to every body.

Nan. I tell you, Madam, once more, it won't do ; I will preserve my temper in spite of you ; and, to deprive you of all hopes of succeeding against me, I'll take myself out of your sight immediately.

Ail. Harkee, Nancy, no more words ; resolve to marry this gentleman within three days, or I'll turn you out to starve in the streets.

[*Exit Nancy.*]

I, Page 282.

James Miller has imitated, as follows, in *The Mother-in-Law*, Molière's *Imaginary Invalid* (Act ii., Scene 7). Monsieur Diafoirus is called Dr Mummy, and Thomas Diafoirus, Looby Headpiece.

Enter LADY HIPPISH.

Sir C. My Love, this is Doctor Mummy's Nephew.

Looby. Madame, 'tis with great Justice that Heaven has bestowed on you the name of Mother-in-Law, for by all Laws, both Divine and Human, you are——

Lady H. You are welcome to Town, Sir, and I'm glad we have the Honor of seeing you here.

Looby. Because by all the Laws, both Divine and Human—both Divine and Human—you are——Madame, you interrupted me in the middle of my Speech, and made me quite forget what I had to say.

Mummy. Reserve it, Nephew, for another Opportunity.

Sir C. I wish, my Life, you had been here just now.

Prim. Ah, Madame ! you don't know what you have lost by not being here at the Second Father, the future Filiation, and the Offering up of the Heart.

Sir C. Come, Belinda, give the Gentleman your Hand, and plight your Troth to him.

Bel. Sir !

Sir C. Sir !—What d'ye mean by that ?

Bel. I beg, Sir, you won't think of hurrying things at this rate ; give us time at least to know one another, and see if our inclinations are mutual or not.

Looby. Look'e, Madam, for my Part, I've no Occasion for waiting any longer ; I'm ready if you are—and so let's see your Hand.

Bel. But I am not, Sir ; your mind, tho' 'tis very extraordinary, has not made sufficient Impression on me yet.

Looby. S'nigs ! why so wanndy coy now ? [*Aside*] These Londoners have a power of Modesty, I find that.

Prim. Lack-a-day ! Madam, why should you make so much resistance ? Sure, 'tis a most desirable Alliance. Law and Physick—Physick and Law—they are both such honourable honest Professions, that I don't know which ought to stand first.

Lady H. Why, Miss has fix'd her inclinations perhaps somewhere else, and modestly made a choice for herself.

Bel. If I had, Madam, it should be such a one as might be warranted both by Reason and Honor.

Sir C. Hey-day ! I make a very pleasant Figure here !

Lady H. If I were in your place, child, I should be apt to dispute the Election with her tho', and either make her take the Person I thought proper, or—I know what I'd do.

Bel. Oh, Madam ! I'm sensible of your Affection for me ; but perhaps your kind endeavours may not be fortunate enough to succeed.

Lady H. Perhaps not, for such prudent, well-bred Daughters as you, Madam, whose actions are all warranted by reason and honour, make a jest of the Obedience they owe to a Father, and scorn to take counsel from any but their own Heart.

Bel. The Duty of a Daughter is not unlimited, Madam, and neither Law nor Reason makes it extend to some Cases.

Lady H. That's to say, you are very willing to be married, but you are not willing your Father should have any hand in the match.—The young Lady, you find, my Dear, has a mind to choose for herself, so you must not presume to interpose ; to say the Truth, you have no Occasion, Miss is certainly come to Years of Discretion.

Bel. If my Father can't approve of the Person I like, I conjure him at least not to force me to take one that I can never like.

Sir C. Gent emen, I beg your Pardon for all this.

Bel. Every one, Madam, has their End in marrying. As mine is to give my Heart where I give my Hand, I think there's great Precaution requir'd in the Choice. There are some who marry only to be free from their Parent's Restraint ; then there are others, you know, Madam, who make Wedlock a Trade, who marry only to get good Jointures, and pass without Scruple from Husband to Husband, with no other view than to bury them all, and make a fortune out of the Ruin of their Families ; such, indeed, stand little on Ceremony, the Person of the Man is the last thing they consider.

Lady H. Good lack, Miss ; why, you harangue finely to-day ; but I would willingly know, methinks, what you mean by all this ?

Bel. I, Madame ! I mean what I say.

Lady H. You are such a Fool, Child, that positively there's no enduring you. You have a lovely forward Girl here, my Dear ! Nay, her Modesty is remarkable everywhere ; for when we were at the Play last there was some beastly Speeches, which made all the rest of us cover our Faces and stop our Ears ; but Miss sat as clam and bare-faced all the while, as if she had been at a Sermon, and did not so much as blush at the abominable Lewdness.

Bel. You, perhaps, Madam, are better skilled in Lewdness than I am ; for my Part, I saw none at all in it. I always consider things on the side they are shewn me, and never turn 'em to look for what's not fit to be seen.

Lady H. But a Woman's Modesty and Virtue——

Bel. A Woman's Modesty and Virtue don't lie in a Grimace, Madam ; that affected Niceness which is so much shocked at the shadow of Things will often bear with the Reality. Don't you remember, Madam, that the very Footman cry'd out that your ears were more chaste than the rest of your Person ?

Lady H. Your Insolence is not to be equall'd, Child.

Bel. I know, Madam, you want to provoke from me some impertinent Answer ; but I tell you beforehand you shall not have the Advantage over me.

Lady H. You don't know, my Dear, how silly you are.

Bel. No, no, Madam, 'tis to no purpose.

Lady H. You have a Ridiculous Pride, an impertinent Presumption, which make you odious to every creature.

Bel. That won't do ; I'll be discreet in spite of you ; and to deprive you of the Hopes of succeeding in your design, I'll instantly remove myself out of your sight—and so, Madame, your most obedient.

[*Exit Belina.*]

Sir C. Hark'e, Belina, there's no Medicine in this ; either resolve within these six hours to marry this gentleman, or go seek your Fortune, which you please.

Mum. Well, Sir, my Nephew and I will take leave of you for the Present.

Sir C. But stay, Sir, and tell me a little how I am first.

Mum. [*Feeling his pulse*] Hum—all is not right here, we are a little too much on the hurry still. This capricious Pulsation shews the Machine to be much out of order, and indicates a Defect in the Parenchyma Splenicum, that's to say the Spleen.

Sir C. Ha ! Dr Opium was with me this morning, and told me my Distemper lay in the Liver.

Mum. Ay, ay, when you say the Parenchyma, you mean both one and the other, because of the strict Sympathy there is between 'em, by means of the "Vas Breve." He ordered you, no doubt, to eat all your meat roasted.

Sir C. No ! all boil'd.

Mum. Ay, ay, roasted, boil'd—'tis the same thing ; he ordered right.

Sir C. But, Sir, be pleased to tell me how many grains of salt I may put into an Egg ?

Mum. Six, Eight, Ten, by equal numbers, as we prescribe in Medicines by unequal numbers.

Sir C. Sir, your Servant.—Well, Gentlemen, I shall expect you again in the Evening, when everything shall be ready to solemnize the Nuptials.

Mum. Your Servant, Sir.

Looby. Your Servant till then, Sir ; your Servant till then.

[*Exeunt Mummy and Looby.*]

Sir C. My Life, what ails thee ? Why dost thou look so concerned, my Dear ? I prythee give thyself no Uneasiness for the Behaviour of that Minx ; I'll humble her, I warrant thee.

Lady H. Oh ! my Dear, you little know what Anguish I feel.

Sir C. Lack ! lack !

Lady H. To be accused of Ingratitude and want of Love for Thee, my Soul—Oh !—the bare Thought of it is Horror inconceivable. My Heart is so swol'n that I can't speak, and I believe 'twill kill me.

Sir C. [*Running towards the door his daughter went out at*] Oh ! Baggage, I would I had thee here ; I'm sorry I kept my Hands off the Gipsy, and did break her Bones on the spot. Come, my chuck, dry thy Eyes. Ods heart ! I'm ready to weep myself to see thee take on so. I have a good mind to turn the Slut out of my Doors.

Lady H. No, no, Sir Credulous, 'tis I that must put an End to these unhappy Differences. I see what uneasiness I occasion here, and find there's a necessity for my leaving the House.

Sir C. How ? my Life ! what's that thou sayest ?

Lady H. I'm env'y'd and hated, and all endeavours used I see to make you suspect me.

Sir C. But you find, my Love, what heed I give to 'em.

Lady H. They will not stop here, you may be sure ; and those very

stories which you now reject may one Day possibly meet with credit, and the——Oh !

Sir C. Never, my Soul, never.

Lady H. Ah ! my Dear, a Daughter may easily mislead a Father. We had better, therefore, part at once, my Soul, which will remove the Cause of these Family Discords, and prevent any further Assaults on my Reputation——and yet it is Death to me thinking of parting from thee too.

Sir C. Oh ! dear ; Oh dear ! if thou talk'st at this rate any longer thou wilt break my heart. Part from thee ! No ; but I'll part from the Hussy that's the occasion of this ; and if she makes the least difficulty to marry the Gentleman to-night, I'll send her into the Country to-morrow and confine her there for Life.

Lady H. Alas ! my Heart, not on my account ; I forgive her everything, bear her no ill will, nor lay anything to her charge ; I wish I could do her any Service with all my Soul.

Sir C. Generous creature !

Lady H. But to live with her after this is what I can't. Heaven knows what the malicious World would immediately think on't ; they'd say that I did it out of nothing but Policy ; and, because I knew myself guilty, pretended a charitable zeal for my Accuser.

Sir C. No, no, my Life ; she shall be kept at a distance I promise thee.

Lady H. Well, my dear, I must leave thee for the present ; I have a little business in the City, which must not be neglected ; and I shall go by Mr Cranny's if you have anything to say to him.

Sir C. Yes, my Heart, call on him then, be sure, and bid him make haste with you know what, for I'll sign and seal this very night.

Lady H. Alas, my Soul, all the riches in the World have no charm for me, unless I enjoy them with my Jewel ; and if I do receive of you the gift you design me, 'tis only because I am afraid the estate will fall into Hauds that will make an ill use of it.

Sir C. I know it, my Dear, I know it very well. [Going out.]

Lady H. Stay, my Love, you forget you can't walk without your cane. [Going for his cane.]

Sir C. That's true, indeed, my Life——This Woman loves me strangely ! 'Tis incredible how much she loves me ! [Exeunt.]

J, Page 305.

Molière's eighth and following scenes (as far as the fourteenth) of the third Act of the *Imaginary Invalid*, have been imitated, as follows, by James Miller in *The Mother-in-Law* (Act iv., Scene 3). Béralde is called Heartwell.

Enter PRIMROSE.

Prim. Joy, joy, Sir.

Sir C. What now ?

Prim. Rejoice, Sir.

Sir C. For what?

Prim. Rejoice, I say.

Sir C. Why, you impertinent Hussey, won't you tell me for what first?

Prim. No : I'll have you rejoice beforehand ; sing and dance.

Sir C. Was there ever such a Slut?

Prim. You are cur'd, Sir.

Sir C. Cur'd !

Prim. Ay, there's a Doctor come to see you, that will cure you of all your distempers at once.

Sir C. Heaven forbid !—Pr'ythee who is it?

Prim. I don't know him ; but he and I are as like one another as two drops of Water, all but his beard ; and if I were not sure that my mother is an honest Woman, I should swear she had play'd the Wag before she married my Father.

Sir C. Desire him to walk up.

[*Exit Primrose.*]

Heart. This happens to your wish—one doctor leaves you, and another immediately comes in his room.

Sir C. Ay, but Doctor Mummy was perfectly well acquainted with my constitution, and knew the way to deal with me exactly—Oh ! oh ! I feel at Heart all those—I don't know what to call 'em—those strange Distempers he threatened me with.

Heart. One would think Doctor Mummy held in his Hands the Thread of your Life, and, by a supreme Authority, could shorten or prolong it as he thought proper. Reflect a little that the Principles of your life are in your self, and that Dr Mummy's Anger is as incapable of killing you as his Medicines are of keeping you alive.

Sir C. Oh lack ! Oh lack ! And pray, wise Sir, what would you, out of your profound knowledge and skill, advise one to do when one happens to be sick, then?

Heart. Nothing.

Sir C. Nothing !

Heart. No, nothing, but keep yourself quiet. Nature herself, if we'd let her alone, would gradually throw off the load she labours with ! 'Tis our own Impatience spoils all, for when we have but just Strength enough to struggle with our Distemper, we must take loads of Drugs to burden us the more. Believe me, Brother, it must be a wonderful robust Constitution that is able to bear both the Physick and the Disease.

Sir C. Mighty well, Sir, with your Nature and you. But is not this Nature to be assisted by Art, pray?

Heart. Lud ! lud ! Brother, how are you impos'd on ! When a Physician talks to you of assisting, relieving, and supporting Nature ; when he talks of sweetening the Blood, strengthening the Nerves, and restoring the Lungs, 'tis nothing but a specious way of prating, which gives

you Words instead of Reasons, and Promises instead of Effects. For when you come to make Trial, you find it a mere Dream, which leaves nothing but the Regret of having ever thought it Real.

Enter PRIMROSE dress'd as a Physician.

Prim. Sir, your Servant.

Sir C. Your Servant, Sir—By my Troth, Primrose herself !

Heart. They are very like one another, indeed, but 'tis not the first time we've seen such sort of things.

Prim. I hope, Sir, you'll pardon my Curiosity in visiting a Person of so famous an Indisposition as yourself, and offering you my small Services in relation to what Bleedings and Purgations you may have occasion for.

Sir C. Sir, your Servant.

Prim. I observe, Sir, that you look very earnestly at me ; pray, how old d'ye think I may be ?

Sir C. Old ! Why, Thirty, belike.

Prim. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! why, I'm above four score, Sir.

Sir C. Four score !

Prim. Yes : you see an Effect of the secrets of my Art, that preserve me both lively and vigorous.

Sir C. I profess, a jolly youth for four score, if he could have but hindered the growth of his Beard, Brother.

Heart. By no means ; a Physician's skill lies chiefly in his Chin.

Prim. I am, Sir, an Itinerant Physician, who travels from Town to Town, from Kingdom to Kingdom, to find out Patients worthy of my Practice, and fit to exercise the great and noble secrets of my Art upon. I scorn to amuse myself with the little fry of common Distempers, the Trifles of Rheumatisms, Scurvies, Vapours, Megrims. Give me your Disease of Importance, good purple Fevers, good Plagues, good confirmed Dropsies, good Pleurisies, with Inflammation of the Lungs. These are what please me ; these are what I triumph over ; and I wish with all my heart, Sir, that you had a Complication of 'em all upon you at once, that you were given over by all the Physicians, and at the very point of Death, that I might demonstrate to you the Excellency of my Medicines, and the Desire I have to do you Service.

Sir C. I am very much obliged to you, Sir, for your Kind Wishes.

Prim. Let me feel your Pulse—Come, beat as you should do. Hey ! this Pulse plays the Fool—You don't know me yet, I find. Who is your Physician ?

Sir C. Doctor Mummy.

Prim. Doctor Mummy ! Who is he ? I have not his name in my list of Eminent Physicians. Where does he say your Distemper lies ?

Sir C. He says in the Spleen ; others in the Liver.

Prim. They are all of 'em Ignoramus's ; I say that it lies in the Lungs.

Sir C. In my Lungs !

Prim. Yes ; where's your Pain ?

Sir C. I have every now and then a Pain in my Head.

Prim. The Lungs exactly.

Sir C. Sometimes a Mist before my Eyes.

Prim. The Lungs.

Sir C. Sometimes a violent palpitation of the heart.

Prim. The Lungs.

Sir C. At other times I am taken with a violent Pain in my Belly, as if it were the Colick.

Prim. The Lungs again. You have a good Appetite to what you eat.

Sir C. Yes, Sir.

Prim. The Lungs. You love to drink a glass of Wine ?

Sir C. Yes.

Prim. That's the Lungs. You take a comfortable Nap after Dinner ?

Sir C. True, Sir.

Prim. The Lungs, the lungs, I tell ye. What does your Physician order you to eat ?

Sir C. He orders me Broth.

Prim. Ignorant !

Sir C. Chicken.

Prim. Ignorant.

Sir C. New-laid Eggs.

Prim. Ignorant !

Sir C. And above all, to drink a good deal of Water in my Wine.

Prim. Ignorantus, Ignoranta, Ignorantum !—You must drink good, unmixed, Spanish Wine, to thicken your blood, which is too thin. You must eat good fat Beef, good fat Bacon, good Dutch Cheese, Rice-gruel, and Craw-fish soup, to corroborate and conglutinate. Your Doctor Mummy is an Ass, and knows nothing of his Business ; I'll send you a Physician of my own bring-up, and will visit you sometimes myself while I am in the Town.

Sir C. Sir, you oblige me extremely.

Prim. What the Deuce d'ye do with this Arm ?

Sir C. Do with it ?

Prim. Cut me off that Arm immediately.

Sir C. Why so, pray ?

Prim. Don't you see that it draws all the nourishment to itself, and hinders the other from thriving ?

Sir C. Ay ; but I've occasion for my arm.

Prim. Here's an Eye too, which I'd have instantly pluck'd out, were I in your place.

Sir C. Pluck out my eye !

Prim. Don't you perceive that it injures the other, and occasions those mists you complained of but now ? Be guided by me, and have it taken away directly ; you'll see the better with your left.

Sir C. There's no haste for that, Sir ; 'tis as well let alone.

Prim. But hark 'e, Sir, is there not a certain gentleman, one Squire Looby, that is to marry your Daughter ?

Sir C. Yes, Sir ; he is just arrived from Cornwall for that purpose.

Prim. The same——'Twas there he was constituted and inducted my Patient, but feloniously withdrew himself from the Remedies I had prepar'd for him.

Heart. Why, Doctor, your Physick is money at any time ; so that he has actually stole your cash.

Prim. Pardon me ; I don't intend to lose him so, neither ; he's tied and bound my Patient, and I'll have him seized yet wherever I find him, and either cure him or be the Death of him.

Sir C. Has he any Distemper on him, then ?

Prim. Yes.

Sir C. What Distemper pray ?

Prim. No matter : Physicians are oblig'd to Secrecy. 'Tis enough that I injoin you not to celebrate the Nuptials, without my Consent, under pain of incurring the resentment of the Faculty, and bringing the worst of maladies into your Family.

Sir C. Nay, if it be so with him, I shall be in no Hurry for the Match.

Prim. Be sure you don't.—He may run away as much as he pleases ; but I'll get a Decree against him, and force him to be cur'd yet, 'tho there were a Complication of Distempers, thirteen to the Dozen. His body is mortgag'd to my Conduct ; and it shall never be said that a Patient got the better of his Doctor.

Sir C. You have my consent, Sir, to Physick him your Belly-full.

Prim. Farewell, Sir, I am sorry I must leave you so soon, but I'm obliged to be at a great Consultation to-day upon a Person that dy'd yesterday !

Sir C. A Person that dy'd yesterday ?

Prim. Yes ; to consider what ought to have been done to have kept him alive—and so your Servant, Sir.

Sir C. Sir, your Servant.—Sick People, you know, are excus'd from ceremony. [Exit Primrose.]

Heart. This is a thorough Doctor now, and talks like himself.

Sir C. Yes ; but he goes a little too fast, tho'.

Heart. Oh ! that's the way of all your eminent Physicians.

Sir C. To cut off an Arm, and pluck out an Eye, in order to make the other better ! I'd rather it was not quite so well. A pleasant operation, truly, to make me at once both blind and lame.—But you'll excuse me, Brother, if I go to my couch and take a nap, for I'm so fatigu'd with these affairs. If you have a mind to sit by me for a quarter of an hour, you'll meet with some very good Books in my Study. There's a Treatise upon the Virtues of Water Gruel ; another against eating Fish or Flesh ; and another to prove we ought to eat both.

Heart. Very well, I'll attend you, Brother. [Exeunt Sir C. and Heart.]

K, Page 311.

Bickerstaffe, in *Dr Last in his Chariot* (Act iii., Scene 8), has imitated, as follows, the eighteenth Scene of the third Act of Molière's *Imaginary Invalid*.

PRUDENCE, MR AILWOU'D.

Pru. Oh ! Heavens ! Oh ! fatal misfortune ! what a strange accident is this !

Mrs A. What's the matter, Prudence ?

Pru. [*Crying*] Ah ! Madam.

Mrs A. What is it ? What do you mean by blubbering, pr'ythee ?

Pru. My master's dead, madam.

Mrs A. Dead !

Pru. [*Sobbing*] Ye-ye-yes.

Mrs A. Are you sure of it ?

Pru. Too sure, alas ! Nobody yet knows anything of this accident : There was not a soul but myself to help him ; he sunk down in my arms, and went off like a child—See there, Madam, he lies stretch'd out in the next room.

Mrs A. Now, Heav'n be prais'd—What a simpleton art thou to cry ?

Pru. Cry, Ma'am ; why, I thought we were to cry ?

Mrs A. And for what, pray ?—I know of no loss he is. Was he of any use upon earth ? A man troublesome to all the world ; odious in his person ; disgusting in his manners ; never without some filthy medicine in his mouth or his stomach ; continually coughing, hawking, and spitting ; a tiresome, peevish, disagreeable monster.

Pru. An excellent funeral sermon, truly. [*Aside.*]

Mrs A. Prudence, you must assist me in the execution of my design ; and you may depend upon it, I will amply reward your services. Since by good fortune no one is yet appriz'd of this accident beside ourselves, let us keep his death a secret a few days, till I have been able to settle my affairs on a sure foundation ; there are papers and money of which I wou'd possess myself. Nor, indeed, is it just, that all I have suffered with him living, shou'd not be rewarded by some advantage at his death.

Pru. To be sure, Madam.

Mrs A. In the meantime, I will go and secure the keys, for I know he has a considerable sum of money in his scrutoir, which he received yesterday.

L, Page 314.

Molière's *Imaginary Invalid* (Act iii. Scenes 17-22) has been put under contribution by Miller, in *The Mother-in-Law* (Act v. Scene 2), as follows :—

Enter PRIMROSE.

Heartly. I can guess, Brother, who put you on that Resolution. There's one person in the World you'll please by it, I'm certain.

Sir C. I understand you, Sir ; you are always touching on that string. My Wife is a great Heart-burn to you.

Heart. Yes, Brother, since it's necessary to be plain with you, 'tis your Wife that I mean ; I can no more bear your ridiculous fondness for her than that you have for Physick ; nor endure to see you run hand-over-head into all the Snares she lays for you.

Prim. Ah ! dear Sir, don't speak so of my Lady ; she's a Woman that no body can say anything against ; a Woman without the least Grain of Artifice or Design, and loves my Master—there's no saying how much she loves him.

Sir C. Ay, ask but her now, how excessive fond she is of me.

Prim. Most excessive !

Sir C. How much concern my illness gives her.

Prim. True—she's always praying that he might see an end of it.

Sir C. And the Care and Pains she takes about me.

Prim. Right. Shall we convince you now, Mr Heartly, and shew you directly what a surprising Affection my Lady has for my Master ? Permit me, Sir, to undeceive him and let him see his mistake.

Sir C. As how, Primrose ?

Prim. Hark, my Lady has return'd. Do you, Sir, but stretch yourself in your Chair, and feign yourself dead. You'll then see the violent Grief she'll be in, when I tell her the news.

Sir C. Hey !—Um !—I propose I've a mind to take her advice. No, no, I can never bear to hear the Shrieks and Lamentations she'll make over me ; and yet 'twill be a Comfort to me to hear them, too ; to feel her virtuous Tears bedew my Face, and her sweet lips kissing my Cheeks a thousand thousand times, to bring me back again to life and her ;—Ah ! ah ! verily I'll do it ; verily I'll do it, and then, Sir, what will become of your fine surmises ? But, Primrose, art thou not afraid that her very thinking me dead will break her heart ?

Prim. To be sure, Sir, if you should keep her in her fright too long.

Sir C. Oh ! let me alone for that ; I'll make the Experiment this very minute, this very minute. Reach my chair here. [*Settling himself*] So, so.

Prim. Do you hide yourself in the Closet, Sir. [*To Heartly.*

Sir C. But is there no danger in feigning one's self dead ?

Prim. No, no ; what Danger should there be ? 'Tis only shutting your Eyes, and stretching yourself out. [*To Heartly*] Now, now, Sir,

we shall shew you your Error, with a Witness, and convince you how much you have injured the best of Wives. [*To Sir Credulous*] I will be pleased enough afterwards, Sir, to see how blank your brother will look.—Here's my Lady! Close, close; you've no business with your cane; hang your arms a little more dangling, and look more dismal than ordinary, if possible.

Enter LADY HIPFISH.

Prim. Oh! Heavens! Oh, fatal Misfortune! What a strange Accident is this!

Lady H. What's the matter, Primrose?

Prim. Ah! Madam. Ah! ah!

[*Crying.*]

Lady H. What is it? What dost thou mean by this Blubbing, pr'ythee?

Prim. My master's dead, Madam. Oh! oh!

Lady H. Dead!

Prim. Ay, alas! quite defunct.

Lady H. Art thou sure of that?

Prim. Too sure, alas! No body yet knows anything of this Accident. There was not a soul but myself to help him; he sunk down in my Arms, and went off like a Child.—See, there, Madam, how he lies stretched out in his Chair.

Lady H. Now, Heaven be praised for the Sight; Primrose, what a Simpleton art thou, to cry?

Prim. Cry, Madam? Why, I thought we was to cry.

Lady H. A great Loss indeed, to cry for! what good did he do above ground?—A grunting, grumbling, ill-shaped, filthy Fellow; never without some poisonous Slop in his Maw; Always coughing, hanking, and spitting; for ever dying, and yet too much alive to get him under ground! Thou poor, pitiful, credulous Fool, fare well. Sweet, charming, wanton Widowhood, thou only Recompence for Marriage Slavery! thou only End and Aim of prudent Wives, once more, thou'rt welcome.

Prim. A very excellent funeral Oration.

[*Aside.*]

Lady H. Oh, how my Heart exults at Thought of Liberty and long-neglected joys!—Alas! poor Dear, thou hast lost, then, the small matter of Breath thou wast master of. Oh, my Conscience, he looks better than when he was alive. This is the only time, Primrose, I ever beheld him with Pleasure.—But, come, thou must assist me in executing my Design; and, depend on't, that in serving me, thou wilt most effectually serve thyself. Since then, by good Fortune, nobody's yet acquainted with the thing, let us carry him to his Bed, and keep his death concealed till we have thoroughly settled his Affairs; and then, Primrose, I'll enjoy the Pleasure of Revenge also in its turn, and make Miss Belina pay swingingly for her insolence. Hah! here she comes, and her Fellow with her; this is a little unlucky.

Prim. [*Aside*] Confusion ! What brings them here now ? what can be the meaning of this ? or what will be the consequence of this critical Scene ?——I wish I could give them Notice that they might know how to behave—but 'tis impossible, we must stand it now.

Enter BEAUMONT and BELINA.

Beau. [*As he enters*] Yes, Belina, your Uncle has by this time made my proposal to your Father ; I'll therefore no longer trust my passion to precarious Artifice, but make my claim with Openness and Honor.

Bel. What ails thee, Primrose ? why those Tears ? How does my Father ?

Prim. Ah ! Madam.

Bel. What's the matter ?

Prim. Alas ! he's dead, Madam.

Bel. My Father dead ! Primrose !

Prim. Yes ; you see him there ; he expired this Moment in a Fit.

Bel. Oh !

Beau. Hah ! Help her, Primrose ; she faints. [*Faints.*]

Prim. Tender Creature !——But, see, she recovers.

Bel. This is a cruel Stroke, indeed ! to lose my Father, who was everything in the World to me ; and to loss him at a time, too, when he had conceived a displeasure against me ! The Thought of this adds Stings to my Affliction.

Beau. Be comforted, Madam, nor strive to aggravate you Grief by such Reflexions ; Beaumont will supply the Loss of such a Father.

Bel. No, Beaumont, let's talk no more of any such thing ; I'm determined to retire to the Country, and be no longer conversant in this world.—Yes, my dear Father, if I have formerly oppos'd your Inclinations, I'll now execute one of your Intentions at least, and atone by that for the Disquiet I have given you.

Lady H. You have Liberty to go, Child, as soon as you please. I have a Will in my Pocket here, which takes all manner of Trouble off my Hands ; and you may soon pack up, I believe, all that belongs to you.

Prim. Yes, indeed, Madam, your Father has left the sole Disposal of everything to her Ladyship.

Bel. Then my Calamity's compleat indeed. My Father ! no, he did not, could not do it ; 'twas that wicked, artful Wife, who seduced him into an Action so contrary both to his Reason and Nature.

Beau. Let not that Particular, Madam, add anything to your Distress ; you have still an affluent Fortune at your command, and I rejoice at this Opportunity of adding some little merit to my Passion.

Lady H. Why you both act your Parts miraculously well !

Bel. Act, do you say ? No, Madam, I'm no more a Counterfeit in Grief than you are in Joy.

Lady H. Why, really, Child, we have both reason enough to be in earnest.

Beau. Barbarous Mother ! to insult a Poverty her own Treachery was the Cause of.

Bel. But I shall not resign my Right so tamely as you may think ; the World shall be made acquainted with the Story, Madam. Yes, Madam, it shall know by what scandalous methods you practis'd on my Father's easy Temper, to ruin, most unnaturally ruin, his own Children, to glut your Appetite for Wealth—and then, how ungratefully, how savagely you revell'd at the Death of this good deluded Husband, whose only Crime was being fond of such a Wife.

[*Wipes her eyes.*]

Lady H. Whilst you entertain yourself with these fine Reflexions, Child, I'll by leave go and settle a little necessary busiess.

[*Going out ; Returns.*]

But hold, in the first Place, let me search for his keys, for there's money and Papers I ought to secure.

[*Going to his pockets.*]

Sir C. [*Starting up*] Softly, softly, Madam.

Omnes. Hah !

Sir C. So, Mrs Wife, is this your extreme Love and Fondness for me ?

Prim. Bless us, the dead Man alive again !

Sir C. [*Looking for some time scornfully at his wife, and then running to Belina*] Ah ! my dear Girl, come to my Arms ; let me embrace thee, my Child. Thou art my own Daughter, my own Flesh and Blood, and I'm overjoy'd to discover so much good nature in thee.

Bel. How welcome and agreeable is the Surprise !

Sir C. [*To Lady Hippish*] I'm very glad, Madam, I've discovered your Affection, too, and heard the fine Panegyrick you made upon me.—A grunting, grumbling, filthy Fellow ; always hanking, coughing, and spitting—Hey ! Mistress. Ah ! this is such a lesson as will make me wiser for the future, I believe.

Lady H. 'Tis such a Lesson, Fool, as I shall make thee repent having even got from me. Thou shall pay so dear for thy Wisdom as shall make thee wish thyself in easy delusion again.

Sir C. Mercy o' me ! what a Woman 'tis !—Hark ye, Madam, don't threaten, for I shall now make you go seek your Fortune, instead of my Daughter.

Lady H. Will thou so, Man ?

Sir C. I shall procure a Will to take all manner of trouble off your Hands ; so you may soon pack up, I believe, all that belongs to you.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Lady H. Say'st thou so, my Soul ? Hast thou forgot, then, the Five Thousand Guineas, and as much in Notes, that were hid behind Wainscot.

Sir C. Ods, my Heart ! what a Fool have I been !

Lady H. And now, thou shalt be altogether as great a Wretch ; for I'll so chastise for this Curiosity ! I'll trample on thee, Worm !

Sir C. Out of my House, I say.

Lady H. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! You talk wildly, my Dear ; you are light headed, and don't know it. To bed, to bed, Child, and send for a Doctor and Nurse in an instant.

Bel. How, Madam ! I can no longer bear to see my Father abus'd in this manner, and must tell you——

Lady H. Peace, peace, Child, shut your mouth again ; you'll say some foolish thing else, that will make one blush for you.

Bel. Blush ! Fy on you ! you are an audacious wicked Woman.

Beau. Hold, Madam, 'tis vain to make any Opposition ; when all Sense of Shame and Decency is lost, Reproof is thrown away.

Lady H. Oh ! your Servant, Sir ; by your sage Looks and profound Silence, I really mistook you for a rational Creature ; but an Ass is soon known when he offers to bray.

Prim. I' gad, she'll prove too many for them all.

Sir C. Was there ever such Impudence ! I shall go mad indeed ; I—I—I'm all on Fire !

Lady H. Then set open the windows and cool yourself, my Love, whilst I go abroad in pursuit of Pleasure. I have been coop'd in an Hospital long enough ; 'tis but just I should now enjoy the Fruit of my Labour. Oh ! I shall so harass you, my Dear, that you shall wish yourself dead as you pretended to be. [Exit Lady Hippish.]

LA JALOUSIE DU BARBOUILLÉ.
COMÉDIE.

THE JEALOUSY OF LE BARBOUILLÉ.
A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.
(THE ORIGINAL IN PROSE.)

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Jealousy of le Barbouillé is probably an imitation of one of the Italian *commedia del 'arte*, and was composed when Molière was travelling in the provinces, when he sketched or wrote a certain number of comediettas, or rather farces, to amuse his country audiences.¹ It is impossible to say when they were first performed, though a few were acted even after Molière's return to Paris.

The manuscript of *The Jealousy of le Barbouillé*, and of the following farce, *The Flying Doctor*, was, in 1731, in the hands of Jean Baptiste Rousseau, who lived then at Brussels. They were first published in 1819, and have since that time been generally added to the other dramatic works of Molière. The subject of *The Jealousy of le Barbouillé* appears to be taken from one of Boccaccio's tales,² which was afterwards developed in *George Dandin*.

¹ The titles of some of these farces are to be found in the Prefatory Memoir of Molière, Vol. I., p. xxiv.

² See Introductory Notice to *George Dandin*, Vol. IV., p. 335.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LE BARBOUILLÉ,³ *Angélique's husband.*

THE DOCTOR.

VALÈRE, *Angélique's lover.*

GORGIBUS, *Angélique's father.*

VILLEBREQUIN.

LA VALLÉE.

ANGÉLIQUE.

CATHAU, *her maid.*

³ Le Barbouillé means the besmeared, because probably in former times the actor who played this part rubbed his face with flour.

THE JEALOUSY OF LE BARBOUILLÉ.

(*LA JALOUSIE DU BARBOUILLÉ*).

SCENE I.

LE BARBOUILLÉ, *alone*.

It must be admitted that I am the most unfortunate of all men ! I have a wife who drives me mad : instead of relieving me and doing things as I like, she makes me wish myself at the devil twenty times a day ; instead of staying at home, she likes to go walking about, loves good cheer, and keeps company with I do not know what kind of people. Ah ! poor Barbouillé, how wretched you are ! She must, however, be punished. Suppose I killed her . . . that idea is worth nothing, for you should be hanged. If you had her put in prison . . . the slut would find a way out of it with her master-key. What the deuce am I to do then ? But here is the doctor coming. I must ask him for a bit of advice as to what I am to do.

SCENE II.

THE DOCTOR, LE BARBOUILLÉ.

Bar. I was coming after you to make a request of you upon a matter of importance to me.

Doc. You must be very badly brought up, very clumsily, and have been reprimanded very insufficiently, friend, to accost me without lifting your hat, without observing *rationem*

loci, temporis et personae. What ! to begin with an ill-arranged discourse, instead of saying : *Salve, vel Salvus sis, Doctor, doctorum eruditissime.* Eh ! for whom do you take me, friend ?

Bar. Upon my word, I hope you will excuse me, my mind was embarrassed,⁴ and I was not paying any attention to what I was doing ; but I know full well that you are a gallant gentleman.

Doc. Know you at all whence comes the word "gallant gentleman" ?

Bar. Let it come from Villejuif or Aubervilliers, I care little.

Doc. Know that the word gallant gentleman comes from "elegant ;" taking the *g* and the *a* of the last syllable, that makes *ga*, then taking *ll*, adding an *a* and the last two letters, that makes *gallant*, and then adding *gentleman*, that makes *gallant gentleman*. But, once more, for whom do you take me ?

Bar. I take you for a doctor. But let us talk a little of the affair which I wish to propose to you. You must know then . . .

Doc. Know beforehand that I am not only once a doctor, but that I am a doctor once, twice, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten times. 1st. Because the unit being the basis, the foundation, and the first of all numbers, I am consequently the first of all doctors, the learned of the learned. 2d. Because two faculties are necessary for the perfect knowledge of all things, the senses and the understanding ; and, as I am all sense and understanding, I am twice doctor.

Bar. Agreed. It is . . .

⁴ The original has, *j'avais l'esprit en écharpe*, I had my mind in a scarf, therefore "awry," "embarrassed."

Doc. 3d. Because the number of three is that of perfection, according to Aristotle ; and, as I am perfect, and all my productions likewise, I am three times doctor.

Bar. Well, Mr Doctor . . .

Doc. 4th. Because philosophy has four parts : logic, morality, physics, and metaphysics ; and, as I possess them all four, and am perfectly versed in them, I am four times doctor.

Bar. What the deuce ! I do not doubt it. Do listen to me then.

Doc. 5th. Because there are five universals ; the genus, the species, the difference, the essence, and the accident, without the knowledge of which it becomes impossible to reason well ; and, as I employ them with advantage, and know their usefulness, I am five times doctor.

Bar. I must have a deal of patience.

Doc. 6th. Because the number of six is the number of labour ; and, as I labour incessantly for my glory, I am six times doctor.

Bar. Ho ! speak as much as you like.

Doc. 7th. Because the number of seven is the number of felicity ; and, as I possess a perfect knowledge of everything that can confer happiness, and as I am so indeed by my talents, I feel obliged to say of myself : *O ter quaterque beatum !* 8th. Because the number of eight is the number of justice by reason of the equality found in it, and because the justice and prudence with which I measure and weigh all my actions make me eight times doctor. 9th. Because there are nine Muses, and because I am equally beloved by them. 10th. Because, as we cannot pass the number of ten without making a repetition of the other numbers, and because it is the universal number ; so, so, when they have found me they have found the universal doctor ; I contain in my own self all the other doctors. Thus, you per-

ceive by plausible, true, demonstrative, and convincing arguments, that I am once, twice, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten times doctor.

Bar. What the deuce is this? I expected to find a very learned man, who would give me good advice, and I find a chimney-sweep, who, instead of talking to me, amuses himself by playing Morra⁵ with me. One, two, three, four; ha, ha, ha! But that is not at all the thing; I pray you to listen to me, and to think that I am not the man to make you waste your time, and that, if you satisfy me in what I wish of you, I will give you anything you like; money if you wish it.

Doc. Money, say you?

Bar. Yes, money, and anything else you might like to ask.

Doc. [*Hitching up his gown behind him*] Then you take me to be a man who would do anything for money, a man bound to self-interest, a mercenary soul? Know, friend, that, if you were to give me a purse full of pistoles, if this purse were in a costly box, this box in a precious case, this case in a wondrous casket, this casket in a curious cabinet, this cabinet in a magnificent room, this room in an agreeable apartment, this apartment in a splendid castle, this castle in a matchless citadel, this citadel in a famous town, this town in a fruitful island, this island in an opulent province, this province in a flourishing kingdom, this kingdom stretching over the whole world; and that you would give me this world in which should be this flourishing kingdom, in which should be this opulent province, in which should

⁵ Morra is an Italian game, which consists in holding up quickly some fingers of the hand raised and some shut, and for the opposite player to guess the precise number of the fingers thus held up. As the Doctor in counting probably held up his fingers, Le Barbouillé evidently alludes to the Morra.

be this fruitful island, in which should be this famous town, in which should be this matchless citadel, in which should be this splendid castle, in which should be this agreeable apartment, in which should be this curious cabinet, in which should be this wondrous casket, in which should be this precious case, in which should be this costly box, and in which should be enclosed this purse full of pistoles, I should care as little about your money and about yourself as about that. *[He departs.*

Bar. Upon my word! I have made a mistake; I thought it well to speak to him of money, because he was dressed as a physician; but as he does not want it, nothing is easier than to satisfy him : I will run after him. *[He goes off.*

SCENE III.

ANGÉLIQUE, VALÈRE, CATHAU.

An. I assure you, Sir, that you will oblige me greatly by keeping me company now and then ; my husband is so ill-shaped, so debauched, such a drunkard, that it is torture to me to be with him, and I leave you to guess what pleasure one can derive from a clodhopper like him.

Val. Madam,⁶ you do me too much honour in bearing with me. I promise you to contribute everything in my power for your entertainment; and, since you confess that my society is not disagreeable to you, I shall show you by my attentions how much pleased I am at the news which you tell me.

Ca. Ah! change your conversation; here comes kill-joy.⁷

⁶ The original has *Mademoiselle*, see Prefatory Notice, Vol. I., page xxx., note 15.

⁷ The original has *porte-guignon*, bearer of ill-luck.

SCENE IV.

LE BARBOUILLÉ, VALÈRE, ANGÉLIQUE, CATHAU.

Val. I am in despair, Madam, at having to bring you such grievous tidings ; but you might have learned them from some one else ; and, as your brother is very ill . . .

An. Sir, do not tell me any more ; I am your servant, and feel obliged to you for the trouble you have taken.

Bar. Upon my word, here is the certificate of my cuckoldom, without going to the notary for it. Ha ! ha ! mistress slut, I find you with a man, after all my orders to the contrary, and you wish to send me from Gemini to Capricorn !⁸

An. Well ! need you grumble about that ? This gentleman has come to tell me that my brother is very ill : what is there to complain ?

Ca. Ah ! here it is ; I was wondering that we should be quiet so long.

Bar. Upon my word, you are spoiling one another, you sluts ; you Cathau, you are corrupting my wife ; since you have been in her service, she is not worth half of what she was before.

Ca. Indeed yes, a pretty story that !

An. Leave the sot alone ; do you not see that he is so drunk that he does not know what he is saying.

SCENE V.

GORGIBUS, VILLEBREQUIN, ANGÉLIQUE, CATHAU,
LE BARBOUILLÉ.

Gor. Here is my cursed son-in-law quarrelling with my daughter again !

⁸ See Rabelais' *Pantagruel*, book iii. ch. xxv. "How Panurge consulteth with Herr Trippa."

Vil. Find out what it is.

Gor. What ! always squabbling ! Will you never have any peace among you ?

Bar. This wretch calls me sot. [*To Angélique*] Hold, I have got a good mind to slap your face ⁹ in the presence of your relatives.

Gor. Cursed be the purse, if you have done what he reproaches you with.¹⁰

An. But it is he who always begins to . . .

Ca. Cursed be the hour in which you chose this curmudgeon !

Vil. Come, hold your tongue ; peace !

SCENE VI.

GORGIBUS, VILLEBREQUIN, ANGÉLIQUE, CATHAU,
LE BARBOUILLÉ, THE DOCTOR.

Doc. What is this ? What disorder ! what quarrelling ! what wrangling ! what noise ! what confusion ! what falling out ! what a flare-up ! What is the matter, gentlemen, what is the matter ? what is the matter ? Come, come, let us see if there is no way of making you agree ; let me be your peacemaker ; let me bring union among you.

Gor. It is my daughter and my son-in-law who have some quarrel between them.

Doc. And what is it ? Just tell me the cause of their difference.

Gor. Sir . . .

⁹ The original has *je suis bien tenté de te bailler une quinte major*, I am much tempted to give you a high sequence of five. The expression *quinte major*, now called *quinte majeure*, belongs to the game of piquet, for which see Vol. II., *The Impertinents*, Act ii., Scene 2.

¹⁰ The original has *Je dédonne au diable l'escarcelle si vous l'aviez fait*. This phrase is very obscure ; I have followed the explanation given by the late Mr E. Despois.

Doc. But in few words.

Gor. Yes : but put on your bonnet.

Doc. Do you know whence comes the word "bonnet"?

Gor. No, indeed.

Doc. It comes from *bonum est*, good is, that is good, because it keeps you from catarrhs and colds.

Gor. Upon my word, I did not know that.

Doc. But just tell me quickly about this quarrel.

Gor. This is what happened . . .

Doc. I do not think that you are the man to detain me long, especially as I request you not to do so. I have some pressing business which calls me into town ; but, to restore peace in your family, I do not mind stopping for a moment.

Gor. I shall have done in a moment.

Doc. Be quick then.

Gor. Done immediately.

Doc. You must admit, Mr Gorgibus, that it is a fine gift to be able to say things in a few words, and that great talkers, instead of being listened to, often make themselves so obnoxious that one does not hear them ; *virtutem primam esse puta compescere linguam*.¹¹ Yes, the finest quality in a gentleman is to speak little.

Gor. You must know then . . .

Doc. Socrates recommended three things very carefully to his disciples : prudence in actions, sobriety in eating, and to say things in few words. Begin then, Mr Gorgibus.

Gor. That is what I wish to do.

Doc. In few words, without ceremony, without amusing yourself with many speeches, spare me an apophthegm ;¹² quick, quick, Mr Gorgibus, hurry on, avoid prolixity.

¹¹ "Believe that the first of virtues is to restrain one's tongue." This is one of Erasmus' distichs.

¹² In *The Forced Marriage* Pancrace says to Sganarelle, *Tranchez-moi votre discours d'un apophthegme à la laconienne*, Contract your discourse into a Laconian apophthegm. See Vol. II., Scene 6, page 341.

Gor. Let me speak then.

Doc. Mr Gorgibus, shake hands, you speak too much ; some one else will have to tell me the cause of this quarrel.

Vil. You must know then, Mr Doctor . . .

Doc. You are an ignoramus, an illiterate, a man devoid of all method and order,¹³ in good French, an ass. What ! you commence your narrative without a word of exordium ! Some one else will have to narrate the quarrel. Madam, tell me the particulars of this confusion.

An. Well ! you see, my big scamp, my wine jug of a husband ?

Doc. Gently, if you please : speak with respect of your husband, when before the beard of a doctor like myself.

An. Ah ! indeed, yes, doctor ! I care a deal about you and your doctrine, and I am a doctor when I like.

Doc. You are a doctor when you like ; but I think that you would make a funny doctor. You look to me much as if you would follow your own fancies : of the parts of speech, you like but the conjunction ; of the genders, the masculine ; of the declensions, the genitive ; of syntax, *mobile cum fixo* ; and, in short, of quantity, you love but the dactyl, *quia constat ex una longa et duabus brevibus*.¹⁴ Come now, just tell me the cause, the subject of your combustion.

Bar. Mr Doctor . . .

Doc. Ah ! that is well begun ; Mr Doctor, this word has something sweet to the ear, something full of emphasis ; Mr Doctor !

Bar. According to my will . . .

¹³ In *The Forced Marriage* Pancrace calls Sganarelle *un homme ignare de toute bonne discipline*, a man ignorant of all method and order. See Vol. II., Scene 6, page 348.

¹⁴ This Latin cannot be translated. The rule *mobile cum fixo* is taken from Despautère's Syntax. See *The Countess of Escarbagnas*, Scene 19, page 114, note 19.

Doc. That is good . . . according to my will ! The will presupposes the wish, the wish presupposes the means arriving at its ends, and the end presupposes an object ; that is good . . . according to my will.

Bar. I am bursting with rage.

Doc. Take out that word, I am bursting with rage ; it is a low and vulgar term.

Bar. Eh ! Mr Doctor, do listen to me, I pray you.

Doc. *Audi, quaeso*,¹⁵ Cicero would have said.

Bar. Ah ! upon my word, if it breaks,¹⁶ smashes, or is destroyed, I hardly care ; but you shall hear me, or I will smash your doctoral snout ; and what the devil is this ?

[*Le Barbouillé, Angélique, Gorgibus, Cathau, Villebrequin, each wishing to tell the cause of the quarrel, and the Doctor saying that peace is a fine thing, speak all at once. In the midst of all this noise Le Barbouillé fastens a rope to the Doctor's foot, and makes him fall on his back ; Le Barbouillé drags him away by the rope, which he had fastened to his foot, while the Doctor endeavours to speak and to count upon his fingers all his reasons, as if he had not fallen down at all. Le Barbouillé and the Doctor disappear.*

Gor. Come daughter, go inside, and try to live in peace with your husband.

Vil. Farewell, good night, and your servant.

[*Villebrequin, Gorgibus, and Angélique go away.*

¹⁵ A Latin translation of Le Barbouillé's words.

¹⁶ The original has *si se rompt*, a pun on the name *Cicéron*.

SCENE VII.

VALÈRE, LA VALLÉE.

Val. I am obliged to you for the pains you have taken, Sir, and I promise you to be at the appointed place in an hour.

La Val. It cannot be postponed; and if you but delay a quarter of an hour, the ball will be finished: you shall not have the satisfaction of seeing her whom you love if you do not come directly.

Val. Let us go together this very moment.

[*They go away.*]

SCENE VIII.

ANGÉLIQUE, *alone.*

While my husband is out of the way, I shall go and take a turn at a ball, which one of my neighbours is giving. I shall be back before him, for he is somewhere in the tavern; he will not notice that I am out; the rascal leaves me alone at home, as if I were his dog. [*She goes.*]

SCENE IX.

LE BARBOUILLÉ, *alone.*

I knew well enough that I would get the better of this doctor and all his confounded doctrine. To the devil with the ignorant fellow! I have nicely knocked all his science to the ground. I must, however, go and see if the wife has prepared my supper. [*He goes.*]

SCENE X.

ANGÉLIQUE, *alone.*

How unlucky I am! I came too late, the party is over: I arrived just as every one was going; but never mind, it

will be for another time. I shall go home, however, as if nothing had happened. Why ! the door is locked ; Cathau, Cathau !

SCENE XI.

LE BARBOUILLÉ, *at the window*, ANGÉLIQUE.

Bar. Cathau, Cathau ! Well ! what has she done, Cathau ? and whence come you, Madam slut, at this hour, and in such weather ?

An. Whence come I ? just open the door, and I shall tell you afterwards.

Bar. Ah ! indeed, you can go and sleep where you came from, or, if you like it better, in the street ; I will not open the door to such a gad-about as you. What the deuce ! to be all alone at such an hour ! I do not know whether it is my fancy, but my forehead seems half as rough again as it usually is.

An. Well ! and what if I am alone, what do you mean by it ? You quarrel with me when I have company : what would you have me do ?

Bar. You ought to have been within, to look after the supper, to take care of the house, of the children ; but, without so many useless words, good-bye, good-night, go to the devil, and leave me in peace.

An. You will not open to me ?

Bar. No, I shall not open.

An. Eh ! my dear little husband, open, I beg of you, my dear sweetheart.

Bar. Ah ! you crocodile ! ah ! you dangerous serpent ! you are caressing me to betray me.

An. Open, open then.

Bar. Good-bye ! *Vade retro, Satanas !*

An. What ! you will not open ?

Bar. No !



W. Schurz

An. And you have no pity on the wife who loves you so much?

Bar. No, I am inflexible; you have offended me, I am as vindictive as the devil, that is, putting it more strongly, I am inexorable.

An. Are you aware that, if you drive me to despair, and make me angry, I shall do something which you will regret.

Bar. And what will you do, you nice she-dog?

An. There; if you do not open to me, I shall kill myself before the door; my parents who will no doubt come here before going to bed, to know if we have made it up together, will find me dead, and you shall be hanged.

Bar. Ah, ah, ah, ah, the great ninny! and who of the two will lose most by that? Go, go, you are not so foolish as to do such a trick as that.

An. You will not believe it then? There, there, here is my knife quite ready; if you do not open to me, I shall plunge it into my heart this very moment.

Bar. Take care, the point is very sharp.

An. You will not open to me?

Bar. I have told you a score of times already that I will not open; kill yourself, die, go to the devil; what do I care.

An. [*Pretending to stab herself*] Good-bye then . . . Ah! I am dead.

Bar. Can she have been fool enough to do such a trick? I must go down with the candle to see.¹⁷

An. I must catch you. If I can get cunningly into the house while you are looking for me, it will be my turn next.

Bar. Well! just as if I ought not to have known that she

¹⁷ Molière has employed a great part of this scene in the eighth scene of the third act of *George Dandin*. See Vol. IV., p. 386.

was not such a fool. She is dead ; and, however, she runs like Pacolet's horse.¹⁸ Upon my word, she has really given me a fright. She has done well to get out of the way ; for, if I had found her alive, after having given me such a fright, I should have dealt her five or six kicks to teach her to play the fool. I shall go to bed now. Oh ! oh ! I think that the wind has closed the door. Eh ! Cathau, Cathau, open the door.

An. Cathau, Cathau ! Well ? what has she done to you, Cathau ? and whence come you, Master sot ? Ah ! indeed, my parents, who will be here in a minute, shall know the truth. Wine-barrel, infamous wretch, you do not stir from the tavern, and you leave a poor woman with her little ones to dance attendance upon you all day long, without caring whether they want for anything or not.

Bar. Open quickly, you she-devil, or I shall break your head.

SCENE XII.

GORGIBUS, VILLEBREQUIN, ANGÉLIQUE, LE BARBOUILLÉ.

Gor. What is this ! always disputes, quarrels, and dissensions !

Vil. Eh, what ! will you never be agreed ?

An. But just look, here he is drunk, and comes back at this hour, to make a horrible noise ; he threatens me.

Gor. But this is also not a time to come home. Ought you not, as a good father of a family, to retire early and live in concord with your wife ?

Bar. May the devil take me if I have stirred away from

¹⁸ In the legend of *Valentine and Orson*, Pacolet is a dwarf in the service of Lady Clerimond, who has an enchanted flying horse of wood, which was very swift, and carried the rider anywhere. Rabelais mentions the horse in the twenty-fourth chapter of the second book of *Pantagruel*.

the house : just ask these gentlemen, who are yonder in the pit ; it is she who has just come back. Ah ! how innocence is oppressed !

Vil. Come, come, make it up ; ask her pardon.

Bar. I ! pardon ! I would sooner have the devil run away with her. I am so angry that I do not know what I am doing.

Gor. Come, daughter, kiss your husband, and be good friends.¹⁹

SCENE XIII.

THE DOCTOR, *at the window, in his night-cap and vest ;*
LE BARBOUILLÉ, VILLEBREQUIN, GORGIBUS, ANGÉLIQUE.

Doc. What ! for ever noise, disorder, dissension, quarrels debates, differences, combustions, and never ceasing altercations ? What is the matter ? what is it then ? There is no peace to be had.

Vil. It is nothing, Sir Doctor ; everyone is agreed.

Doc. Talking of agreed, would you like me to read you a chapter of Aristotle, in which he proves that all the parts of the universe exist only because they agree among themselves ?²⁰

Vil. Is it very long ?

Doc. No, not very long : it contains about sixty or eighty pages.

¹⁹ These three last scenes have been utilised by Molière in the eighth and following Scenes of the third Act of *George Dandin* (see Vol. IV., p. 333) ; just as the scenes in which the Doctor appears seem to be the outline of the sixth Scene of the second Act of *The Love Tiff* (see Vol. I., p. 134), and of the sixth Scene of *The Forced Marriage* (see Vol. II., p. 341).

²⁰ This may perhaps be the fifth chapter of the apocryphal treatise, *About the World*. It is not very long ; but the doctor was probably going to comment upon it.

Vil. Good-bye, good-night, we are much obliged to you.

Gor. No, we do not want it.

Doc. You do not wish for it ?

Gor. No.

Doc. Good-bye then, since it is even so ; good-night :
latine, bona nox.

Vil. Let us go and sup together.

LE MÉDECIN VOLANT.
COMÉDIE.

THE FLYING DOCTOR.
A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.
(THE ORIGINAL IN PROSE.)

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE subject of *The Flying Doctor* is probably imitated from an Italian farce, *Il Medico Volante*, which was never printed, but often acted, and in which the celebrated Harlequin, Dominico, who arrived at Paris in 1660, produced some sensation. Boursault (see Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. II., p. 287), wrote also a *Flying Doctor*, which was acted in the month of November 1661, at the Hotel de Bourgogne, and which is taken either from the Italian farce from which Molière borrowed his play, or from Molière himself.

The Flying Doctor was acted several times in Paris, from the years 1659 until 1664, and twice at Court.

Molière made use of several of the scenes of this farce for his *Love is the Best Doctor* (see Vol. III., p. 189), and *The Physician in Spite of Himself* (see Vol. III., p. 379).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GORGIBUS, *Lucile's father.*

VALÈRE, *Lucile's lover.*

SGANARELLE, *his servant.*¹

GROS-RENÉ, *Gorgibus' servant.*²

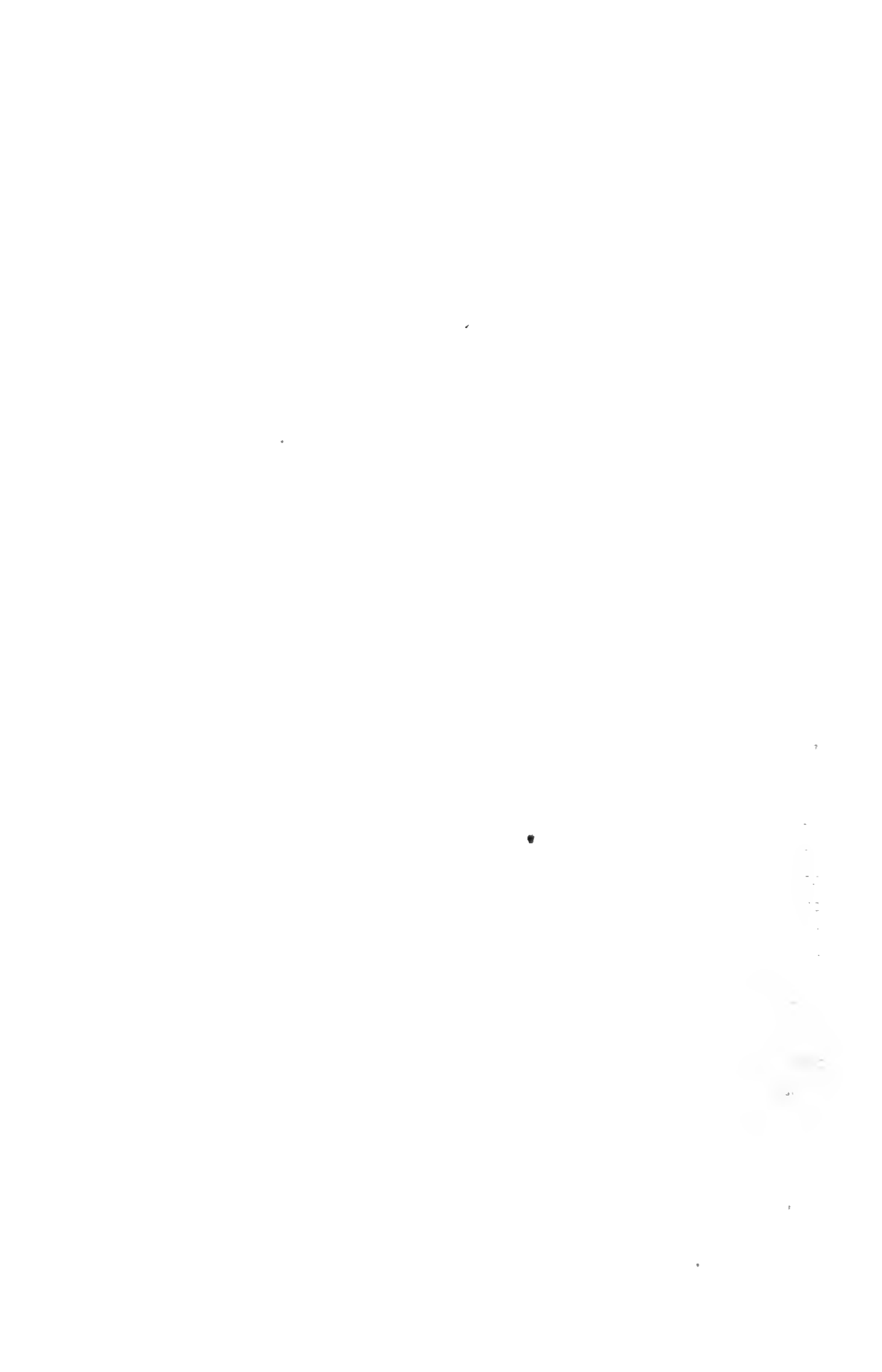
A LAWYER.

LUCILE, *Gorgibus' daughter.*

SABINE, *her cousin.*

¹ Sganarelle is, in *The Physician in Spite of Himself* (see Vol. III., p. 381), also the name of the servant, disguised as a physician.

² See Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. II., page 287.



THE FLYING DOCTOR.

(*LE MÉDECIN VOLANT.*)

SCENE I.

VALÈRE, SABINE.

Val. Well ! Sabine, what advice do you give me ?

Sab. Really, there is a good deal of news. My uncle wishes resolutely that my cousin should wed Villebrequin, and matters are so far advanced that I believe they would have been married this very day, if you were not loved ; but, as my cousin has confided to me the secret of her love for you, and as we find ourselves reduced to extremities through the avarice of my niggardly uncle, we have bethought ourselves of a capital trick to delay the marriage. At the moment I am speaking to you, my cousin is pretending to be ill ; and the good old man, who is sufficiently credulous, has sent me to fetch a doctor. If you could send one of your intimate friends, to act in concert with us, he would advise the patient to take the country air. The old man could not fail to lodge my cousin in the pavilion which is at the end of the garden, and, by this means, you could converse with her without the old man's knowledge, marry her, and let him swear his fill with Villebrequin.

Val. But the difficulty is to find so quickly a doctor such as I wish, and who would be willing to risk so much in my service. I tell you candidly, I do not know one.

Sab. I have bethought myself of something. Suppose

you dress your servant up as a doctor : there is nothing easier than to hoodwink the old man.

Val. He is a clumsy lout who would spoil everything ; but for want of some one else, we must make use of him. Farewell, I am going to fetch him. Where am I to find that scoundrel just now ? but here he comes quite opportunely.

SCENE II.

VALÈRE, SGANARELLE.

Val. Ah ! my poor Sganarelle, how glad I am to see you ! I need you for a matter of importance ; but, as I do not know what you are capable of doing. . . .

Sgan. What I am capable of doing, Sir ? Just try me in any matter of consequence, or for something important ; for instance, just send me to see what o'clock it is by some time-piece, to find out the price of butter in the market, to bait a horse, then you will find out what I am capable of doing.

Val. That is not it ; you must counterfeit a doctor.

Sgan. I, a doctor, Sir ! I am ready to do whatever pleases you ; but, to act the doctor, by your leave I shall do nothing of the kind ; and, good Heavens, how should I set about it ? Indeed, Sir, you are making fun of me.

Val. If you will undertake this, I shall give you ten pistoles.

Sgan. Ah ! when it comes to ten pistoles, I will not say that I am not a doctor ; for, look here, Sir, I am not sufficiently clever to tell you the truth. But where am I to go when I am a doctor ?

Val. To Mr Gorgibus, to see his daughter who is ill ; but you are a clumsy lout who, instead of doing things rightly, might . . .

Sgan. Eh ! Good Heavens, Sir, do not worry yourself so

much ; I shall answer for it that I will kill a person as easily as any doctor in town. There is a common proverb : after death the doctor ; but you shall find that, if I have a hand in it, they shall say : after the doctor, ware death ! But nevertheless, when I think of it, it is very difficult to act the doctor ; and suppose I do no good . . .

Val. Nothing is more easy in this case ; Gorgibus is a simple, coarse fellow, who will allow himself to be nonplussed by your discourse, provided you speak of Hippocrates and Galen, and be somewhat brazen-faced.

Sgan. Which means that I am to talk philosophy and mathematics to him. Leave it to me, if he be the easy fellow you say, I answer for it all ; only come and get me a doctor's gown, tell me what I am to do, and give me my diploma, which are the ten pistoles promised.

[*Exeunt Valère and Sganarelle.*]

SCENE III.

GORGIBUS, GROS-RENÉ.

Gor. Quick, go and fetch a doctor ; for my daughter is very ill, and make haste.

Gros. What the deuce ! why do you wish to give your daughter to an old man ? Do not you think that it is the wish to have a young man that worries her ? Do you perceive the connection there is, etc. [*Gibberish*].³

Gor. Go quickly ; I see well enough that this illness will postpone the nuptials.

Gros. And that is the very thing that annoys me. I

³ Jacqueline, in *The Physician in Spite of Himself* (Act ii., Scene 1), makes the same observation. The word "gibberish" means that the actor who played the part improvised after this.

meant to line my belly well,⁴ and behold me done out of it. I am going to fetch a doctor for myself, as well as for your daughter. I am desperate. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

SABINE, GORGIBUS, SGANARELLE.

Sab. I find you at the right moment, uncle, to tell you some good news. I bring you the ablest doctor in the world, a man who comes from foreign lands, who is master of the most important secrets, and who will, no doubt, cure my cousin. By some good fortune he has been pointed out to me, and I have brought him hither. He is so learned that I wish with all my heart that I were ill, so that he might cure me.

Gor. Where then is he ?

Sab. He is following me ; look, here he is.

Gor. The doctor's most humble servant. I have sent for you to look at my daughter who is very ill ; I place all my hope in you.

Sgan. Hippocrates says, and Galen, by undoubtful arguments, demonstrates that a person is not in good health when he is ill. You are right to place your hope in me ; for I am the greatest, the ablest, the most learned physician in the vegetable, sensitive and mineral faculty.

Gor. I am delighted at it.

Sgan. Do not imagine that I am an ordinary physician, a commonplace doctor. All the other physicians are, in my opinion, nothing but abortions of doctors. I have peculiar talents, I have secrets. *Salamalec, salamalec.* Rodriguez,

⁴ The original has *je croyais refaire mon ventre d'une bonne carrelure*. *Carrelure* are the new soles put on shoes or boots,—hence a new lining for the stomach. As for Gros René's corpulence, see *The Love-Tiff*, Vol. I page 111, note 2.



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have you a heart? *Signor, si; Signor, no. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.*⁵ But just let us look.

Sab. Eh! it is not he who is ill, it is his daughter.

Sgan. It matters not; the blood of the father and the daughter are but one thing; and, by the change of the father's, I can ascertain the disease of the daughter. Mr Gorgibus, is it possible to see the urine of the patient.

Gor. Certainly; Sabine, go quickly and get the urine of my daughter. [*Exit Sabine*]. Doctor, I am very much afraid that she is dying.

Sgan. Ah! let her be careful not to do so! she must not amuse herself by allowing herself to die without a prescription of the doctor.⁶ [*Sabine re-enters*] This urine shows a great deal of heat, a great inflammation of the bowels; it is, however, not so very bad.

Gor. Eh! what, Sir, you are swallowing it?

Sgan. Do not be surprised at that: doctors, as a rule, are satisfied with looking at it; but I who am a doctor out of the common, I swallow it, for by tasting it I discern much better the cause and the effects of the disease. But, to tell you the truth, there was too little to judge by: let her make water again.

Sab. [*Goes and comes back again*] I have had a deal of trouble to make her pass water.

Sgan. Is this all! it is not worth while! Make her pass water copiously, copiously. If all patients make water in this way, I should like to be a physician all my life.

Sab. [*Goes and comes back again.*] This is all there is to be had: she cannot make any more.

⁵ The words which Sganarelle utters are partly Italian, Spanish, Latin, Arabic, and a quotation from Corneille's *Cid*. Whilst saying them, he feels Gorgibus' pulse.

⁶ This is also found in the sixth Scene of the second Act of *The Physician in Spite of Himself*.

Sgan. What! Mr Gorgibus, your daughter passes but drops? She is but a poor performer, your daughter; I see well enough that I shall have to prescribe a water-making potion. Is there no way to see the patient?

Sab. She is up; if you wish, I will make her come hither.

SCENE V.

SABINE, GORGIBUS, SGANARELLE, LUCILE.

Sgan. Well! Miss, you are ill?

Lu. Yes, Sir.

Sgan. So much the worse! It is a sign that you are not in good health. Do you feel any great pain in the head, or in the loins.

Lu. Yes, Sir.

Sgan. That is very well. Yes, this great physician, in the chapter which he has written on the nature of animals, says . . . a hundred fine things; and, as the humours which have a connexion have much of a relation; as, for instance, as melancholy is the enemy of joy, and as the bile which spreads through the body makes us become yellow, and as nothing is more opposed to health than disease, we may say, with this great man, that your daughter is very ill. I must give you a prescription.

Gor. Quick, a table, paper and ink.

Sgan. Is there any one here who knows how to write?

Gor. Do not you know how to do so?

Sgan. Ah! I did not recollect; I have so many things running in my head, that I forget half of them. . . . I think it necessary that your daughter should have some fresh air; that she should go and amuse herself in the country.

Gor. We have a very fine garden, and some rooms

that look out upon it ; if you deem it fit, I shall make her lodge there.

Sgan. Let us go and look at the spot. [Exeunt all.

SCENE VI.

THE LAWYER, *alone.*

I have heard that the daughter of Mr Gorgibus is ill ; I must inquire about her health, and offer her my services as a friend of the whole family. Hullo, hullo ! is Mr Gorgibus at home ?

SCENE VII.

GORGIBUS, THE LAWYER.

Law. Having heard of your daughter's illness, I have come to tell you that I am concerned about it, and to offer you anything in my power.

Gor. I was within with the most learned of men.

Law. Is there no means of conversing with him for a moment ?

SCENE VIII.

GORGIBUS, THE LAWYER, SGANARELLE.

Gor. Sir, this is one of my friends, a very able gentleman, who wishes to talk to you, and to converse with you.

Sgan. I have not the leisure, Mr Gorgibus : I must attend to my patients. I will not take the right-hand side with you, Sir.

Law. Sir, after what Mr Gorgibus has told me of your merit and knowledge, I have the greatest desire in the world to have the honour of your acquaintance ; and I have taken the liberty to greet you with this intention ; I hope you will not take it amiss. We must admit that all

those who excel in any science are worthy of great praise, and particularly those who profess medicine, as much for its own usefulness as because it contains several other sciences, which makes its perfect knowledge very difficult: and it is much to the point that Hippocrates says, in his first aphorism: *Vita brevis, ars vero longa, occasio autem præceps, experimentum periculosum, judicium difficile.*⁷

Sgan. [To Gorgibus] *Ficile tantina pota baril cambustibus.*⁸

Law. You are not one of those physicians who apply themselves only to those physics called rational or dogmatic, and I believe that you practise it daily with much success, *experientia magistra rerum.*⁹ The first men who professed medicine were so much esteemed for this beautiful science, that they were placed among the gods for the splendid cures which they performed daily. We ought not to despise a physician for not having restored the health of his patient, inasmuch as it does not altogether depend upon his remedies, nor upon his knowledge, *interdum doctâ plus valet arte malum.*¹⁰ I fear I am intruding, Sir: I bid you farewell, with the hope that at the next opportunity I shall have the honour of conversing with you more at leisure. Your moments are precious, etc. [Exit Lawyer.]

Gor. What think you of this gentleman?

Sgan. He has some trifling knowledge. If he had remained a little longer, I should have led him on to some sublime and elevated matter. I must, however, take my

⁷ Life is short, art is long, the occasion fleeting, the experiment full of dangers, the appreciation difficult.

⁸ Sganarelle has remembered only part of the last word, *ficile*, of the lawyer: all the rest is nonsense.

⁹ It is experience which teaches all things. This is one of Erasmus' adages, but slightly altered in sense and in the order of the words.

¹⁰ This is from Ovid's *Epistles*. Sometimes the evil is stronger than art and science.

leave of you. [*Gorgibus gives him some money*] Eh ! what would you do ?

Gor. I know what is due to you.

Sgan. Are you jesting, Mr Gorgibus ? I shall not accept it ; I am not a mercenary man. [*Taking the money*] Your very humble servant.¹¹

[*Exit Sganarelle, Gorgibus enters his house.*]

SCENE IX.

VALÈRE, *alone.*

I do not know what Sganarelle may have been up to : I have had no news from him, and I am very anxious where to find him. [*Sganarelle comes back in his servant's dress*] Good, here he is. Well ! Sganarelle, what have you done since I saw you ?

SCENE X.

VALÈRE, SGANARELLE.

Sgan. Wonder upon wonder ; I have managed so well that Gorgibus takes me for a very able doctor. I have introduced myself into his house ; I have advised him to give his daughter fresh air ; she is now in an apartment at the end of the garden, so that she is far away from the old man, and you may go and see her very easily.

Val. Ah, what joy you are giving me ! Without losing any time, I shall go and see her immediately. [*Exit.*]

Sgan. One must confess that this Mr Gorgibus is a regular nincompoop to allow himself to be deceived in this manner. [*Perceiving Gorgibus*] Ah ! good Heavens, all is lost ; this one blow knocks the whole of the medical faculty down ; but I must hoodwink him.

¹¹ This is also found in the eighth Scene of the second Act of *The Physician in Spite of Himself*.

SCENE XI.

SGANARELLE, GORGIBUS.

Gor. Good-day, Sir.

Sgan. Your servant, Sir ; you behold a poor fellow in despair : perhaps you may know a physician who has lately arrived in this town, who performs some wonderful cures.

Gor. Yes, I do know him ; he has just gone away from here.

Sgan. I am his brother, Sir : we are twins ; and, as we resemble each other very much, we are often taken for one another.

Gor. May the deuce take me¹² if I have not been deceived by it. And what is your name ?

Sgan. Narcissus, Sir, at your service. You must know that, being in his study, I spilt two vials of essence which were at the edge of his table. At once he flew into such a violent rage with me, that he has turned me out of his house ; he never wishes to see me any more, so that I am a poor wretch at present, without support, without any means, without an acquaintance.

Gor. Come, I will make your peace ; I am one of his friends, and I promise to make it up for you with him ; I shall speak to him about it the moment I see him.

Sgan. I shall be much obliged to you, Mr Gorgibus.

[Exit Sganarelle, who re-enters immediately
in his doctor's gown.]

¹² The original has *Je me dédonne au diable*. See *The Jealousy of le Barbouillé*, page 371, note 10.

SCENE XII.

SGANARELLE, GORGIBUS.

Sgan. One must admit that if patients will not follow the orders of the doctor, and give themselves up to debauch . . .

Gor. Your very humble servant, Doctor. I have come to ask you a favour.

Sgan. What is it, Sir ? Is it a question of rendering you a service ?

Gor. I have just met your brother, Sir, who is exceedingly sorry to . . .

Sgan. He is a rogue, Mr Gorgibus.

Gor. I can answer for it that he so much regrets that he has made you angry . . .

Sgan. He is a sot, Mr Gorgibus.

Gor. Eh ! Sir, do you wish to drive the poor fellow to despair ?

Sgan. Let me hear no more about him ; but look at the impertinence of the rogue to come and find you to make his peace for him ; I beg of you to say no more about him.

Gor. In Heaven's name, Doctor ! do this for my sake. If I can oblige you in any other thing, I will do so with all my heart. I have pledged myself to this, and . . .

Sgan. You ask me with so much urgency that although I had sworn never to pardon him, come, shake hands, I pardon him. I assure you that I have done great violence to myself, and that I must feel very kindly towards you. Farewell, Mr Gorgibus.

[Gorgibus enters his house, exit Sganarelle.]

SCENE XIII.

VALÈRE, SGANARELLE.

Val. I must admit that I could never have believed that Sganarelle could have acquitted himself so well of his task. [*Sganarelle enters in his servant's dress*] Ah ! my dear fellow, under what obligations I am to you ! what joy I have ! and

Sgan. Upon my word, you are speaking very easily about it. Gorgibus fell in with me ; and, without some trick which I contrived, the whole of the train would have been discovered. [*Perceiving Gorgibus*] But be off, here he is.
[*Exit Valère.*]

SCENE XIV.

GORGIBUS, SGANARELLE.

Gor. I was looking everywhere for you to tell you that I have spoken to your brother : he has pledged me his word that he would forgive you ; but, to make more sure of it, I wish him to embrace you in my presence ; go into my house, and I shall go and fetch him. .

Sgan. Ah ! Mr Gorgibus, I do not think you will find him just now ; and besides, I shall not remain in your house : I fear his anger too much.

Gor. Ah ! but you shall remain, for I will lock you in. I am going now to fetch your brother ; fear nothing, I answer for it that he is no longer angry. [*Exit Gorgibus.*]

Sgan. [*From the window*] In truth I am caught this time ; there is no longer a means of escape. The cloud is very thick, and I am sorely afraid that, if it bursts, it will hail plentiful cudgel-blows on my back, or that, by some prescription much stronger than that of any doctor, they will

apply at least a royal plaster to my shoulders.¹² My prospects look very bad : but why despair ? Since I have done so much, let us play the rogue to the end. Yes, yes, I must still get out of it, and show that Sganarelle is the king of rogues.

[*Sganarelle jumps through
the window and exit.*]

SCENE XV.

GROS-RENÉ, GORGIBUS, SGANARELLE.

Gros. Ah ! upon my word, this is funny ! what the deuce are they leaping through the windows for ! I must remain here, and see what all this will lead to.

Gor. I cannot find this doctor ; I do not know where the deuce he has hid himself. [*Perceiving Sganarelle, who is coming back in a doctor's gown*] But here he is. Sir, it is not sufficient to have pardoned your brother ; I beseech you, for my satisfaction, to embrace him : he is in my house, and I have been looking for you everywhere to entreat you to make this reconciliation in my presence.

Sgan. You are jesting, Mr Gorgibus ; is it not sufficient that I pardon him ? I never wish to see him again.

Gor. But, Sir, for the love of me.

Sgan. I can refuse you nothing : tell him to come down.

[*While Gorgibus enters the house by the door, Sganarelle gets in at the window.*]

Gor. [*At the window*] Here is your brother waiting for you below ; he has promised me to do all you wish.

Sgan. [*At the window*] Mr Gorgibus, I entreat you to make him come here ; I beseech you let it be in private that I ask his pardon, for no doubt he will inflict a hundred

¹² Sganarelle means by "a royal plaster" a brand.

reprimands, a hundred reproaches upon me before every one.

[*Gorgibus comes out of his house by the door,*

Sganarelle by the window.

Gor. Well, then, I will tell him so . . . Sir, he says he is ashamed, and begs you to come in, so that he may ask your pardon in private. Here is the key; you can go in; I pray you not to refuse me, and to give me this satisfaction.

Sgan. There is nothing I would not do for your satisfaction; you shall hear in what manner I will treat him. [*At the window*] Ah! here you are, you rogue.—Brother, I ask your pardon, I assure you that it was not my fault.—Not your fault, you good-for-nothing, you rogue, I will teach you manners, to have the audacity to bother Mr Gorgibus, to pester his brain with your stupid tricks!—Brother—Hold your tongue, I tell you—I will not disoblige . . . Hold your tongue, you rogue.

Gros. Who the deuce, think you, is in your house at present?

Gor. It is the doctor and Narcissus, his brother; they had a little quarrel, and they are making it up.

Gros. The deuce take it! they are but one.

Sgan. [*At the window*] Sot that you are, I will teach you how to behave. How he lowers his eyes! he knows well enough that he has done wrong, the hang-dog! Ah! the hypocrite, how he pretends to be a saint?

Gros. Just ask him a moment, Sir, to place his brother at the window.

Gor. I say, doctor, I pray you to make your brother come to the window.

Sgan. [*From the window*] He is unworthy to be seen by decent people, and besides I cannot bear him near me.

Gor. Do not refuse me this favour, Sir, after all those you have granted me.

Sgan. [*From the window*] Really, Mr Gorgibus, you

have such a power over me that I can refuse you nothing. Show yourself, you rogue. [*After having disappeared for a moment, he comes back in his servant's clothes*—Mr Gorgibus, I am obliged to you. [*He disappears once more, and re-appears immediately, in his doctor's gown*—Well ! have you *once more* seen this image of a good-for-nothing ?

Gros. Upon my word, they are but one ; and, to prove it, just tell him that you would like to see them together.

Gor. But do me the favour to make him appear together with you, and to embrace him before me at the window.

Sgan. [*From the window*] It is a thing which I would refuse to anyone but you ; but, to show you that I will do anything for the love of you, I will resolve to do it, though with difficulty, and wish him beforehand to ask your pardon for all the trouble which he has given you.—Yes, Mr Gorgibus, I ask your pardon for having importuned you so much, and promise you, brother, in the presence of Mr Gorgibus here, to behave so well for the future, that you shall have no more grounds of complaint, at the same time entreating you to think no more about what has passed.

[*He embraces his cap and his collar, which he has placed on his elbow.*

Gor. Well ! are they not both there ?

Gros. Ah ! upon my word, he is a sorcerer.

Sgan. [*Coming out of the house, as the doctor*] Here is the key of your house which I return to you, Sir ; I did not wish this rogue to come down with me, for he disgraces me ; I should not like him to be seen in my company, in the town where I am held in some repute. You will tell him to come out when it shall please you. I wish you a good-day, and am your servant, &c.

[*He pretends to go, and after having slipped off his gown, re-enters the house by the window.*

Gor. I must go and set this poor fellow free ; in truth,
VI.

if he has forgiven him, it has not been without much ill-treatment.

[He enters the house, and comes out of it with Sganarelle in his servant's clothes.]

Sgan. I thank you, Sir, for the trouble you have taken, and the kindness you have shown; I shall be obliged to you all my life.

Gros. Where do you think the doctor is at present?

Gor. He is gone.

Gros. *[Who has picked up the gown of Sganarelle]* I have got him under my arm. Here is the rogue who acted the doctor, and who deceived you. While he is deceiving you, and acting a play in your house, Valère and your daughter are together going to the very devil.

Gor. Oh! what an unfortunate wretch I am! but you will be hanged, rogue, scoundrel!

Sgan. Why do you want to hang me, Sir? Just listen to one word, if you please; it is true that it is by my contrivance that my master is with your daughter; but, in serving him, I have done you no harm: he is a very suitable match for her, by birth as well as by wealth. Believe me, do not make a noise which would lead to your confusion, and send this rogue to the devil together with Villebrequin. But here are our lovers.

SCENE XVI.

VALÈRE, LUCILE, GORGIBUS, SGANARELLE.

Val. We throw ourselves at your feet.

Gor. I forgive you, and reckon myself fortunate to have been deceived by Sganarelle, seeing that it gives me such a good son-in-law. Let us go and enjoy ourselves, and drink to the health of all the company.

